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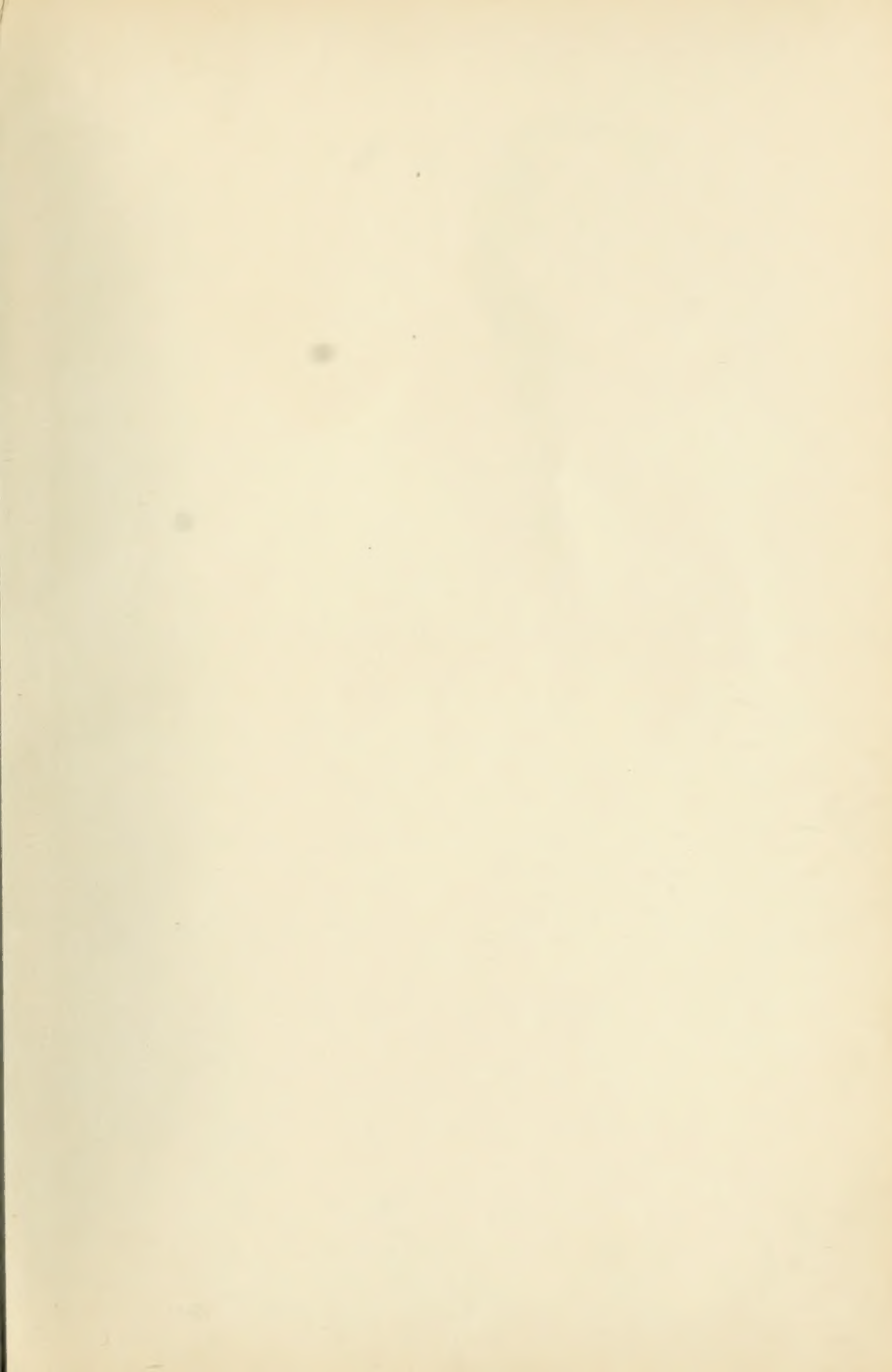
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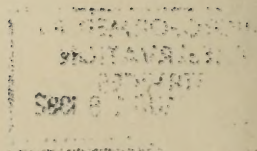
To be bound over

Tom. W. Donahue

May 1869



For Victoria College



Imperial Court

OF

FRANCE, ENGLAND, RUSSIA, PRUSSIA,
SARDINIA, AND AUSTRIA.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED WITH

Portraits of Imperial Sovereigns

AND THEIR

CABINET MINISTERS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,

AND

AN INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EDITED BY W. H. BIDWELL.



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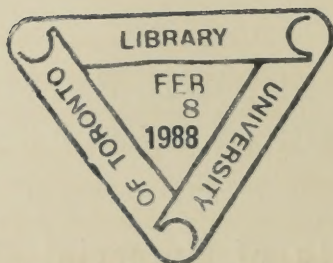
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CAMBRIDGE:
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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE title of this work, "IMPERIAL COURTS," is selected in view of the high names and exalted position of those personages of various courts of whom portraits and brief biographical sketches are presented on these pages.

An assembly of these personages convened in actual life might appropriately be called a Congress of Sovereigns, attended by their Ministers of State. Next in interest to such an august gathering on some great State occasion, is a collection of the portraits of men who have acted a distinguished part in the drama of history. And there is a feeling of pleasure in gazing upon the very form and features of those men of great intellectual power who have guided the affairs of State and controlled the destinies of empires. The galleries of Europe and the world are adorned and enriched with statues which almost speak, and with portraits which look out fresh and life-like from the canvas. All these are objects of interest wherever they are to be found.

It falls to the lot of comparatively few of the human race to sit on thrones and wield the sceptres of power over millions of their fellow-men. Of these, a goodly number of living sovereigns are represented in this volume, as well as the portraits of monarchs and other men

of renown whose life and deeds belong to the annals of the past.

The Editor has availed himself of the best materials within his reach, both artistic and biographical, to collect in this work what may serve to gratify and instruct a large class of readers.

The unusual number of plates has, of necessity, somewhat narrowed down the limits of the letter-press notices and descriptions. The brief biographical and historic sketches are derived from various authentic sources, too numerous to be particularly mentioned.

As a part of the actual history of some of the Courts, several scenes and events of unusual interest and importance are also depicted. One is the coronation ceremonies of the present Emperor and Empress of Russia, which presents a description of the gorgeous and imperial splendor of such an occasion as the world has seldom seen. Another is a description of the nuptial ceremonies in the present reigning Royal Family of England; and still another represents, in striking contrast to the coronation and nuptial ceremonies, a most tragic scene in the court circle of the old Napoleon, memorable as the Ambassador's Ball.

This volume, with its varied portrait-illustrations and its brief biographical sketches, imperfect as they are admitted to be, is respectfully commended to the favor and kind indulgence of the reader.

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INTRODUCTION.

My friend, Mr. Bidwell, having desired that I should furnish an Introduction to his book, I have consented, perhaps thoughtlessly, since, on reflection, it seems to me that the title of such a work is its own best introduction to the reader. The subject is one which awakens, and the satisfactory execution of which gratifies, a universal curiosity.

The lowest figure in the Arabic numerals, denoting a single object, acquires, by the mere change of position, a very different signification. Placed at the head of a row of figures, it is made to denote at pleasure thousands, millions, decillions,—its importance and dignity increasing with every addition to its retinue, until it comes to express aggregates too large to be grasped by the imagination. So with sovereigns; the individual, who in private life might be a perfectly uninteresting and insignificant personage, becomes, when placed at the head of a great nation, in many important respects, great,—becomes the centre of a mighty influence, the object of universal observation, and of a thousand hopes and fears, both for the country he governs and for the world,—a vast complication stretching widely over the present and far into the

future. History, which disdains to record the fortunes of private men, chronicles his actions, analyzes his character, searches into the causes which determine his policy, and seeks to define the effect of that policy on future generations. In reading the narratives of the lives of sovereigns we read so many separate chapters in the annals of the human race.

How vast is the influence which the sovereigns of the greater monarchies, designated in this volume as imperial, exercise over the welfare of mankind, the events of every year bear witness. They build up and they overthrow; they distribute provinces and principalities among themselves and the inferior sovereigns according to some capricious system which they call the balance of power; they indulge or they restrain the efforts of the human mind for a freer exertion of its faculties; they help forward or they hold back, sometimes for good and sometimes for evil, the great movements of the age, the tendencies towards change which are continually agitating the nations. When, not long since, Russia was about to aggrandize herself by the conquest of Constantinople, France and England interfered, overawed Austria, dragged Sardinia into their league, and upheld the Turkish empire, tottering to its overthrow. It is the boast of Switzerland that she offers an asylum to all those who, for opinion's sake, are hunted out of the neighboring kingdoms; yet a fugitive from France or Austria, whom it pleases these powers to persecute unto strange cities, can enjoy the protection of the mountain republic no longer than they permit. The liberty of the press, of which Belgium is proud, and justly, is a liberty qualified

by the good pleasure of France. But for France the Roman question would have been settled long ago, and of the temporal power of the Pope not a fragment would now remain. But for Austria, perhaps we may say but for France, the province of Venetia, as its people earnestly desire, would now form a part of the kingdom of Italy. We of the United States, at this distance from the Old World, have often congratulated ourselves on our absolute independence of those great powers which govern Europe, with what justice recent events have somewhat unpleasantly taught us. In the civil war which has so unfortunately arisen, we feel that France and England have the power to interfere greatly to our prejudice; we know that they have the disposition to do so whenever an opportune moment shall occur, and we watch with no little uneasiness the indications of such a design as they disclose themselves from time to time. Surely it is worth while to study the history and character of those with whom we are brought into such critical relations.

It is a trite remark that those who are placed in stations which insure them deference and homage, without a virtuous life, are very apt to despise the laws of society and disregard justice, and that accordingly we are not to look to Courts for patterns of personal worth and conscientious dealing. We cannot, however, safely adopt the sweeping censure of the Spanish satirist Quevedo, as versified by Cowper in one of the most characteristic of his poems:—

“ Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,

Asked, when in hell, to see the royal jail,

Approved their method in all other things,
'But where, good sir, do you confine your kings?'
'There,' said his guide; 'the group is full in view.'
'Indeed,' replied the Don, 'there are but few.'
His black interpreter the charge disdained, —
'Few, fellow? there are all that ever reigned.'"

The comment of Cowper on this is, —

"Wit, undistinguishing, is apt to strike
The guilty and not guilty, both alike."

And truly if we find that the sovereigns of our own time are not, in general, free from the vices of their class, we must admit that there are those among them, who, by their character or their acts, have illustriously distinguished themselves from the common crowd of monarchs. All agree that the present Queen of England is a pattern of private virtue; that she opposes no obstacles to wholesome reforms, nor willingly bestows the honors, so largely in her gift, upon worthless favorites; and the Sovereign of England who is all this is all that a Sovereign of England can well be. Alexander the Second of Russia has broken the chains of forty millions of bondmen, making his reign glorious by an act which places him among the benefactors of our race, to be remembered as long as Alfred the Great. The King of Sardinia, several years since, discarded the narrow hereditary policy of his kingdom, and granting the freedom of industry, of the press, and of religion, has found his reward in the gratitude, prosperity, and contentment of his people. These are monarchs reared in Courts, and subject to all the dangerous influences which surround the

offspring of royal families. We should not inquire too jealously into their motives; they were probably like those which govern men in lower stations,—of a mixed nature. I remember once asking an Italian statesman at Turin how it happened that Victor Emmanuel had followed, in his public conduct, maxims so different from those of most sovereigns. “The explanation,” he replied, “is easy. He perceived that this is the true path to honorable distinction. Among absolute monarchs he would have been an insignificant follower; among liberal princes he takes the lead and his ambition is gratified.” It was certainly, to say the least, a sagacious ambition. It may be that a like ambition has governed the Russian Emperor. The love of glory is, in some form, the passion of all who reign; but Alexander has covered himself with a glory such as no extent of conquests could possibly give, such as his predecessor on the throne would have failed to acquire, had he added to his dominion the whole Turkish empire to its uttermost provinces.

It remains that I should say a few words concerning the plan of the work. The biographical notices which Mr. Bidwell has brought together include, not only the personal history of the heads of the greater monarchies, but that of their most eminent counsellors; men with whom they discussed their projects and who were their agents in executing them. The most important events of the nineteenth century are placed before the reader in somewhat rapid outline, and the narrative of one sovereign's reign is often the complement of that of some other. The portraits are the most accurate likenesses that could

be procured, and the singular skill of the Riverside Press has lent its aid to give the letter-press a page so beautifully executed as to be excelled by nothing that has appeared in our country.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1862.

Imperial Courts.

THE COURT OF FRANCE.

FOR more than a thousand years the history of the French Court has played a prominent part in the history of Europe, and influenced the destinies of the human race. The victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens at Towers, A. D. 732, saved Europe from the fanaticism of the Moslems; and his son Pepin, in the middle of the eighth century, planted firmly the Carlovingian dynasty all over Gaul, and made the Lombards his tributaries. Pepin's son Charlemagne, crowned by the Pope A. D. 800, revived in the West the grand project of a new Roman Empire, which emerged from the wreck into which Europe had been plunged by the barbaric invasions, consolidated and extended its power, and laid the basis of those institutions, in both Church and State, which have determined the course of subsequent history. The brilliancy of Charlemagne's Imperial Court, second only to that of Byzantium, diffused its splendors over Europe, and attracted embassies from the remotest East; while his patronage of learning and care for religion have invested his name with an imperishable renown. Italy, Germany, and the North of Spain were made subject to his arms, and the Saxons compelled to accept the Christian faith. Though his dream of universal empire was dissolved at his death, yet it has ever since inflamed the imagination

of the French nation and inspired their ceaseless efforts to control the policy of Europe. The foundations of the Feudal System were laid in the course of the ninth century, with the rise of the kingdom of France. From the last quarter of the tenth century (A. D. 987), one single family, the house of Capet, has held the throne of this mighty kingdom,—with the sole exception of the imperial reigns of the Bonapartes,—preferred by the French people, because more daring in schemes of empire and more bold in execution.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the royal authority was consolidated by the subjection of the nobles, particularly under the sagacious reign of Philip Augustus, (1180–1229,) who raised the kingdom to a prominent position in European affairs. Louis IX., (1226–1270,) by his wisdom, and his heroic and saintly virtues, added fresh lustre to the French name. The protracted contest of more than a hundred years (1337–1453) between France and England ended in the expulsion of the latter from its continental territories, leaving to France a more unfettered career. In the Reformation century, Francis I. contested with the Emperor, Charles V., the rule of Europe. Had he not also placed the monarchy in opposition to Protestantism, he would have spared his country the fearful tale of the persecution of the Huguenots, and averted many of the ills which culminated in the French Revolution.

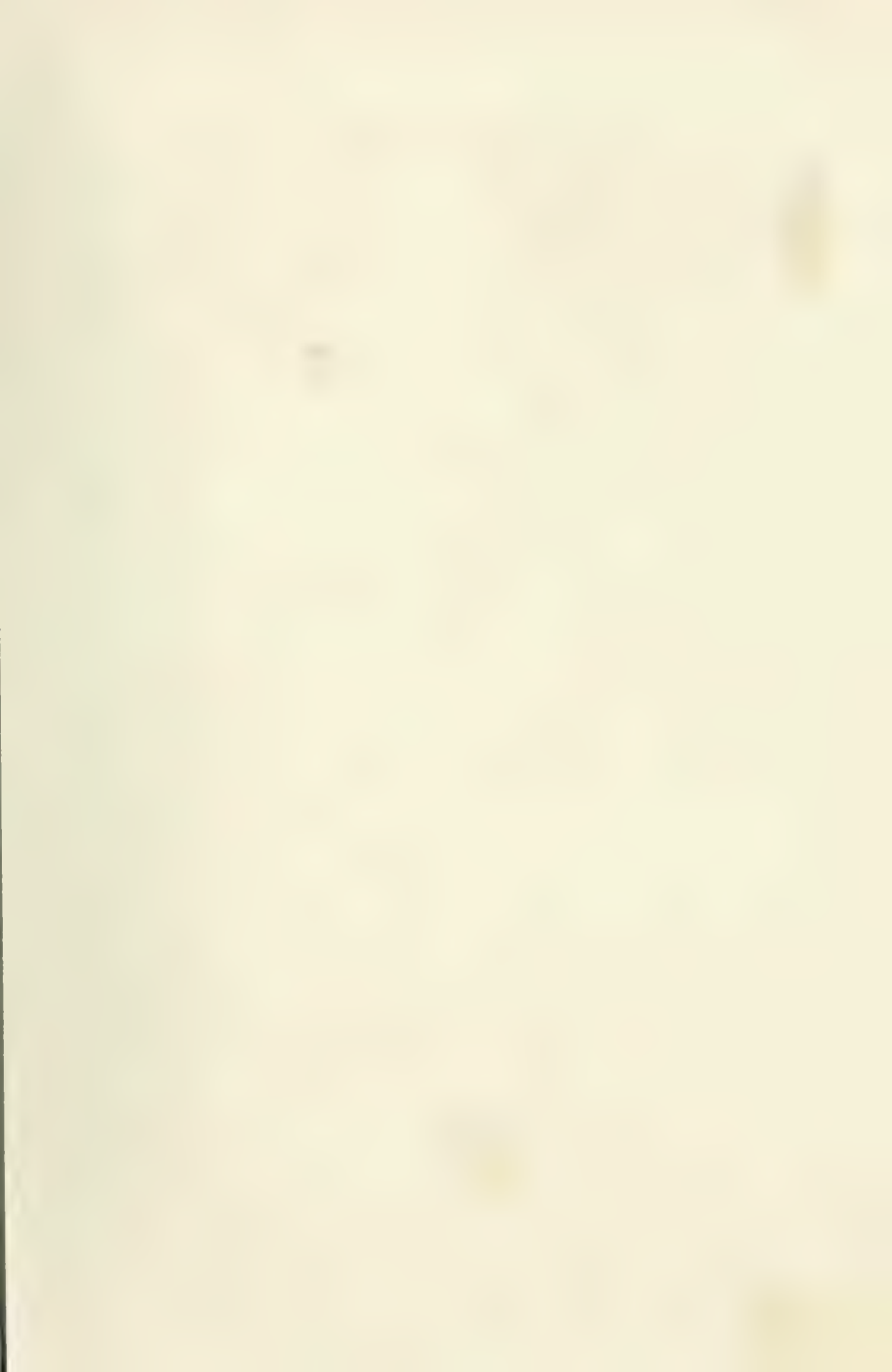
Under Louis XIV. the Court of France reached the acme of its splendor and renown. French manners, literature, and taste, as well as French arms, ruled the continent. The glories of art were revived in the *Renaissance*; the French language became the speech of courtiers and diplomatists. The king who could say *L'état c'est Moi* gathered around him in Paris and Versailles all that was brilliant in the church, the senate, the camp, and the high *noblesse*, and made his Court the wonder of Europe. But in its very splendors were concealed the elements of dissolution; for

the welfare of the people was sacrificed to the glories of royalty, and morals and religion were corrupted by material magnificence. The expiring glories of the old monarchy still adorned the Court of Louis XVI., presided over by the beautiful and accomplished Marie Antoinette, whose tragic fate is mourned by thousands, who also see in the French Revolution the righteous retribution of a demoralized social state.

The corruption of the Court was followed by anarchy, and anarchy was reduced to order by the imperial genius of Napoleon Bonaparte, who made the glory of France his watchword, and brought Europe in subjection by his legions. His Imperial Court revived the traditional magnificence of earlier days, and was a fitting visible representative of the power and grandeur of France, again exalted to the hegemony of European States. Adorned by the grace of Josephine, and by the loveliness of Maria Louisa, it was the centre of all that was fair, noble, and renowned in the new empire, which, after a few short years, was again reduced to the narrow limits of the older monarchy. Under the restored Bourbons, more anxious for their own safety than for the aggrandizement of the nation, the Court was shorn of much of its hereditary magnificence. With the advent to power of the present Emperor, Napoleon III., the French people have again acquired a preponderating influence in the affairs of the continent; and, though the old families of the kingdom keep aloof from state affairs, yet the Imperial Court, presided over by the lovely Eugénie, herself one of the people, rivals in beauty and magnificence the external splendor of the old *régime*.

The rationale of court life is given by Burke: "It is of great importance (provided the thing is not overdone) to contrive such an establishment as must, almost whether a prince will or not, bring into daily and hourly offices about his person a great number of his first nobility; and it is rather a useful prejudice that gives them pride in such a

servitude. Though they are not much the better for a court, a court will be much the better for them." A republic must find its compensation for the lack of the magnificence of royal or imperial pomp in the intelligence and virtue diffused through the whole of society. For better than the grandeur of a few families is the elevation of the mass of the people.





EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE,

AND

LADIES OF HER COURT.

THE beautiful print engraving with this title is an accurate artistic copy of Winterhalter's celebrated painting of the Empress Eugénie and her maids of honor. Winterhalter is the imperial court painter. This fact imparts confidence to the accuracy of the portraits which make up this interesting group. It represents the Empress of France surrounded by the ladies of her court. The original painting is the private property of the Empress, by whom it was lent, as a special favor, to the eminent house of Goupil, at Paris, for exhibition there and in the United States. It was much admired, both in New York and Boston. It has been returned to its imperial owner, and now adorns the palace of the Tuileries.

To assist the reader in forming some adequate conception of the original painting and its artistic beauties, a description of it is given, with an account of the origin and design of it. It will call into requisition both the fancy and the imagination to expand the engraving into an ample painting, with its gorgeous colorings and blooming roses, and almost living, breathing portraits of these celebrated and beautiful ladies of the Imperial Court.

Winterhalter, the court painter for France and England, was specially commissioned to paint a picture that should transmit to posterity the portrait of the present Empress.

and should also impart some idea of the personal appearance of the ladies of her court. The result of this commission is the magnificent picture which was on exhibition at Goupil's. It is fifteen by eleven feet in size; the scene is a forest, near the palace of St. Cloud, the village of St. Cloud being visible in the distance between the majestic trees, the monotony of whose thick foliage is further broken by glimpses of sky seen here and there between the branches. In the foreground is the group of nine ladies, who, in all probability, will be taken in after ages as standards of the female beauty of the nineteenth century. The Empress is seated upon a grassy bank, her calm classic features thrown into bright relief by the dense foliage directly behind; her right hand is slightly raised, in the act of passing a few honeysuckles to one of her companions, and there is an air of queenly elegance, dignity, and repose about her person that cannot but strike the beholder with admiration. Her toilet is perfect. Her white dress is trimmed with lilac ribbons; and lilac and white flowers gem her golden hair. The ladies of her *cortège* are surrounding her, some standing and some reclining in easy and graceful attitudes upon the grass. They are, indeed, all beautiful women, and either by accident or design represent peculiar types of beauty. Of these ladies an American, the Baroness de Pierres, — formerly Miss Thorne, daughter of Colonel Thorne, of Sixteenth Street, New York, — bears the palm. Hers is acknowledged by artists, as well as others, to be the most exquisitely beautiful face and portrait in the group. It is a very young, girlish countenance, of which the artist allows us only to obtain the side view; but this is quite sufficient to make the young New-Yorker the star of this aristocratic company. Then there is a perfect type of English beauty in the portrait of an English lady, now the Marquise de Las Marismas, whose large blue eyes, delicate features, bright golden curls, and slight, elegant figure, fill up our very ideal of Saxon beauty. Stand-

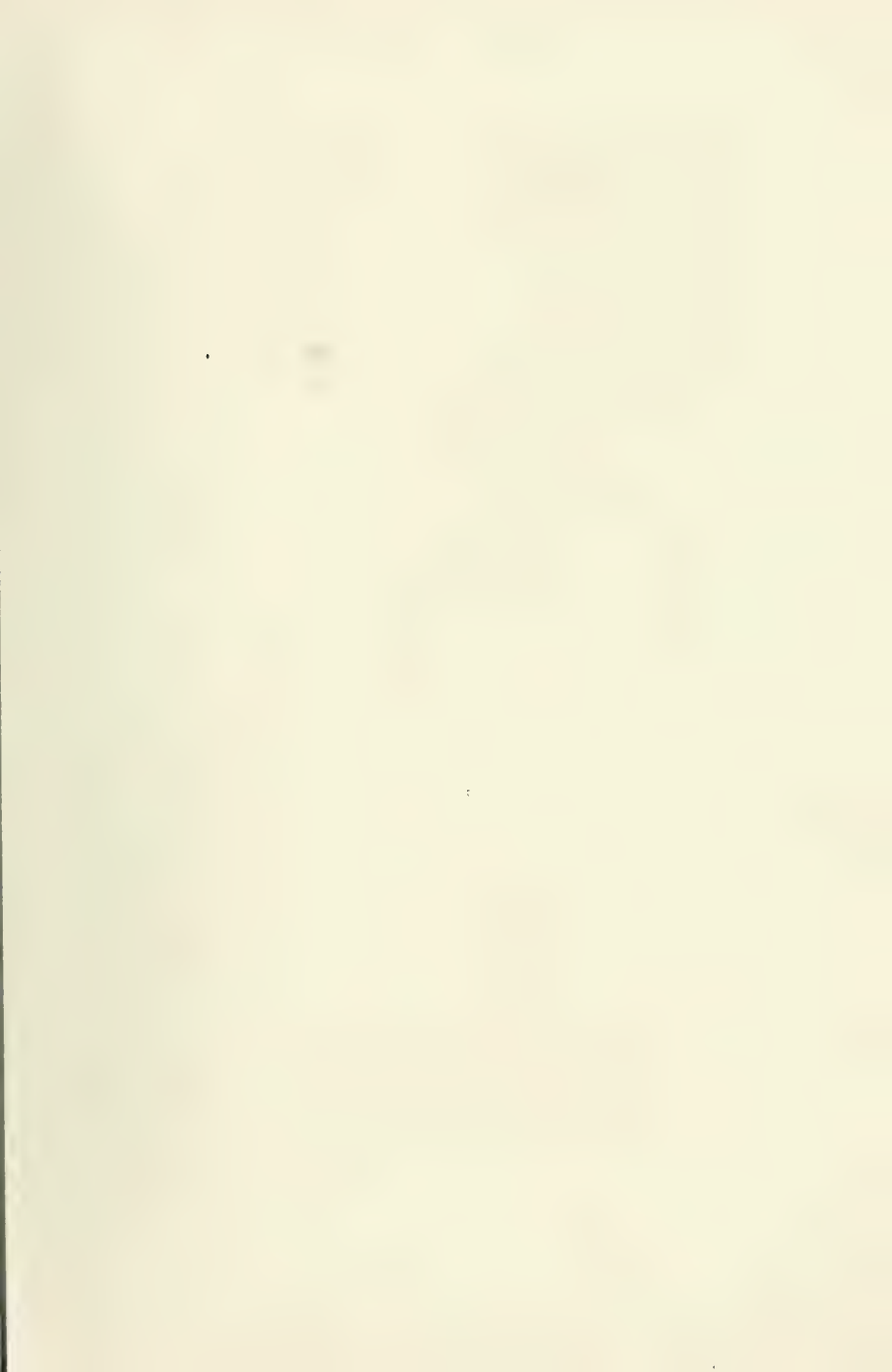
ing by this exquisite Saxon beauty is the dark-haired Madame Latour-Maubourg, who is a charming representative of sunny France. The Countess of Montebello may also serve as a type of French beauty, though there are many American ladies who strongly resemble her. She is perhaps the most prominent figure in the group, chiefly because, being in the extreme foreground, hers is almost the only unbroken full-length figure in the picture. Besides this, her dress is of green, an obtrusive color at the best, when used for anything but foliage and grass, and here rendered doubly so by the contrast with the white dresses of the ladies near her.

In the disposition of the figures the artist has exhibited a judicious taste. Thus the Marchioness de Latour-Maubourg, a lady with noble Italian cast of features, and dark hair and eyes, is seen leaning over and talking to the fair English blonde,—the contrast between the different styles of beauty being at once striking and pleasing. The dresses of the ladies, chiefly white, are pleasantly relieved by the colored ribbons, coquettishly displayed in various parts of their costume, and by the flowers with which some of them are carelessly playing. The details of the picture are lovely; as, for instance, the vase round which vines are gracefully growing, and on the ground, the rich roses that the ladies have amused themselves in gathering. Indeed, these flowers are worthy of a more than passing notice; they are certainly as near perfection as a floral representation on canvas can possibly be.

There will, about a group of this kind, always be a certain stiffness—an appearance of sitting for a portrait—which it is almost impossible to avoid. In the present picture this stiffness of position is not as obvious as in most paintings of the kind, but still it is there to a small degree. Exception might also be taken to the unpleasant, dark sky, seen occasionally behind the foliage.

This brief description of the history and design of the

original painting leaves it a subject for study, and its personages objects for artistic admiration, from the position they occupy in the most brilliant court of the present age.





THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON III.

PERHAPS in the whole history of human vicissitude there is no career more extraordinary than that of Louis Napoleon. In 1847 Louis Philippe was in the zenith of his power, and Louis Napoleon a poor refugee in London, known only to the public by his expeditions to Strasburg and Boulogne, which seemed the enterprises of a madman. Who could have prophesied that before another year closed these two would have exchanged places,—Louis Philippe the exile, Louis Napoleon the constitutional head of France, soon to be its Emperor, with a power as despotic as that of Napoleon I.? The monarchy of Louis Philippe was rotten at the core, while there can be no doubt now that in 1847 the masses in France were in favor of the heir of Napoleon. Louis Philippe was old, and had lost much of his former energy; whereas, Louis Napoleon, in the prime of life, had given proofs not only of the most fearless courage, but, what was less known, of great mental power; for his works indicate a mind of a very peculiar but yet of a very high order. His intimate friends, moreover, were the most original minded men of the time. Disraeli was his chosen associate. Walter Savage Landor was nearly on as intimate terms, and always entertained a high opinion both of his moral and intellectual qualities. But Louis Napoleon was more than a man of ability; he had a great share of that mystical endowment which Goethe calls the demoniac faculty—that inexplicable residue which alone can explain the lives of those who affect the course of history. This element showed itself in influencing the minds

of those he came in contact with, in a degree out of all proportion with his personal prestige, or with his apparent abilities. He maintained a position of the highest circles of London, never permanently conceded to a titular prince of a *parvenu* family by the exclusive aristocracy of England, and firmly believing in his future destiny, he converted others to be zealots in the Napoleonic faith at a time when no creed appeared so visionary and unsubstantial.

The time, however, at last had come when these dreams were to be realities. Gradually the star of Napoleon III. arose, ascending higher and still higher till it stood still in the Imperial firmament of France. His star appears to be still in its zenith.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON III., Emperor of France, is the third and youngest son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and of Hortense Eugénie, daughter of the Empress Josephine, first wife of Napoleon I., by her first husband, the Viscount de Beauharnais. He was born in Paris, at the palace of the Tuileries, on the twentieth of April, 1808. His father, Louis, was the fourth in age of the brothers of the Emperor; but Napoleon I., by the imperial edicts of 1804 and 1805, set aside the usual order of descent, and declared the succession to the imperial crown to lie in the family of his brother Louis. Louis Napoleon was the first prince born under the imperial rule in the direct line of succession; and his birth was in consequence announced throughout the Empire by discharges of artillery and other solemnities. At his baptism, in 1810, the sponsors were the Emperor and the Empress Maria Louisa. From his infancy the young prince resided with his mother, and his education was conducted under her superintendence. Until the abdication of Napoleon, with whom she was always in great

favor, Hortense resided at Paris, where she had an hotel and a princely household, and went by the title of Queen of Holland, though her husband was no longer king. She was in fact separated, though not divorced, from her husband. Whilst Napoleon was at Elba, Louis Bonaparte instituted a suit in the courts at Paris to have his sons removed from their mother's charge and restored to him; but the Emperor's return put a stop to the proceedings, and henceforth the children remained under the charge of their mother. During the Hundred Days she resided at the Tuileries, and did the honors of Napoleon's court. At the great assemblage on the Champ-de-Mai, Napoleon presented his nephew Louis Napoleon, then seven years old, to the soldiers and to the deputies; and the scene is said to have left a deep and abiding impression on the memory and the imagination of the boy. After the battle of Waterloo, Hortense and her sons attended Napoleon in his retirement at Malmaison. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons she made a visit to Bavaria; but being forced to quit Germany, she retired to Switzerland, residing first at Constance, and subsequently, in 1816, at the estate she had purchased of Arenenburg in the canton of Thurgau. Here she used with her sons to spend the summers; the winters she passed in Rome, at the Villa Borghese, which belonged to her sister-in-law Pauline. Her sons had thus opportunities of observing very different forms of government, and forming extensive connections with politicians and political adventurers both in Switzerland and Italy,—opportunities which the young Louis Napoleon by no means neglected.

The scholastic education of Louis Napoleon was conducted under the direction of M. Lebas. He was for a time a student in the military college at Thun, and is said to have made much progress in the art of gunnery. In these years he also made several pedestrian tours, knapsack on shoulder, among the wilder parts of Switzerland.

On the revolution of 1830, Louis Napoleon memorialized Louis Philippe for permission to return to France, offering to serve as a common soldier in the national army. The request was peremptorily refused; and the government of Rome fancying that a meeting of the Bonaparte family in that city had a political tendency, Louis Napoleon and his brother were ordered to quit the papal territory. They retired to Tuscany, and at once united themselves with the Italian revolutionary party. In the insurrectionary movement of 1831, both the brothers took an active part; and under General Sercognani they shared in the victories gained over the papal troops. But the interference of Austria and France soon put an end to the progress of the popular arms. The elder brother, Napoleon, died at Pesaro, a victim to fatigue and anxiety, March 27, 1831; but Louis Napoleon succeeded, though with much difficulty, in escaping from Italy, and with his mother returned to the chateau of Arenenburg. Here he settled quietly for a while, obtained letters of naturalization as a citizen of the canton of Thurgau, and pursued steadily his military and political studies.

But a new career was gradually unfolding itself before him. His eldest brother died in infancy; the second, as we have seen, died in 1831; and in 1832 the only son of the Emperor, now known as Napoleon II., but then as the Duke of Reichstadt, also died. Louis Napoleon had thus become, according to the decree of 1804, the immediate heir to the Emperor. Thenceforward the restoration of the empire, and the Napoleon dynasty in his person, became the predominant idea of his life. He labored hard, not only to fit himself for the lofty post his ambition led him to believe he should at no distant period occupy, but also to impress his countrymen with his views, and to accustom them to associate his name with the future. He now published his first work, "Political Reviews," in which the necessity of the Emperor to the State is assumed throughout

as the sole means of uniting republicanism with the genius and the requirements of the French people.

At length he fancied the time had arrived for attempting to carry his great purpose into effect. He had become convinced that the French people were tired of their citizen king, and that it only needed a personal appeal on the part of the heir of the great Napoleon to rally the nation around his standard. He had obtained assurances of support from military officers and others; and finally at a meeting in Baden he secured the aid of Colonel Vaudry, the commandant of artillery in the garrison of Strasburg. His plan was to obtain possession of that fortress, and with the troops in garrison, who he doubted not would readily join him, to march directly on Paris, which he hoped to surprise before the government could make sufficient preparations to resist him. Having made all necessary preparations, on the morning of the thirtieth of October, 1836, the signal was given by sound of trumpet, and Colonel Vaudry presented the Prince to the regiment, assembled in the square of the artillery barracks, telling the soldiers that a great revolution was begun, and that the nephew of their Emperor was before them. The soldiers who heard the address received him with acclamation; some of his partisans had secured the prefect and other civil officers; and for a few minutes all seemed prospering. But the commanders of the other regiments were true to their duty. One of them denounced the Prince as an impostor, and the soldiers hesitated. Louis was separated from his friends and hurried off a prisoner, and the affair was speedily at an end.

His mother, on the instant of hearing of his arrest, hastened to Paris, and her appeals, and perhaps the want of sympathy which the Parisians exhibited, induced the King to treat the aspirant to his throne with singular forbearance. The only punishment inflicted was banishment from France. He was accordingly embarked on board a

ship bound for the United States. He remained in the New World but a comparatively short time, though in that time he travelled over a considerable space in South as well as in North America. Hearing of the illness of his mother, he hastened back to Europe, and was with her at her death, which occurred at Arenenburg, October 5, 1837. Hortense Bonaparte was devotedly attached to her son, and her affection was warmly returned. She was a woman of ardent feelings and of considerable mental powers. She was also fond of music, and composed several airs which have been much admired.

Louis Napoleon now set himself, by means of the press, to defend his conduct in regard to the affair at Strasburg, and the government of France, fearing the effect of his pertinacity, demanded his extradition from Switzerland. The cantons at first refused to comply, and expressed a determination to uphold his rights as a citizen of Thurgau. But Louis Philippe sent an army to enforce his demands, and Louis Napoleon, not wishing to involve Switzerland in difficulty, withdrew to England. Here for a couple of years he led the life apparently of a man of pleasure, but he was really revolving his lofty schemes, though he had as yet formed but a very inadequate notion of the obstacles which had to be overcome. In 1839 he published in London his famous "*Idées Napoléoniennes*," a remarkable illustration of the intensity of his own grand thought. In August, 1840, he sailed from Margate in a hired steamer, accompanied by Count Montholin, the attendant of Napoleon I. at St. Helena, a retinue of about fifty persons, and a tame eagle. He landed on the morning of the sixth of August at Boulogne, and marching with his followers straight to the barracks, he summoned the few troops there to join him, or surrender. The soldiers did neither, and Louis Napoleon retreated to the hill on which stands the Napoleon column. Meanwhile the garrison mustered under arms, a few shots were fired, and the Prince, in

attempting to get back to the steamer, was arrested with most of his followers.

This time the government was less placable. Louis Napoleon was brought for trial before the House of Peers on a charge of treason. Berryer appeared as his advocate, and defended him with boldness and eloquence. The Prince himself made a speech, exhibiting great firmness and resolution. He was found guilty of a conspiracy to overturn the government, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in a French fortress. He was sent to Ham, and there he remained till May, 1846, when, in the dress of a workman, he succeeded, by the assistance of Dr. Conneau, the present court physician, in effecting his escape. Once more he took refuge in England. The revolution of February, 1848, found him ready to avail himself of any favorable circumstances. But he had learned caution, and he bided his time.

He had not to wait long. The vast power still remaining in the name of Napoleon had been shown in the unbounded enthusiasm everywhere displayed on the restoration to France of the body of the great Emperor, and Louis Napoleon's partisans had taken care to keep the nephew of the Emperor prominently before the public eye. At the election of deputies to the National Assembly in June, 1848, Louis Napoleon was chosen for the department of the Seine, and three other departments. The Prince applied to take his seat. M. Lamartine on the twelfth of June moved the adoption of a decree banishing Louis Napoleon from France. A warm debate ensued, and Paris got into a state of great excitement. The discussion was renewed on the next day, and ended in the admission of the Prince, by a great majority, to take his seat in the Assembly. At the next election he was returned by an immense majority for the department of the Seine and five other departments. He took his seat on the twenty-sixth of September.

Louis Napoleon's election as President, for a term ending May, 1852, followed in December. From the moment of his election to this office he took a much more decided stand than either of those who had preceded him as head of the executive. There were symptoms of red republican discontent, but they were speedily checked. The contest with the Legislative Assembly was more important, and of longer continuance. But the Prince-President was looking to popular support, and he soon found the means of winning public favor by his progresses through the country, his sounding and significant addresses, and the desire he constantly expressed for the exaltation of France in the eyes of the surrounding nations. His dismissal, at the beginning of 1851, of a man so able and so popular as Changarnier from the command of the army in Paris, showed that he would not permit himself to be bearded with impunity; and rash as it might at first glance seem, it served to strengthen his position. He was met apparently by an equally firm resolution in the National Assembly, who, after repeatedly expressing want of confidence in his ministers, proceeded on the tenth of February, 1851, by a majority of one hundred and two, to reject the President's Dotation Bill. In November the President sent a message to the Assembly proposing to restore universal suffrage, and in accordance with the message a bill was introduced by the ministers, but thrown out by a small majority. The contest was hastening to a close. In a public speech the President had denounced the Assembly as obstructive of all amelioratory measures, and a government journal now plainly accused that body of conspiracy against the Prince-President, and of designing to make Changarnier military Dictator. Paris was filled with troops. It was evident some decided measure was at hand. The leaders of the Assembly hesitated, and their cause was lost. On the second of December the Prince-President issued a decree dissolving the Legislative Assembly; declaring Paris

in a state of siege; establishing universal suffrage; proposing the election of a President for ten years, and a second Chamber or Senate. In the course of the night one hundred and eighty members of the Assembly were placed under arrest, and M. Thiers and other leading statesmen, with Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, etc., were seized and sent to the Castle of Vincennes. This was the famous *coup d'état*: it was eminently successful, and an occasion of fearful slaughter. Numerous other arrests and banishments occurred subsequently. On the twentieth and twenty-first of December a "plebiscite," embodying the terms of the decree, with the name of Louis Napoleon as President, was adopted by the French people, the numbers, according to the official statement, being 7,439,216 in the affirmative and 640,737 negative. A decree, published on the day of the official announcement of the vote, restored the imperial eagles to the national colors and to the cross of the Legion of Honor.

In January the new constitution was published; the National Guard reorganized; and the titles of the French nobility restored.

It soon became evident that the restoration of the Empire was only a matter of time. Petitions which had been presented to the Senate were printed in the newspapers, praying for the establishment of the hereditary sovereign power in the Bonaparte family; cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were heard in every public ceremonial in which the President took part; and at length the President himself, in a speech to the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux, declared that "the empire is peace." On the twenty-first and twenty-second of November, the people were convoked to accept or reject a "plebiscite," resuscitating the imperial dignity in the person of Louis Napoleon, with hereditary in his direct legitimate or adoptive descendants. The affirmative was declared to be voted by 7,864,189 to 231,145. The Prince, in formally accepting the imperial dignity,

assumed the title of Napoleon III. The new Emperor was at once acknowledged by England, and subsequently, though not till after a greater or less delay, by the other leading powers of Europe.

The career of the Emperor is too recent to require to be related in detail. As is well known, it has hitherto been a career of unbroken prosperity. In the January following his acceptance of the empire, he married Eugénie, Comtesse de Téba, a lady who had the good fortune to win general popularity, before she presented the Emperor and the nation with an "Enfant de France." From the first, as President as well as Emperor, Napoleon displayed a strong desire to draw closer the alliance with Great Britain. The feeling was warmly reciprocated in this country, and the aggression of Russia, by leading the two powers to unite their arms in resistance to the outrage, has served to render the union as ardent as such a union could possibly be. Should it be as lasting as it is ardent,—and as for the common good of the two countries it is most earnestly to be desired it may be,—it cannot fail to form one of the most abiding glories of the reign of Napoleon. In March, 1854, France, in conjunction with England, declared war against Russia, and the soldiers of the two countries have stood side by side, winning equal renown, in many a famous field. As was to be expected in a war against such a colossal empire, the war has proved a long and costly one. But the very expenditure rendered necessary by it has served to show in the most striking manner the deep hold the Emperor has on the regard of the French people. It became necessary for the French government, in December, 1854, to ask for a loan of 500,000,000 francs: in ten days 2,175,000,000 were subscribed.

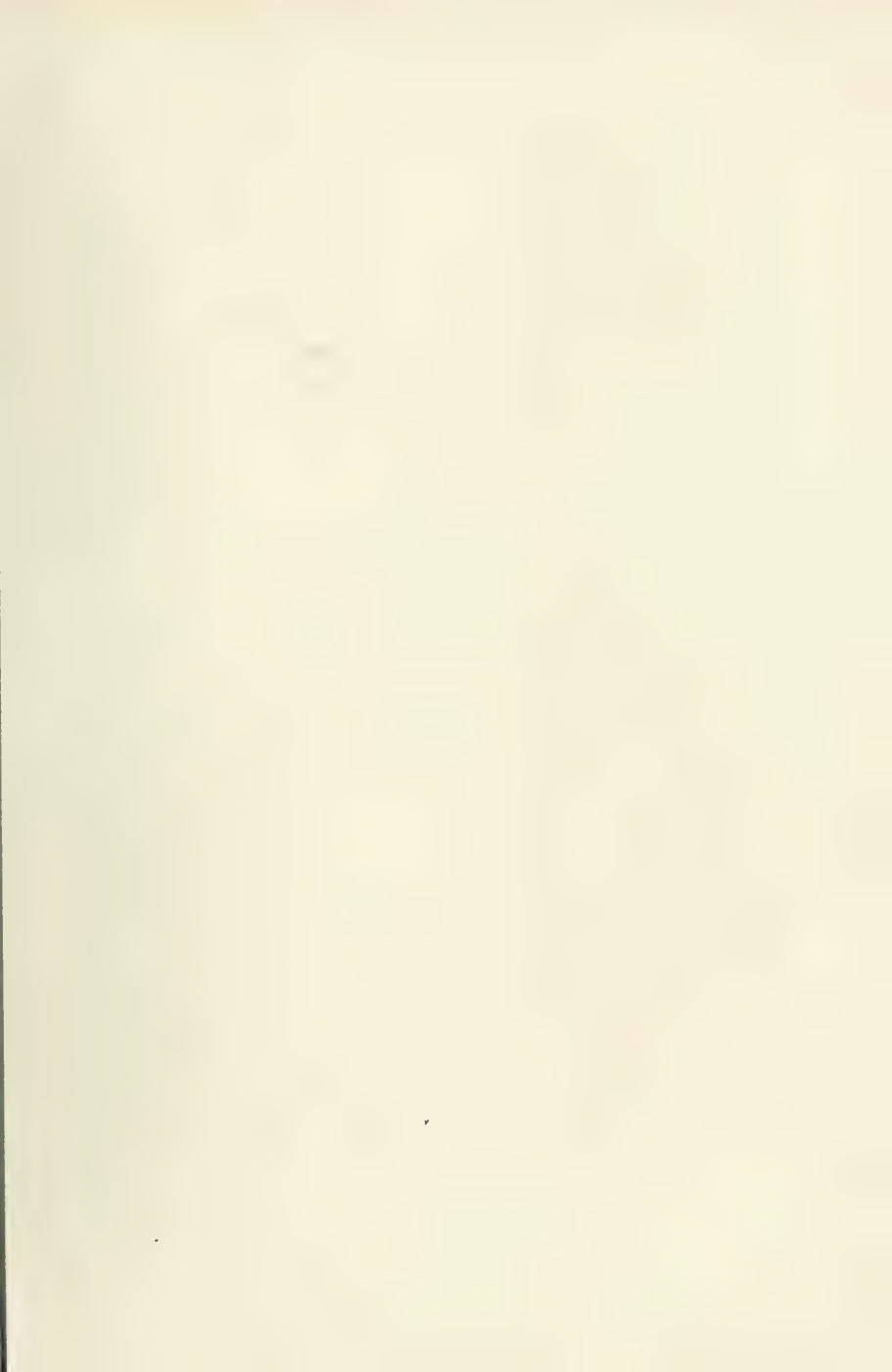
Another loan was required in the following July, of 750,000,000 francs, (£30,000,000,) the amount subscribed was 3,652,591,985 francs, (£146,103,680,) or nearly five times the amount required, and of this no less than

231,920,155 francs were made up of subscriptions of fifty francs and under.

In April, 1855, the Emperor and Empress visited England, and in the following August, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert visited Paris; and in each country the reception of the respective sovereigns was of the most splendid, and with the people of the most enthusiastic, character. In May, 1855, the Emperor opened a Temple of Concord, the grand Exposition of the arts and industry of all nations, which had the effect of attracting to Paris the largest number of visitors almost ever known there. Paris itself too has been improved by new streets of almost unrivalled architectural splendor.

In March, 1856, the conferences for negotiating a peace between the Western Powers and Russia opened at Paris. And on the sixteenth of the same month, the Emperor was made happy by the birth of a son and an heir to the Imperial crown.

The more recent history of the present Emperor of France is familiar to the public mind, and hardly requires to be rehearsed in further detail on these pages.



EUGÉNIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

THE full-length portrait of this distinguished ornament of the French Court was engraved from a painting by Winterhalter, and is accompanied by the following sketch :

Eugénie, Empress of France, and Countess-Duchess of Téba, was born at Granada in Spain, May 5, 1826. She is the daughter of Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Countess-Dowager de Montijos, Countess Miranda, and Duchess of Peraconda; member of the noble order of Maria Louisa, and first lady of honor to the Queen of Spain. The father of this lady had been English consul at Malaga at the period of her marriage with the Count de Montijos, an officer in the Spanish army, belonging to one of the most ancient of the noble families of Spain. He was connected, more or less closely, with the houses of the Duke de Frias, representative of the ancient Admirals of Castile; of the Duke of Fyars, and others of the highest rank, including the descendants of the Kings of Arragon. The death of this nobleman, which occurred many years ago, left the Countess Montijos a widow, with a fortune adequate to the maintenance of her position, and two daughters, one of whom married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, lineally descended from James II. and Miss Churchill. For Eugénie, the second daughter, a still higher destiny was reserved. In 1851 the Countess Téba, accompanied by her mother, paid a lengthened visit to Paris, and was distinguished at the various entertainments given at the Tuileries by the dignity and elegance of her demeanor, and by great personal beauty, of the aristocratic English

rather than the Spanish type. Her mental gifts were proportionably attractive; for she is reported to be naturally *spirituelle*, and her education, partly conducted in England, was very superior to that generally bestowed on Spanish women, who seldom quit the precincts of their native country.

Shortly after the opposition of the other Northern Powers had put an end to the idea of a union between the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Princess Carola Wasa of Sweden, he apprised the council of ministers of his intended marriage with the daughter of the Countess Montijos; a measure which excited some disapproval among them, and even led to their temporary withdrawal from office. During the short time which intervened between the public announcement of the approaching event and its realization, the Countess Téba and her mother took up their abode in the palace of the Elysée. The marriage was celebrated at noon on the twenty-ninth of January, 1853, at Notre Dame; and the Emperor and Empress, after making their appearance some hours later on the balcony of the Pavillon de l'Horloge at the Tuileries, to receive the acclamations of the multitude, adjourned to the comparative seclusion of St. Cloud.

It is almost unnecessary to allude to the magnificence of the preparations made for the ceremony, as they are sufficiently recent to be fresh in the memory of the reader. However, the one item of forty-six hundred francs, expended in Point d'Alençon lace, will suffice to give an idea of their character. Although a union which should have added to the political importance of the nation might probably have been more immediately acceptable to it, no mark of honor and loyalty was withheld from the Imperial bride. The dotation asked for her of one hundred and thirty thousand francs per annum (the same sum which had been granted to the Duchesse d'Orleans) was eagerly accorded; and the municipal council of Paris voted six

hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a *parure* of diamonds, as a present from the city to the Empress. It may be imagined how much enthusiasm was excited among so impressible a people as the French by the purport of a letter which she addressed to M. Bezet, prefect of the Seine, in reply to this proposal. After warmly thanking the council for their token of regard, she declined the rich gift; alleging that the city was already overburdened, and that the sum in question would be more usefully employed in the foundation of some charitable institution for the poor and destitute. In accordance with this suggestion, the money was devoted to an establishment for the maintenance* and education of sixty young girls chosen from the working classes of Paris.

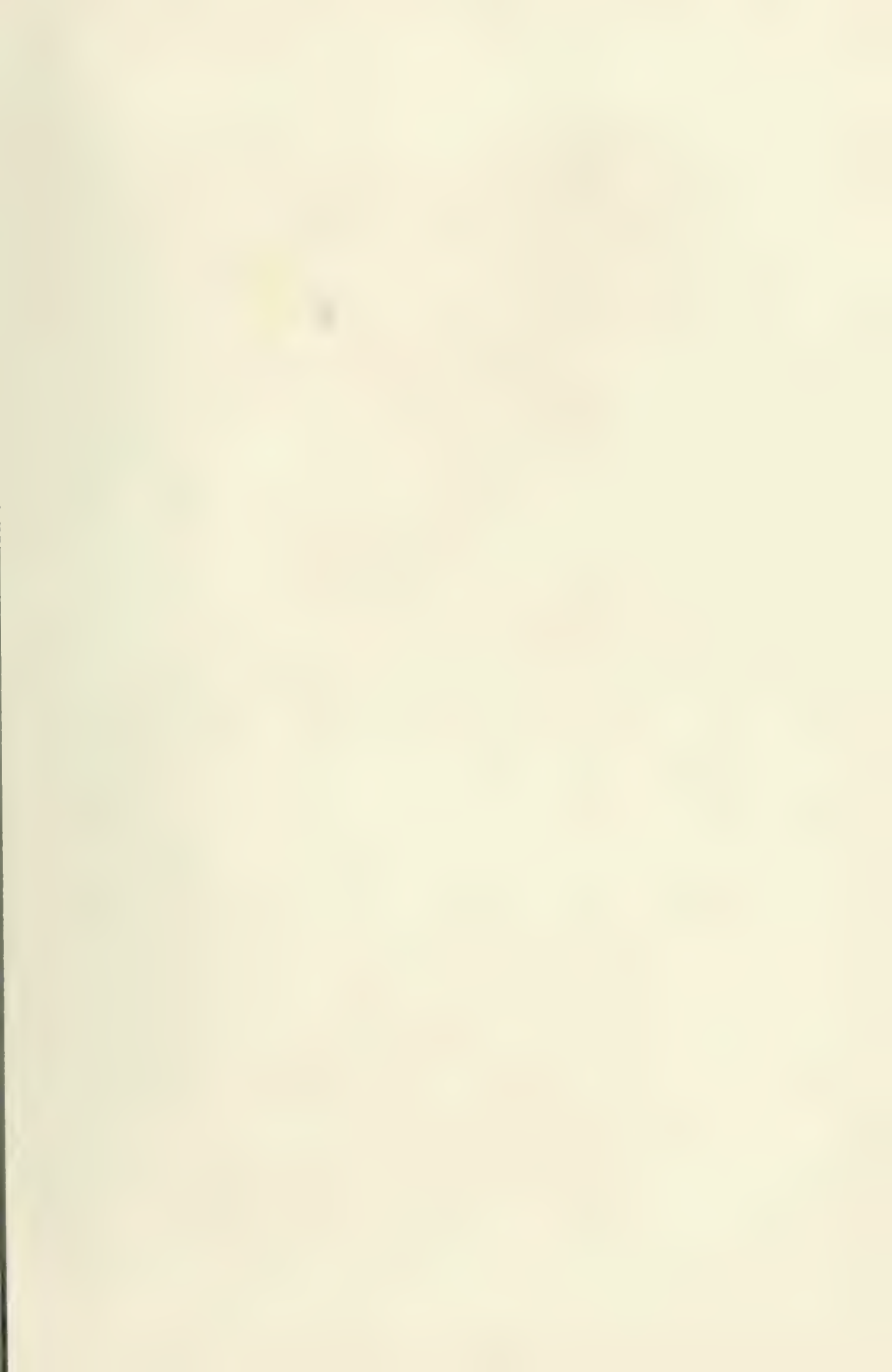
The life of the Empress Eugénie since her marriage has been comparatively uneventful; made up of the ordinary routine of state etiquette; of migrations to the various royal *maisons-de-plaisance*, varied by an extended progress through France in company with her husband; and a sojourn for the benefit of her health at Biarritz in the Pyrenees, which has peculiar associations for her, having been the favorite summer resort of her family in the days of her girlhood. On the sixteenth of April, 1855, the Emperor and Empress of the French arrived in England on a short visit to the Queen, during which they proceeded in state to the city, visited the Crystal Palace, etc., their stay terminating on the twenty-first.

On the sixteenth of March, 1856, the Empress gave birth to a son, who is the heir apparent to the French Empire. When the Emperor took his departure for the seat of war in Italy, he appointed the Empress regent during his absence, May 3, 1859. A strong mutual affection is said to exist between the Emperor and Empress, which the birth and promise of their son has tended to deepen. This little aspirant to an imperial throne may often be seen in the public parks and beautiful gardens with which Paris

abounds, sometimes mounted on a little Arabian pony, attended by the Imperial Guard, and sometimes in an open carriage with his mother, or the Emperor.

The ever-varying Goddess of Fashion, privileged as she is to whim and caprice, never received into her court a more changeful votary than Eugénie. She delights to startle the fashionable world with combinations of grace and elegance as original as striking. The celebrated hoop-skirt is of her creation. By her unrivalled taste she has made graceful simplicity and a judicious harmonizing of colors the true standard of elegance in a lady's dress.

Since the death of a beloved relative, the Empress has suffered under a deep melancholy; for which continued change of scene became necessary. Her religious views at the time became gloomy and ascetic, and she contemplated a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as the only means her faith suggested of tranquillizing her mind. This event has, however, not yet taken place; and, her health becoming better, she has resumed much of her early vivacity.





NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

ON THE

MORNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH BRUMAIRE

THE memorable event which the accompanying plate illustrates, was one of the turning points in the history of Napoleon. The overthrow of the Directory became indispensable to Napoleon's progress; and on his return from Egypt he immediately commenced the intrigues which led to the accomplishment of his object. A coalition with the Abbé Sieyes enabled him, with his secret friends in the Council of Five Hundred, to effect the bold stroke which on the ninth of November, 1799, put an end to the strong and popular government of the Directory. On the morning of the day resolved upon, all the generals and officers whose adherence to Bonaparte had been secured, were invited to repair to Napoleon's house at six o'clock. Three regiments of cavalry were appointed to be ready in the Champs Elysées, under pretence of being reviewed by General Bonaparte. As an excuse for assigning so unusual an hour of rendezvous, it was said that the General was obliged to set out on a journey. Many officers understood or guessed what was to be done, and came armed with pistols as well as swords. Some, however, were without such information or presentiment. Le Febvre, the commandant of the guard of the Representative Bodies, supposed to be devoted to the Directory, had only received an invitation to attend this military assembly on the preceding midnight. Bernadotte, unacquainted with the pro-

ject, was, however, brought to Bonaparte's house by his brother Joseph.

The surprise of some, and the anxious curiosity of all, may be supposed, when they found a military levee so numerous and so brilliant assembled at so early an hour.

Early as Bonaparte's levee had taken place, the Council of Ancients, secretly and hastily assembled, had met still earlier. The ears of all were filled by a report, generally circulated, that the Republican party had formed a daring plan for giving a new popular impulse to the government. It was said that the resolution was taken at the Hotel de Salm, amongst the party who still adopted the principles of the old Jacobins, to connect the two representative bodies into one National Assembly, and invest the powers of government in a Committee of Public Safety, after the model of what was called the Reign of Terror. Circulated hastily, and with such addition to the tale as rumors speedily acquire, the mind of the Council of Ancients was agitated with much fear and anxiety. Cornudet, Lebrun, and Fargues made glowing speeches to the Assembly, in which the terror that their language inspired was rendered greater by the mysterious and indefinite manner in which they expressed themselves. They spoke of personal danger—of being overawed in their deliberations—of the fall of liberty, and of the approaching destruction of the republic. "You have but an instant to save France," said Cornudet; "permit it to pass away, and the country will be a mere carcass, disputed by the vultures, whose prey it must become." Though the charge of conspiracy was not distinctly defined, the measures recommended to defeat it were sufficiently decisive.

By the 102d, 103d, and 104th articles of the Constitution it was provided that the Council of Ancients might, if they saw it expedient, alter the place where the legislative bodies met, and convoke them elsewhere; a provision designed doubtless to prevent the exercise of that compul-

sion which the Parisians had at one time assumed over the National Assembly and Convention. This power the Council of Ancients now exercised. By one edict the sittings of the two councils were removed to St. Cloud; by another, the council delegated to General Bonaparte full power to see this measure carried into effect, and vested him for that purpose with the military command of the department. A state messenger was sent to communicate to the General these important measures, and require his presence in the Council of Ancients; and this was the crisis which he had so anxiously expected.

A few words determined the numerous body of officers, by whom the messenger found him surrounded, to concur with him without scruple. Even General Le Febvre, who commanded the guard of the legislative bodies, declared his adhesion to Bonaparte.

The Directory had not even yet taken the alarm. Two of them, indeed, Sieyes and Ducos, being in the secret of the conspiracy, were already at the Tuileries, to second the movement which was preparing. It is said that Barras had seen them pass in the morning, and as they were both mounted, had been much amused with the awkward horsemanship of Sieyes. He little guessed on what expedition he was bound.

When Bonaparte sallied forth on horseback, and at the head of such a gallant cavalcade of officers, his first movement was to assume the command of the three regiments of cavalry, already drawn up in the Champs Elysées, and to lead them to the Tuileries, where the Council of Ancients expected him. He entered their hall, surrounded by his military staff, and by those other generals, whose name carried the memory of so many victories. "You are the wisdom of the nation," he said to the council. "I come, surrounded by the generals of the Republic, to promise you their support. I name Le Febvre my lieutenant. Let us not lose time looking for precedents. Nothing in history

ever resembled the end of the eighteenth century — nothing in the eighteenth century resembled this moment. Your wisdom has devised the necessary measure, our arms shall put it into execution." He announced to the military the will of the council, and the command with which they had intrusted him; and it was received with loud shouts.

In the meanwhile the three directors, Barras, Gohier, and Moulins, who were not in the secret of the morning, began too late to take the alarm. Moulins proposed to send a battalion to surround the house of Bonaparte and make prisoner the General, and whomsoever else they found there. But they had no longer the least influence over the soldiery, and had the mortification to see their own personal guard, when summoned by an aid-de-camp of Bonaparte, march away to join the forces which he commanded, and leave them defenceless.

Barras sent his secretary, Bottot, to expostulate with Bonaparte. The General received him with great haughtiness, and publicly before a large group of officers and soldiers upbraided him with the reverses of the country; not in the tone of an ordinary citizen, possessing but his own individual interest in the fate of a great nation, but like a prince, who, returning from a distant expedition, finds that in his absence his deputies have abused their trust, and misruled his dominions. "What have you done," he said, "for that fine France, which I left you in such a brilliant condition? I left you peace, I have found war—I left you the wealth of Italy, I have found taxation and misery. Where are the hundred thousand Frenchmen whom I have known? — all of them my companions in glory? They are dead." It was plain, that even now, when his enterprise was but commenced, Bonaparte had already assumed that tone which seemed to account every one answerable to him for deficiencies in the public service, and he himself responsible to no one.

Barras, overwhelmed and stunned, and afraid, perhaps,

of impeachment for his alleged peculations, belied the courage which he was once supposed to possess, and submitted in the most abject terms to the will of the victor. He sent in his resignation, in which he states, "that the weal of the Republic, and his zeal for liberty alone, could have ever induced him to undertake the burden of a public office; and that, seeing the destinies of the Republic were now in the custody of her youthful and invincible general, he gladly resigned his authority." He left Paris for his country-seat, accompanied by a guard of cavalry, which Bonaparte ordered to attend him, as much perhaps to watch his motions as to do him honor, though the last was the ostensible reason. His colleagues, Gohier and Moulius, also resigned their office; Sieyes and Ducos had already set the example; and the Constitutional Executive Council was dissolved, while the real power was vested in Bonaparte's single person. Cambaceres, minister of justice, Fouché, minister of police, with all the rest of the administration, acknowledged his authority accordingly; and he was thus placed in full possession as well of the civil as of the military power.

The Council of Five Hundred, or rather the republican majority of that body, showed a more stubborn temper; and if, instead of resigning, Barras, Gohier, and Moulius had united themselves to its leaders, they might perhaps have given trouble to Bonaparte, successful as he had hitherto been.

This hostile council only met at ten o'clock on that memorable day, when they received, to their surprise, the message intimating that the Council of Ancients had changed the place of meeting from Paris to St. Cloud, and thus removed their debates from the neighborhood of the populace, over whom the old Jacobinical principles might have retained influence. The laws as they stood afforded the young council no means of evading compliance, and they accordingly adjourned to meet the next day at St.

Cloud, with unabated resolution to maintain the democratic part of the constitution. They separated amid shouts of "Long live the Republic and the Constitution!" which were echoed by the galleries. The *tricoteuses*, and other more zealous attendants on their debates, resolved to transfer themselves to St. Cloud also, and appeared there in considerable numbers on the ensuing day, when it was evident the enterprise of Sieyes and of Bonaparte must be either perfected or abandoned.

The contending parties held council all the evening, and deep into the night, to prepare for the final contest on the morrow. Sieyes advised that forty leaders of the opposition should be arrested; but Bonaparte esteemed himself strong enough to obtain a decisive victory, without resorting to any such obnoxious violence. They adjusted their plan of operations in both councils, and agreed that the government to be established should be provisionally intrusted to three consuls, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos. Proper arrangements were made of the armed force at St. Cloud, and the command was confided to the zeal and fidelity of Murat. Bonaparte used some interest to prevent Bernadotte, Jourdan, and Augereau from attending at St. Cloud the next day, as he did not expect them to take his part in the approaching crisis. The last of these seemed rather hurt at the want of confidence which this caution implied, and said: "What, General, dare you not trust your own little Augereau?" He went to St. Cloud accordingly.

Some preparations were necessary to put the palace of St. Cloud in order to receive the two councils: the Orangerie being assigned to the Council of Five Hundred; the Gallery of Mars to that of the Ancients.

In the Council of Ancients, the Moderés, having the majority, were prepared to carry forward and complete their measures for a change of government and constitution. But the minority, having rallied after the surprise of the

preceeding day, were neither silent nor passive. The Commission of Inspectors, whose duty it was to convene the council, were inculpated severely for having omitted to give information to several leading members of the minority, of the extraordinary convocation which took place at such an unwonted hour on the morning preceeding. The propriety, nay the legality, of the transference of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud was also challenged. A sharp debate took place, which was terminated by the appearance of Napoleon, who entered the hall, and harangued the members by permission of the president. "Citizens," said he, "you are placed upon a volcano. Let me tell you the truth with the frankness of a soldier. Citizens, I was remaining tranquil with my family, when the commands of the Council of Ancients called me to arms. I collected my brave military companions, and brought forward the arms of the country in obedience to you, who are the head. We are rewarded with calumny—they compare me to Cromwell—to Cæsar. Had I desired to usurp the supreme authority, I have had opportunities to do so before now. But I swear to you the country has not a more disinterested patriot. We are surrounded by dangers and by civil war. Let us not hazard the loss of those advantages for which we have made such sacrifices,—Liberty and Equality."

"And the Constitution!" exclaimed Linglet, a democratic member, interrupting a speech which seemed to be designedly vague and inexplicit.

"The Constitution!" answered Bonaparte, giving way to a more natural expression of his feelings, and avowing his object more clearly than he had yet dared to do—"It was violated on the eighteenth Fructidor—violated on the twenty-second Floreal—violated on the thirtieth Prairial. All parties have invoked it—all have disregarded it in turn. It can no longer be a means of safety to any one, since it obtains the respect of no one. Since we cannot

preserve the Constitution, let us at least save Liberty and Equality, the foundations on which it is erected." He went on in the same strain, to assure them, that for the safety of the Republic he relied only on the wisdom and power of the Council of Ancients, since in the Council of Five Hundred were found those men who desired to bring back the Convention, with its revolutionary committees, its scaffolds, its popular insurrections. "But I," he said, "will save you from such horrors—I and my brave comrades at arms, whose swords and caps I see at the door of the hall; and if any hired orator shall talk of outlawry, I will appeal to the valor of my comrades, with whom I have fought and conquered for liberty."

The Assembly invited the General to detail the particulars of the conspiracy to which he had alluded, but he confined himself to a reference to the testimony of Sieyes and Ducos; and again reiterating that the Constitution could not save the country, and inviting the Council of Ancients to adopt some course which might enable them to do so, he left them, amid cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" loudly echoed by the military in the court-yard, to try the effect of his eloquence on the more unmanageable Council of Five Hundred.

The deputies of the younger council having found the place designed for their meeting filled with workmen, were for some time in a situation which seemed to resemble the predicament of the National Assembly at Versailles, when they took refuge in a tennis-court. The recollection was of such a nature as inflamed and animated their resolution, and they entered the Orangerie, when at length admitted, in no good humor with the Council of Ancients, or with Bonaparte. Proposals of accommodation had been circulated among them ineffectually. They would have admitted Bonaparte into the Directory, but refused to consent to any radical change in the Constitution of the year Three.

The debate of the day, remarkable as the last in which the Republican party enjoyed the full freedom of speech in France, was opened on the nineteenth Brumaire, at two o'clock. Lucien Bonaparte being president. Gaudin, a member of the moderate party, began by moving that a committee of seven members should be formed, to report upon the state of the Republic; and that measures should be taken for opening a correspondence with the Council of Ancients. He was interrupted by exclamations and clamor on the part of the majority.

"The Constitution! The Constitution or Death!" was echoed and reëchoed on every side. "Bayonets frighten us not," said Delbrel, "we are freemen."

"Down with the Dictatorship — no Dictators!" cried other members.

Lucien in vain endeavored to restore order. Gaudin was dragged from the tribune; the voice of other moderates was overpowered by clamor; — never had the party of democracy shown itself fiercer or more tenacious than when about to receive the death-blow.

"Let us swear to preserve the Constitution of the year Three!" exclaimed Delbrel; and the applause which followed the proposition was so general, that it silenced all resistance. Even the members of the moderate party — nay, even Lucien Bonaparte himself — were compelled to take the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, which he and they were leagued to destroy.

"The oath you have just taken," said Bigonnet, "will occupy a place in the annals of history, beside the celebrated vow taken in the tennis-court. The one was the foundation of liberty, the other shall consolidate the structure." In the midst of this fermentation, the letter containing the resignation of Barras was read, and received with marks of contempt, as the act of a soldier deserting his post in the time of danger. The moderate party seemed silenced, overpowered, and on the point of coalescing

with the great majority of the council, when the clash of arms was heard at the entrance of the apartment. All eyes were turned to that quarter. Bayonets, drawn sabres, the plumed hats of general officers and aids-de-camp, and the caps of grenadiers were visible without, while Napoleon entered the Orangerie, attended by four grenadiers belonging to the constitutional guard of the councils. The soldiers remained at the bottom of the hall, while he advanced with a measured step and uncovered, about one third up the room.

He was received with loud murmurs. "What! drawn weapons, armed men, soldiers in the sanctuary of the laws!" exclaimed the members, whose courage seemed to rise against the display of force with which they were menaced. All the deputies arose, some rushed on Bonaparte and seized him by the collar; others called out: "Outlawry!—outlawry!—let him be proclaimed a traitor!" It is said that Arena, a native of Corsica like himself, aimed a dagger at his breast, which was only averted by the interposition of one of the grenadiers. The fact seems extremely doubtful, though it is certain that Bonaparte was seized by two or three members; while others exclaimed: "Was it for this you gained so many victories?" and loaded him with reproaches. At this crisis a party of grenadiers rushed into the hall with drawn swords, and extracting Bonaparte from the deputies, bore him off in their arms breathless with the scuffle.

It was probably at this crisis that Augereau's faith in his ancient general's fortune began to totter, and his revolutionary principles to gain an ascendance over his military devotion. "A fine situation you have brought yourself into," he said to Bonaparte; who answered sternly: "Augereau, things were worse at Arcola. Take my advice—remain quiet, in a short time all this will change." Augereau, whose active assistance and coöperation might have been at this critical period of the greatest conse-

quence to the council, took the hint, and continued passive. Jourdan and Bernadotte, who were ready to act on the popular side, had the soldiers shown the least hesitation in yielding obedience to Bonaparte, perceived no opening of which to avail themselves.

The council remained in the highest state of commotion, the general voice accusing Bonaparte of having usurped the supreme authority, calling for a sentence of outlawry, or demanding that he should be brought to the bar. "Can you ask me to put the outlawry of my own brother to the vote?" said Lucien. But this appeal to his personal situation and feelings made no impression upon the Assembly, who continued clamorously to demand the question. At length Lucien flung on the desk his hat, scarf, and other parts of his official dress. "Let me be rather heard," he said, "as the advocate of him whom you falsely and rashly accuse." But this request only added to the tumult. At this moment a small body of grenadiers, sent by Napoleon to his brother's assistance, marched into the hall.

They were at first received with applause; for the council, accustomed to see the triumph of democratical opinions among the military, did not doubt that they were deserting their general to range themselves on the side of the deputies. Their appearance was but momentary — they instantly left the hall, carrying Lucien in the centre of the detachment.

Matters now were come to extremity on either side. The council, thrown into the greatest disorder by these repeated military incursions, remained in violent agitation, furious against Bonaparte, but without the calmness necessary to adopt decisive measures.

Meantime the sight of Napoleon, almost breathless, and bearing marks of personal violence, excited to the highest the indignation of the military. In broken words he told them, that when he wished to show them the road to lead

the country to victory and fame, "they had answered him with daggers."

Cries of resentment arose from the soldiery, augmented when the party sent to extricate the president brought him to the ranks as to a sanctuary. Lucien, who seconded his brother admirably, or rather who led the way in this perilous adventure, mounted on horseback instantly, and called out in a voice naturally deep and sonorous: "General, and you soldiers! The President of the Council of Five Hundred proclaims to you, that factious men, with drawn daggers, have interrupted the deliberations of the Assembly. He authorizes you to employ force against these disturbers. The Assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved!"

Murat, deputed by Bonaparte to execute the commands of Lucien, entered the Orangerie with drums beating, at the head of a detachment with fixed bayonets. He summoned the deputies to disperse on their peril, while an officer of the constitutional guard called out he could be no longer answerable for their safety. Cries of fear became now mingled with vociferations of rage, execrations of abhorrence, and shouts of "*Vive la Republique.*" An officer then mounted the president's seat, and summoned the representatives to retire. "The General," said he, "has given orders."

Some of the deputies and spectators began now to leave the hall; the greater part continued firm, and sustained the shouts by which they reprobated this military intrusion. The drums at length struck up, and drowned further remonstrance.

"Forward, grenadiers," said the officer who commanded the party. They levelled their muskets, and advanced as if to the charge. The deputies seem hitherto to have retained a lingering hope that their persons would be regarded as inviolable. They now fled on all sides, most of them jumping from the windows of the Orangerie, and

leaving behind them their official caps, scarfs, and gowns. In a very few minutes the apartments were entirely clear; and thus, furnishing at its conclusion a striking parallel to the scene which ended the Long Parliament of Charles the First's time, terminated the last Democratical Assembly of France.



THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

It was Fouché who first ventured to touch the fatal string of the imperial divorce. One Sunday, at Fontainebleau, he drew Josephine aside into a recess of a window, and, after dwelling on the necessities of the empire, gave the hint of a separation; which he represented as the most sublime of sacrifices. Josephine instantly ordered him out of her presence, and went to demand of Napoleon whether the minister had any authority for this proceeding. The Emperor answered in the negative; but when Josephine went on to demand the dismissal of Fouché, he refused to comply. From that hour she must have been convinced that her doom was fixed.

Napoleon cherished a strong attachment to his little grandchild, the son of Hortense and of his brother Louis. The boy was extremely beautiful, and developed all those noble and spirited traits of character which peculiarly delighted the Emperor. Napoleon had apparently determined to make the young prince his heir. This was so generally the understanding, both in France and in Holland, that Josephine was quite at ease, and serene days dawned again upon her heart.

Early in the spring of 1807 this child, upon whom such destinies were depending, then five years of age, was seized suddenly and violently with the croup, and in a few hours died. The blow fell upon the head of Josephine with most appalling power. Deep as was her grief at the loss of the child, she was overwhelmed with uncontrollable anguish in view of those fearful consequences which she shuddered to

contemplate. She knew that Napoleon loved her fondly, but she also knew the strength of his ambition, and that he would make any sacrifice of his affection, which, in his view, would subserve the interests of his power and his glory. For three days she shut herself up in her room, and was continually bathed in tears.

The sad intelligence was conveyed to Napoleon when he was far from home, in the midst of the Prussian campaign. He had been victorious, almost miraculously victorious, over his enemies. He had gained accessions of power such as, in the wildest dreams of youth, he had hardly imagined. All opposition to his sway was now apparently crushed. Napoleon had become the creator of kings, and the proudest monarchs of Europe were constrained to do his bidding. It was in an hour of exultation that the mournful tidings reached him. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in the most painful musings. He was heard mournfully and anxiously to repeat to himself again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this?" The struggle in his mind between his love for Josephine and his ambitious desire to found a new dynasty, and to transmit his name and fame to all posterity, was fearful. It was manifest in his cheek, in his restless eye, in the loss of appetite and of sleep. But the stern will of Bonaparte was unrelenting in its purposes. With an energy which the world has never seen surpassed, he had chosen his part. It was the purpose of his soul—the purpose before which everything had to bend—to acquire the glory of making France the most illustrious, powerful, and happy nation earth had ever seen. For this he was ready to sacrifice comfort, ease, and his sense of right. For this he was ready to sunder the strongest ties of affection.

Josephine knew Napoleon. She was fully aware of his boundless ambition. With almost insupportable anguish she wept over the death of this idolized child, and, with a

trembling heart, awaited her husband's return. Mysterious hints began to fill the journals, of the contemplated divorce, and of the alliance of Napoleon with various princesses of foreign courts.

In October, 1807, Napoleon returned from Vienna. He greeted Josephine with the greatest kindness, but she soon perceived that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was pondering the fearful question. He appeared sad and embarrassed. He had frequent private interviews with his ministers. A general feeling of constraint pervaded the court. Napoleon scarcely ventured to look upon his wife, as if apprehensive that the very sight of one whom he had loved so well might cause him to waver in his firm purpose. Josephine was in a state of the most feverish solicitude, and yet was compelled to appear calm and unconstrained. As yet she had only fearful forebodings of her impending doom. She watched, with most excited apprehension, every movement of the Emperor's eye, every intonation of his voice, every sentiment he uttered. Each day some new and trivial indication confirmed her fears. Her husband became more reserved, absented himself from her society, and the private access between their apartments was closed. He now seldom entered her room, and when he did so, he invariably knocked. And yet not one word had passed between him and Josephine upon the fearful subject. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation immediately caused such violent palpitations of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and catching at the articles of furniture.

The months of October and November passed away, and, while the Emperor was discussing with his cabinet the alliance into which he should enter, he had not yet summoned courage to break the subject to Josephine. The

evidence is indubitable that he experienced intense anguish in view of the separation; but this did not influence his iron will to swerve from its purpose. The grandeur of his fame, and the magnitude of his power, were now such that there was not a royal family in Europe which would not have felt honored in conferring upon him a bride. It was at first contemplated that he should marry some princess of the Bourbon family, and thus add to the stability of his throne by conciliating the Royalists of France. A princess of Saxony was proposed. Some weighty considerations urged an alliance with the majestic Empire of Russia, and some advances were made to the court of St. Petersburg, having in view a sister of the Emperor Alexander. It was finally decided that proposals should be made to the court of Vienna for Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. The Emperor and Empress dined at Fontainebleau alone. She seems to have had a presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all that day she had been in her retired apartment, weeping bitterly. As the dinner-hour approached she bathed her swollen eyes, and tried to regain composure. They sat down at the table in silence. Napoleon did not speak; Josephine could not trust her voice to utter a word. Neither ate a mouthful. Course after course was brought in and removed untouched. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically, and apparently unconsciously, struck the edge of his glass with his knife, while lost in thought. A more melancholy meal probably was never witnessed. The attendants around the table seemed to catch the infection, and moved softly and silently in the discharge of their duties, as if they were in the chamber of the dead. At last the ceremony of dinner was over, the attendants were dismissed, and Napoleon, rising and

closing the door with his own hand, was left alone with Josephine. Another moment of most painful silence ensued, when the Emperor, pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, approached the Empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and in faltering accents said: "Josephine! my own good Josephine! you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France."

Josephine's brain reeled; her blood ceased to circulate; she fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, threw open the door of the saloon and called for help. Attendants from the ante-room immediately entered. Napoleon took a taper from the mantel, and uttering not a word, but pale and trembling, motioned to the Count de Beaumont to take the Empress in his arms. She was still unconscious of everything, but began to murmur, in tones of anguish: "Oh, no! you cannot surely do it. You would not kill me." The Emperor led the way, through a dark passage, to the staircase which conducted to the apartment of the Empress. The agitation of Napoleon seemed now to increase. He uttered some incoherent sentences about a violent nervous attack; and, finding the stairs too steep and narrow for the Count de Beaumont to bear the body of the helpless Josephine unassisted, he gave the light to an attendant, and, supporting her limbs himself, they reached the door of her bedroom. Napoleon then, dismissing his male attendants, and laying Josephine upon her bed, rung for her waiting-women. He hung over her with an expression of the most intense affection and anxiety until she began to revive. But the moment consciousness seemed returning, he left the room. Napoleon did not even throw himself upon his bed that night. He paced the floor until the dawn of the morning. The royal sur-

geon, Corvisart, passed the night at the bedside of the Empress. Every hour the restless yet unrelenting Emperor called at her door to inquire concerning her situation. "On recovering from my swoon," says Josephine, "I perceived that Corvisart was in attendance, and my poor daughter Hortense weeping over me. No! no! I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest he affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. Oh! how much reason had I to dread becoming an Empress!"

A fortnight now passed away, during which Napoleon and Josephine saw but little of each other. During this time there occurred the anniversary of the coronation, and of the Victory of Austerlitz. Paris was filled with rejoicing. The bells rung their merriest peals. The metropolis was refulgent with illuminations. In these festivities Josephine was compelled to appear. She knew that the sovereigns and princes then assembled in Paris were informed of her approaching disgrace. In all these sounds of triumph she heard but the knell of her own doom. And though a careful observer would have detected indications in her moistened eye and her pallid cheek of the secret woe which was consuming her heart, her habitual affability and grace never, in public, for one moment forsook her. Hortense, languid and sorrow-stricken, was with her mother.

Eugene was summoned from Italy. He hastened to Paris, and his first interview was with his mother. From her saloon he went directly to the cabinet of Napoleon, and inquired of the Emperor if he had decided to obtain a divorce from the Empress. Napoleon, who was very strongly attached to Eugene, made no reply, but pressed his hand as an expression that it was so. Eugene immediately dropped the hand of the Emperor, and said,—

"Sire, in that case permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How!" exclaimed Napoleon, looking upon him sadly; "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, leave me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene replied, firmly; "the son of her who is no longer Empress cannot remain Viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Napoleon was not without feelings. Tears filled his eyes. In a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, he replied: "Eugene, you know the stern necessity which compels this measure, and will you forsake me? Who, then — should I have a son, the object of my desire and preserver of my interests — who would watch over the child, when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? Who will bring him up? Who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene was deeply affected, and, taking Napoleon's arm, they retired and conversed a long time together. The noble Josephine, ever sacrificing her own feelings to promote the happiness of others, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon. "The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor,— your more than father, to whom you are indebted for everything, and to whom, therefore, you owe a boundless obedience."

The fatal day for the consummation of the divorce at length arrived. It was the fifteenth of December, 1809. Napoleon had assembled all the kings, princes, and princesses who were members of the Imperial family, and also the most illustrious officers of the Empire, in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. Every individual present was oppressed with the melancholy grandeur of the occasion. Napoleon thus addressed them:—

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is

this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraved on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, her eyes filled with tears, with a faltering voice replied: "I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar and the throne and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commended by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart, but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments which were expressed in public; but in private Josephine surrendered herself to the unrestrained dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the intensity of her woe. For six months she wept

so incessantly that her eyes were nearly blinded with grief. Upon the ensuing day the council were again assembled in the grand saloon, to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. The Emperor entered the room dressed in the imposing robes of state, but pallid, care-worn, and wretched. Low tones of voice, harmonizing with the mournful scene, filled the room. Napoleon, apart by himself, leaned against a pillar, folded his arms upon his breast, and in perfect silence, apparently lost in gloomy thought, remained motionless as a statue. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment, and upon this there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. Never did a multitude gaze upon the scaffold, the block, or the guillotine with more awe than the assembled lords and ladies in this gorgeous saloon contemplated these instruments of a more dreadful execution.

At length the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a side door, and the entrance of Josephine. The pallor of death was upon her brow, and the submission of despair nerved her into a temporary calmness. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was entirely unable to control her feelings. The sympathetic daughter, immediately upon entering into the room, burst into tears, and continued sobbing most convulsively during the whole remaining scene. The assembly respectfully arose upon the entrance of Josephine, and all were moved to tears. With that grace which ever distinguished her movements, she advanced silently to the seat provided for her. Sitting down, and leaning her forehead upon her hand, she listened to the reading of the act of separation. Nothing disturbed the sepulchral silence of the scene but the convulsive sobbings of Hortense, blended with the mournful tones of the reader's voice. Eugene, in the mean time, pale and trembling as an aspen leaf, had taken a position by the side of his mother. Silent tears were trickling down the cheeks of the Empress.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes, and then rising, in clear and musical, but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Poor Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful but sublime tragedy.

But the anguish of the day was not yet closed. Josephine, half delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass through in taking a final adieu of him who had been her husband. She remained in her chamber, in heart-rending, speechless grief, until the hour arrived in which Napoleon usually retired for the night. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his most faithful and devoted wife, and the attendant was on the point of leaving the room, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with grief, her hair dishevelled, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed; then, irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps,—a consciousness that she had *now* no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon; but in another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting everything in her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial

spirit of Napoleon was for the moment entirely vanquished, and he also wept almost convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love — of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her, and for some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they continued together in this last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish which few hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved.

After the Empress had retired, with a desolated heart, to her chamber of unnatural widowhood, the attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bedclothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left in darkness and silence to the dreadful companionship of his own thoughts. The next morning the death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance, attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and suffering.

Great as was the wrong which Napoleon thus inflicted upon the noble Josephine, every one must be sensible of a certain kind of grandeur which pervades this renowned tragedy in the life and history of the Emperor Napoleon I.





PRINCE AND PRINCESS NAPOLEON.

NAPOLÉON JOSEPH CHARLES PAUL BONAPARTE, second and only surviving son of Jérôme Bonaparte by his second wife, the Princess Frederique of Würtemberg, was born September 9, 1822. He was educated chiefly in Austria and Italy, but he subsequently travelled in Switzerland, America, and Brussels, in each of which places he resided some time. His first appearance on the political stage was after the recall of the Bonaparte family to Paris, under the presidency of Prince Louis Napoleon. Being elected a member of the Legislative Assembly, the Prince Napoleon distinguished himself by his energetic support of ultra opinions, and soon became the recognized leader of the party of the Mountain. Since the accession of Napoleon III. to the Imperial crown, Prince Napoleon has abandoned extreme political views, and has become one of the most devoted and valuable supporters of the policy of the Emperor, by whom he is much esteemed and trusted. When the Anglo-French army was despatched to the Crimea, Prince Napoleon received the command of a division of the French army. He fought with distinction at the Alma; but his health gave way soon after the army had encamped before Sebastopol, and he was compelled to resign his command and return to France. Of the grand council of war which afterward met at Paris to arrange the campaign of 1855, Prince Napoleon was a member. But he was soon called to a more peaceful pursuit. When the grand exposition of the arts and

manufactures of all nations at Paris was fixed to take place in 1855, Prince Napoleon was appointed president and chief director of the whole proceedings. To this great work he devoted all his energies, and it is universally admitted that much of its success was owing to his great knowledge, tact, administrative ability, and untiring diligence. The jurors, and especially the foreign jurors, were particularly indebted to him for the most friendly assistance and constant support; and the exhibitors owed no little to his zeal and sympathy. The Prince Napoleon had devoted great attention to political, social, and commercial studies; and in respect to the commercial code of France he is understood to hold opinions far more liberal than those of the great bulk even of the commercial public of that country.

The visit of Prince Napoleon to this country in its present exciting crisis, under the supposed and kind auspices of the Emperor, in part at least, and to observe carefully our national movements, will form an interesting chapter in the Prince's personal history. Such a mission, so unobtrusive and unassuming on the part of the Prince, to learn the exact state of things on the great field of our national struggle, and thus be able to convey to the Emperor the result of his careful observations, is worthy of the Prince and the renowned sovereign who now fills the Imperial throne of France. The Prince is first cousin to the Emperor, and next to the Prince Imperial is heir to the throne of the Napoleons. The Prince, as is generally believed, possesses the entire confidence of the Emperor, his august cousin, and was thus well fitted to undertake such a mission to the United States as he has performed. The Prince is now in his forty-first year, and no one looking at his finely developed head can fail to see the impress of the lineaments of Napoleon I. The reader is referred to the portrait itself to fill out his own impression, only adding that the insignia of the honors conferred upon him

are such as he wore on his breast when his photograph was taken in Paris about two years since.

The Princess Clotilde—her full name is MARIE THERESE LOUISE CLOTILDE—is the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, and now King of Italy, by the wonderful renovation of that classic land and its restoration to the great family of nations. The Princess was born in Turin in 1843, and is now in her twentieth year. Her marriage with the Prince was supposed at the time to form, or to increase, the strong bonds of amity between the two governments, France and Sardinia. Thus these two personages form a political and historic link between two empires, even with the colossal Alps intervening.

In size the Princess is rather *petite*, and has an Italian complexion and features, and is very prepossessing and unassuming in her manners. The reader is referred to her graceful portrait to complete his impressions of the appearance of this amiable personage. The kind treatment which the Prince received by the authorities in this country at Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and wherever he went, is too recent and well known to require mention in these pages.



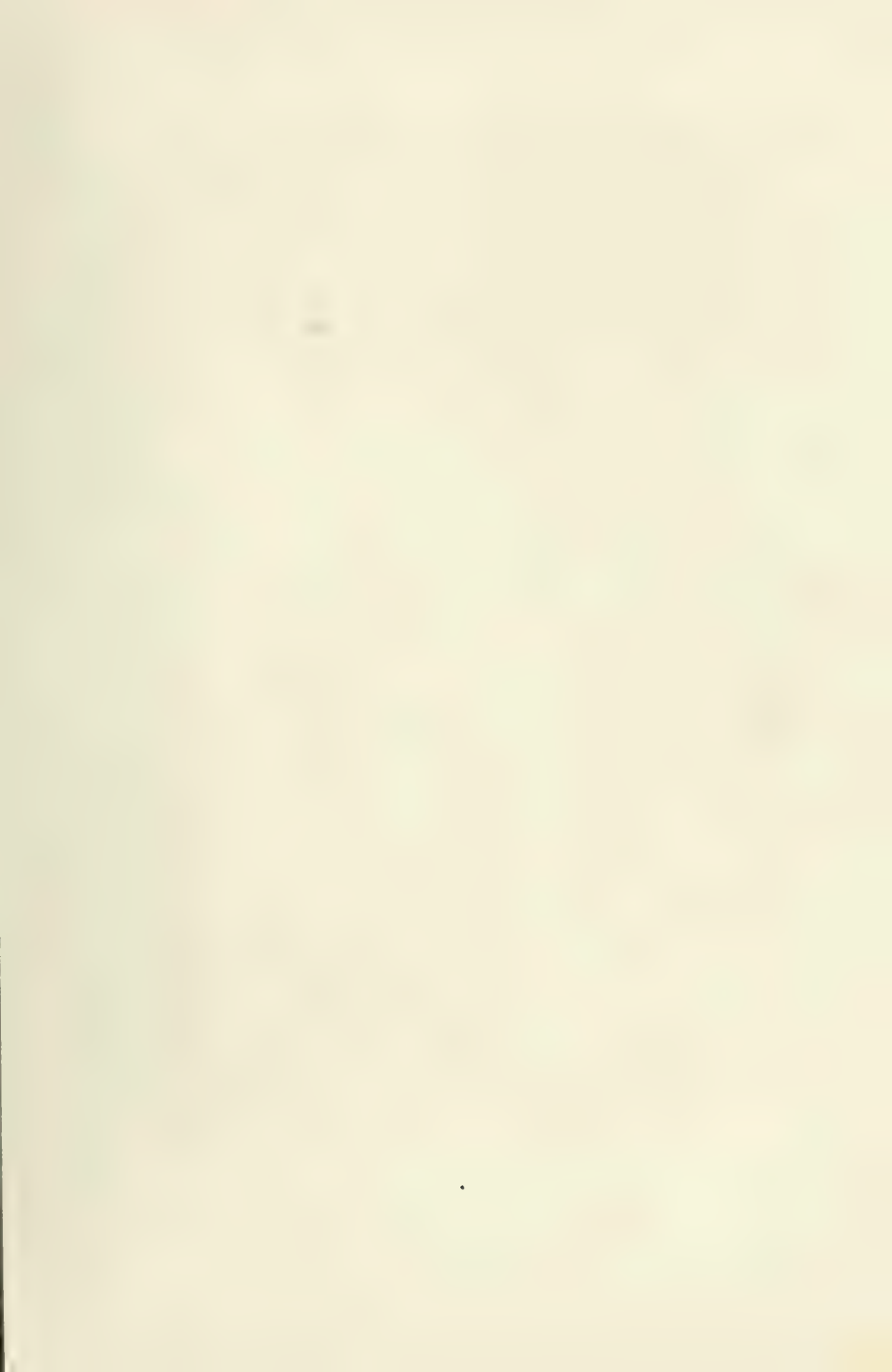
NAPOLÉON I. AND THE CONCORDAT.

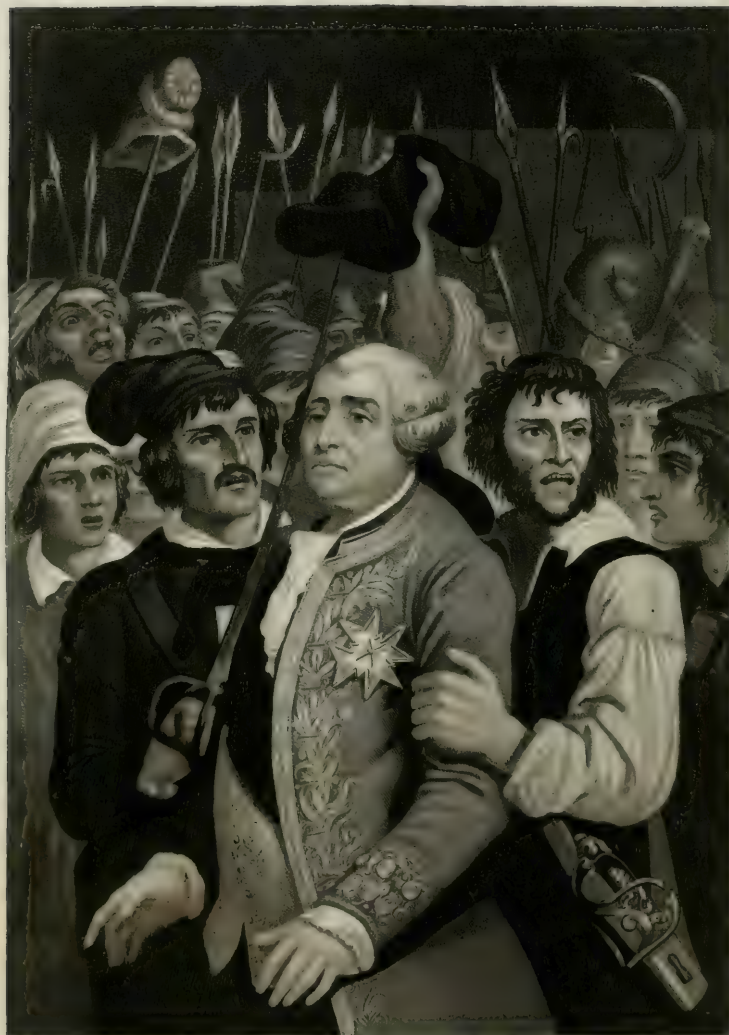
THE scene represented in the engraving has long since passed into historic annals. It is a permanent chapter in the history of these august personages. From 1801, till 1804, Pius VII. enjoyed tranquillity at Rome. In May, 1804, Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor, and some time after he wrote to the Pope, requesting him to crown him solemnly at Paris. After considerable hesitation Pius consented, and set off from Rome at the beginning of that year. The ceremony of the coronation took place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, after which the Pope spent several months in Paris, visiting the public establishments, and receiving the homage of men of all parties, who were won by his unassuming, yet dignified behavior, and his unaffected piety. In May, 1805, he returned to Rome.

For a number of years subsequent the Pope was occupied with affairs of state and efforts to adjust the complicated difficulties which arose by the inroads and edicts of Napoleon. On the seventeenth of May, 1809, Napoleon, who was then making war against Austria, issued a decree from Vienna, in which he resumed the grant of his illustrious predecessor Charlemagne, and united the remainder of the Roman States to the French Empire, leaving to the Pope his palaces and an income of two million of francs. On the tenth of June, 1809, the Pope issued a bull of excommunication against all the perpetrators and abettors of the invasion of Rome and of the territories of the Holy See. The bull was affixed to the gates of the principal churches of Rome and in other public places. The French commander,

Miollis, being afraid of an insurrection of the people of Rome, who had shown unequivocal signs of attachment to their sovereign, thought it expedient to remove Pius from the capital. The Swiss guard made no resistance, having orders to that effect from the Pope; and, protesting that he "yielded to force," Pius taking his breviary under his arm, accompanied the General to the gate where his carriage was ready, and drove off under an escort. He was first taken to Grenoble in Dauphine, from whence he was removed, by order of Napoleon, to Savona, where he remained till June 1812, when he was removed to Fontainebleau, by an order of Napoleon. During his stay at Savona, Napoleon convoked a council at Paris of the bishops of his empire, but he found that assembly less docile than he expected, and he dissolved it without any conclusion being come to. In short, Napoleon found that unarmed priests were more difficult to conquer than the armies of one half of Europe. The plan of Napoleon was to have the Pope settled at Avignon, or some other town of his empire, as his subject and his pensionary, and to have himself the nomination not only of the bishops, but of the cardinals also, by which means he would have added to his already overbearing temporal power the incalculable support of a spiritual authority which extends over a great part of the world. The resistance of Pius disappointed his views. Napoleon at last imagined that by removing Pius to Fontainebleau, he might succeed in overcoming his firmness. Pius was again obliged to make a long journey with the greatest secrecy. He arrived at Fontainebleau in June, 1812, and was lodged in the Imperial palace and treated with marked respect. Napoleon had set out on his Russian expedition. After his return from that disastrous campaign, in December, 1812, he went to see the Pope, embraced him, and treated him with studied attention; he also allowed several cardinals who were at Paris to repair to Fontainebleau; and at last, chiefly

through their persuasions, he prevailed upon the Pope to sign a new concordat the twenty-fifth of January, 1813. Napoleon hastened to publish the articles of the Concordat, and to give them the force of laws of the empire; after which he granted free access to the Pope, to all cardinals and others who chose to repair to Fontainebleau.





LOUIS XVI., KING OF FRANCE.

Among the many of this world's magnates, monarchs and potentates, kings and emperors, it has fallen to the lot of comparatively few to suffer a violent death. Of this number was the amiable but unfortunate King of France, Louis XVI. He lived in troublous times. The terrible storms of the French Revolution had been long gathering by the misrule of previous kings. The dark clouds had become thick and murky and highly charged with political lightnings and thunderings. At length the storm burst, and a dreadful carnage ensued. France was deluged with blood. Among the numerous victims was Louis XVI., whose end forms a sad tragedy in historic annals.

Louis XVI., King of France, was the second son of the Prince Dauphin, son of Louis XV., and of Maria Josepha of Saxony, daughter of Frederick Augustus, King of Poland. He was born at Versailles, and named Duc de Berri, 1754, became dauphin by the death of his father, 1765, and was married to Marie Antoinette of Austria, 1770. Amiable, irresolute, and timid, he succeeded to the stained and tottering throne of his grandfather when twenty years of age, 1774, and was crowned at Rheims, amidst the enthusiastic applause of his people, June 11, 1775. Apparently no sovereign ever ascended the throne under happier auspices; but really no European throne ever stood on the verge of a more terrible abyss; the incapacity and corruption of the governing body being already confronted with the philosophic pride and wild vigor of the governed,

—just awakening to a sense of the “rights of man.” He commenced his reign happily by promoting many useful reforms, and calling the most upright men to his ministry, — among others, Turgot and Malesherbes; but it was soon evident that the resources of the State were utterly disproportionate to its expenditure, and discoveries were continually made which brought the court and government into contempt. As usual in such cases, one palliative succeeded another, while the root of the evil remained untouched; and when the distresses of the people were expressed in open disaffection, the ancient machinery of government was found insufficient, either as a means of effectuating the will of the people, or of controlling their blind impulses by the imposition of a more enlightened authority. The issue of this was the convocation of the “Notables,” who met twice, under the ministries of Calonne and Lomenie Brienne, 1787 and 1788, and of the “Estates-General,” which assembled at the beginning of May, 1789. This body declared for a “constitution” as the first necessity of France, and took a solemn and united oath not to separate until they had made it. The real conflict between the people and the court was commenced by this act; the disposition to insurrection acquired a form of legality, and the passions of those who might be capable of leading the populace were fairly unloosed. Mirabeau, Lafayette, Danton, Camille, Desmoulins, Robespierre, and Marat, are among the names of such. As a first step, the “third estate,” or plebeians in the “Estates-General,” refused to acknowledge the clergy and the noblesse as separate bodies, and many of these joining them, they assumed the name of a “National Assembly.” Against this body the guards refused to act, and the people soon enrolled in clubs, and, in a national militia, surprised the government by storming the Bastille, July 14th, and committed some deplorable excesses. The National Assembly, presuming on its actual power under these circumstances to make the

constitution, called itself "the Constituent Assembly," and promulgated the "rights of man" as a basis. To the excitement of these occurrences was added the maddening effects of a famine in the succeeding autumn, when the worst forms of clubbism commenced, and the Marats, Carriers, Henriots, and Tinville's, rose into notice. In June, 1790, the King attempted to fly, and was arrested at Varennes, the people meeting to petition for his deposition being dispersed by musketry on his return. On the thirtieth of September following he accepted the constitution, and on the first of October the first biennial parliament, or Legislative Assembly, met for the transaction of business. The power of "veto" having been granted to the King, by this new compact, he was unhappy enough to use it against every important measure proposed by the parliament. In the course of another year his deposition was again agitated, tumultuous processions took place, the palace itself was invaded, and the King compelled to wear the red bonnet, or cap of liberty. As time wore on, the republicans became thoroughly organized, and in August, 1792, the Marseilles were quartered in Paris, the Tuileries besieged, the Swiss Guard massacred, and the royal family imprisoned in the Temple. The party of Danton now occupied the foreground of events, and prepared to assemble a "National Convention," and resist the threatened invasion of the emigrants and the Germans under the Duke of Brunswick. The first act of this body, which met towards the end of September, was to pronounce on the fate of Louis XVI., who was declared guilty of a conspiracy against the general safety of the state, by six hundred and ninety-three votes out of seven hundred and twenty-nine, and to be worthy of death by a majority of four hundred and thirty-three against two hundred and eighty-eight. Danton uttered what the National Convention felt under these circumstances: "The coalesced kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as a gage of battle, the head of a king."

The French historian, Emile de Bonnechose, thus describes the closing scene of this drama in the life of Louis XVI.:—

“For the last four months, the unfortunate monarch had languished in the tower of the Temple, with the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, his sister, an angel of gentleness and goodness, and his two children, dividing his hours betwixt the care of their education and reading. The city exercised a cruel surveillance over its captives; and labored, by overwhelming them with mortifications, to prepare them for the frightful catastrophe which awaited them. The discussion on the trial of the King was opened in the Convention on the thirteenth of November; and the principal charges against him arose out of papers found at the Tuileries, in an iron chest, the secret of which had been revealed to the minister Roland. Therein were discovered all the plottings and intrigues of the court against the revolution, as well as the arrangements with Mirabeau and the General Bouillé. Other papers, too, found in the offices of the civil list, seemed to establish the fact that Louis XVI. had not been altogether a stranger to the movements negotiated in Europe in his favor. As king, however, the constitution had declared him inviolable; besides, he was deposed, and could not, but in defiance of every law, be condemned for acts anterior to his deposition. The Montagnards themselves felt all the illegality of the proceedings directed against him. Robespierre, in demanding his death, repudiated all forms, as fictions, and relied, as did Saint-Just, solely on reasons of state. ‘What,’ said the latter, ‘have not good citizens and true friends of liberty to fear, when they see the axe tremble in your hands, and a people, in the very dawn of its freedom, respecting the memory of its chains?’ The Mountain party, in earnestly laboring for the condemnation of the King, had a further object than the single one of punishing him. They were anxious to crush the Gironde, which had openly

manifested a desire to save him, and to arrive at power, by prolonging the revolutionary movements through the means of this frightful *coup d'état*. The large majority of the assembly persisted in the determination to submit this great process to judicial forms; and Louis XVI., who had already been separated from his family, appeared as a culprit before the Convention, whose jurisdiction he did not challenge. His countenance was firm and noble; his answers were precise, touching, and almost always triumphant. Conducted back to the Temple, he demanded a defender, and named Target and Tronchet. The first of these refused the office; and the venerable Malesherbes offered himself in his place, and wrote to the Convention in these memorable words: 'Twice have I been called to the councils of him who was my master, in the days when that function was an object of ambition to all men: I owe him the same service, now that it is one which many find dangerous.' His request, which was granted, deeply affected Louis XVI. When he appeared before him, the monarch pressed him in his arms, and said, with tears in his eyes: 'You expose your own life, and will not save mine.' Tronchet and Malesherbes immediately set about the preparation of the King's defence, and associated with themselves M. de Sèze, by whom it was pronounced, and who concluded his pathetic pleading by these true and solemn words: 'Placed on the throne at twenty years of age, Louis carried thither the example of morality, justice, and economy. He brought with him no weakness, and no corrupt passions. He was the unvarying friend of his people. That people desired the destruction of a burdensome impost—and Louis destroyed it; the people desired the abolition of servitude—and Louis abolished it; the people solicited reforms—and Louis gave them; the people sought to alter its laws—the King consented; the people desired that their alienated rights should be restored to millions of Frenchmen—and Louis restored them; the people sighed

for liberty—and the King bestowed it. The glory cannot be denied to Louis of having even anticipated the wishes of his people in his sacrifices; and yet he it is whom you are asked to —. Citizens, I dare not speak it! I pause before the majesty of history. Remember that history shall hereafter judge your judgment of to-day, and that the judgment of history will be that of ages!’ But the passions of the judges were blind and implacable; an unanimous vote declared Louis guilty, and the appeal to the people which the Girondins demanded was refused.

“It only now remained to decide what punishment should be inflicted. The ferment in Paris was at its height; a furious multitude surrounded the door of the Assembly, denouncing frightful menaces against all who should incline to mercy. At length, after forty hours of nominal deliberation, the President Vergniaud announced the result of the votes. Out of one hundred and twenty-one, there was a majority of twenty-six for death. Malesherbes endeavored to address the Assembly, but his voice was choked by sobs. A respite was demanded, but in vain; and the fatal sentence was pronounced. Louis had one last and heart-rending interview with his family, after his condemnation, and then prepared himself for death. He slept calmly, received the offices of the Church, and confided his last wishes to his faithful and only remaining servant, Cléry. Shortly afterwards, Santerre arrived, and Louis went forth to execution. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step; and, on his knees, received the benediction of the priest, who thus addressed him: ‘Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!’ He then suffered his hands to be tied, and turned to the multitude. ‘I die innocent,’ he said; ‘I forgive my foes; and for you, O wretched people!’—here his voice was drowned in the roll of the drums. The executioners seized him, and, in another instant, he had ceased to live. Thus perished, on the twenty-first of January, 1793, after a reign of seventeen years, one of

those kings who have most illustrated the throne by their virtues. He had the honesty of intention necessary for originating reforms, but wanted the strength of character necessary for their enforcement,—the firmness which might have enabled him to direct the revolution, and bring it to a favorable issue.”



THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE JOSEPHÉ JEANNE DE LORRAINE, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Germany, and of Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, was born on the second of November, 1755. Her mother appears to have destined her for France from her earliest years. Everything was done to insure "an air of Versailles;" from the books of Paris to its fashions, from a French tutor, the Abbé de Vermond, to a French hair-dresser, she was surrounded by nothing but French associations. When, in 1766, Madame Geoffrin was at Vienna caressing the charming little archduchess, she could not resist declaring that she was beautiful as an angel, and ought to be in France. "Take her with you! take her with you!" was the response of Maria Theresa.

Marie Antoinette left Austria for France on the seventh of May, 1770. A pavilion had been erected at the frontiers of the latter country on an island of the Rhine near Strasbourg. It is related in the "*Mémoires de Madame de Campan*," that when the Archduchess attained this point she had to change her dress even to her chemise and stockings, so that nothing should remain to her of a country no longer her own. Etiquette surely became alike barbarous and tyrannical when it thus exacted the utter rejection of the country of nativity for that of adoption. It was, to say the least of it, a humiliating concession made by an Austrian Archduchess to the vainglory of France. Well might Marie Antoinette, received by the Comte de Noailles, be described as going "*au-devant de la*

France, émue, tremblante, les yeux humides et brillants de larmes." The ceremony of reception, or of "remise," as our authors have it, as if a bale of goods was concerned, being over, the future Dauphine made her public entry into Strasbourg in the King's carriages. Prince Louis de Rohan received her at the cathedral in pontifical robes. "It is the soul of Maria Theresa," exclaimed the courtly monk — miserable descendant of Henry and Anne of the same name — "which is going to unite itself to the soul of the Bourbons!"

The interval between Strasbourg and Paris is now traversed by express in nine hours and a half. It took Marie Antoinette seven days to reach Compiègne by Nancy, Châlons, and Reims. The journey was one long and fatiguing ovation. But she was indemnified, her historians tell us, by hearing on all sides, "from rustics in their Sunday vests, from old curés, and from young women, 'Qu'elle est jolie, notre dauphine!'" The first greeting of the royal family of France occurred at the bridge of Berne, in the forest of Compiègne. Marie Antoinette had to step down from her carriage, the Counts de Saulx, Tavannes, and De Tessé conducting her by the hand to the King, who raised her from her knees, and, embracing her with royal and paternal kindness, presented her to the Dauphin, who received his *future* after the same fashion.

The next day the marriage ceremony was performed at Versailles. The King and the Dauphin had left for the château after the supper at two in the morning: Marie Antoinette followed, "coiffée et habillée en trèsgrand négligé," having to complete her toilet at Versailles. At the nuptials, the Archbishop of Reims, who presided, blessed thirteen gold pieces, as well as the ring, and presented them to the Dauphin. When night came, he had further to bless the nuptial bed; the King himself "donnait la chemise au Dauphin, la Duchesse de Chartres à la Dauphine."

Strange omens attended upon this royal solemnity. A heavy storm broke over Versailles, accompanied by loud thunder and vivid lightning. Superstitious people can *now* see a warning in the fact. The very chateau, it is said, trembled. A more serious catastrophe also came to cast a gloom over the marriage festivities. The day that these were to terminate, on the thirtieth of May, Ruggieri had the management of a display of fireworks on the place of Louis XV. By some strange mischance the crowd was seized with a panic, and the most fearful results ensued. Hundreds of persons were more or less injured, and no less than one hundred and thirty-two were killed.

The career of the Dauphine was, notwithstanding these evil omens, smiling at the onset. The marriage of the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois with two daughters of the King of Sardinia had brought two other strange young ladies to the palace; and a close intimacy soon attached the three to one another. They participated in each other's pleasures, walks, rides, and even repasts, when these were not public. They even got up amateur theatrical performances, forbidden by Louis XV., at Versailles, and had the Dauphin for an audience.

Foremost in the Dauphine's affections stood Madame de Lamballe, for whom she entertained a lasting friendship. Although only twenty years of age, Madame de Lamballe had known misfortunes, for she had lost her husband, the Prince de Lamballe; and yet was she of such engaging, agreeable manners that she won the regards of all, and even a marriage between Louis XV. and the princess was once talked of; and hence the fears aroused by her mere presence in the bosom of the du Barry were of themselves a bond of amity between Marie Antoinette and Marie Thérèse Lamballe.

Three years had elapsed since Marie Antoinette had been in France, when a public entry into the good city of Paris was decided upon. This took place on the eighth

of June, 1773, and the young princess was naturally delighted beyond conception with the reception given to her youth and beauty. She walked forth amidst the crowd in the gardens of the Tuileries, and received personally the homage of all. Old courtiers did their best to encourage her. The aged Duc de Brissac, pointing to the sea of people from the windows of the Tuileries, said, "Madame, you have there, before your eyes, two hundred thousand lovers!"

One day, in the year 1774, the King, being in a very unusually kind mood, said to the Queen, "You love flowers? Well, I have a bouquet to give you: it is le Petit Trianon." No present could have been more agreeable to the Queen,—a queen without business, without children, without a husband. She could work there, amuse herself, improve, create, make a little Vienna. Above all, she resolved that nature should be studied in laying out the grounds, and not art, as had hitherto been the case in most French gardens; and if we are to believe her biographers, she was indebted to an Englishman, to Sir Thomas Wathely, for these ideas, which were at that time unknown in France, where all that was not formal was designated as Chinese.

On the fifteenth of August, 1785, Prince Louis de Rohan, grand-aumônier de France, was arrested at Versailles by order of the King. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette had long before this been the victim of an infinity of calumnious reports. Songs and pamphlets, libels and paragraphs, had vied with one another in misrepresenting the character of the Queen.

Among the most notorious of these productions were the "*Portfeuille d'un Talon Rouge*;" the "*Mémoires de Tilly*;" those of the Baron de Besenval, and those of the fatuous and presumptuous Duc de Lauzun. The latter is the most contemptible of all her enemies, for had he really enjoyed the favors of Marie Antoinette to the extent to which he

pretends, his conduct in publishing the act becomes only the more reprehensible. Even the "Foreign Reminiscences" of Lord Holland contain a scandalous report in connection with a certain M. de Fersen, upon the authority, it is said, of M. de Talleyrand. Nay, there was actually published a "Liste Civile: liste de toutes les personnes avec lesquelles la reine a eu des relations de débauches!" In this precious list we find the names of several Englishmen, the Duke of Dorset and Lords Seymour and Strathaven. But as the noble-minded Prince de Ligne has summed up in his "Mélanges Littéraires," "the pretended gallantry of the Queen was never more than a deep feeling of friendship for one or two persons, and a 'coquetterie de femme, de reine' who wishes to please every one." "Marie Antoinette," say her biographers, the Messieurs de Goncourt, "needs no excuses; calumny against her was not detraction; Marie Antoinette remained pure."

The disgraceful and fatal affair known as "l'affaire du collier," brought, however, all these libels and calumnies floating about from mouth to mouth, and from hand to hand, amongst all classes, from the highest to the lowest, to an acme. The real grounds of the affair, and of the trial that it led to, are very simple; either the Queen was innocent, or she sold herself for a jewel! And to whom? To the man in France whom she disliked most! And who were the witnesses? Two of the greatest vagabonds, adventurers, and most unprincipled persons in the country!

The jeweller Boehmer had sold to the Queen a pair of ear pendants for three hundred and sixty thousand francs, as also to the King for the Queen a complete set of rubies and white diamonds, as also a pair of bracelets, which cost eight hundred thousand francs. The Queen then declared herself satisfied to Boehmer, and said she would have no more, notwithstanding which Boehmer busied himself with collecting the most beautiful diamonds that could be found in order to make a necklace which he destined for the

Queen. The necklace completed, he got it shown to the King, who made the offer to present it to the Queen, but the Queen refused to accept it. The offer was renewed a year afterwards, and met with a similar refusal. Then Boehler went to the Queen himself, and throwing himself at her feet, declared that unless she took the bracelet he was a ruined man, and would drown himself. Marie Antoinette, aware, however, of how much had been said concerning her extravagance, persisted in her refusal: she told the jeweller that she had warned him she would have no more jewels, and since he had disregarded her warnings he had better break up the necklace, and sell the diamonds one by one, rather than drown himself. The astonishment of the Queen may then be well imagined when, on the third of August, 1785, Boehler presented his bill for the diamond necklace, purported to have been bought by the Cardinal de Rohan for the Queen,—the agreement to that effect being signed by Marie Antoinette herself!

Cardinal de Rohan, it is to be remarked, had always been the inveterate enemy of Marie Antoinette. He had exposed her to the ridicule of the Du Barrys; he had calumniated her with her mother, and he had shamefully scandalized her at the court of France.

“On the fifteenth of August, day of the Assumption, at twelve, the court was assembled in the gallery, Cardinal de Rohan, in lawn sleeves and cloak, was expecting their majesties to pass, on their way to mass, when he was called to the King's study, where he found the Queen.

“‘Who gave you the orders, sir,’ said the King to him, ‘to purchase a necklace for the Queen of France?’

“‘Ah! sire,’ exclaimed the Cardinal, ‘I see too late that I have been deceived!’

“The King continued, ‘What have you done with the necklace?’

“‘I thought that it had been given to the Queen.’

“‘Who intrusted you with this commission?’

“‘A lady called Madame la Comtesse de la Motte-Valois, who presented to me a letter from the Queen, and I thought that I was paying my court to majesty in carrying out her orders.’

“‘I, sir!’ interrupted the Queen, who was agitating her fan — ‘I! who, since my arrival at the court, have never addressed a word to you! Whom, I pray, will you persuade that I gave charge of my attire to a bishop, to a grand-almoner of France?’

“‘I see quite well,’ replied the Cardinal, ‘that I have been cruelly deceived. I will pay for the necklace. The desire that I had to please fascinated my eyes. I have nothing to hide, and I am grieved at what has occurred.’

“And so saying, the Cardinal drew from a pocket-book an agreement signed ‘Marie Antoinette de France.’ The King took it.

“‘This is neither the writing nor the signature of the Queen; how could a prince of the House of Rohan and a grand-almoner of France fancy that the Queen signed Marie Antoinette de France? Everybody knows that queens only sign their baptismal names.’ The King, presenting then a copy of his letter to Bœhmer to the Cardinal, said, ‘Did you write such a letter as this?’

“‘I do not remember having done so.’

“‘And if the original was shown to you, signed by yourself?’

“‘If the letter is signed by me, it is a true letter.’

“‘Explain to me, then, this enigma,’ continued the King; ‘I do not wish to prove you guilty, I wish to justify you.’

“The Cardinal turned pale, and supported himself by a table. ‘Sire, I am too much confused to reply to your majesty in a manner’——

“‘Well, recover yourself, Monsieur le Cardinal,’ said the King, ‘and go into my study, so that the presence of the Queen or of myself shall not interfere with the quiet that

is necessary to you. You will find there paper, pens, and ink ; put your statement in writing.' The Cardinal obeyed. In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, and presented a paper to the King. The King took it, saying, at the same time, 'I warn you that you are about to be arrested.'

"Ah! sire," exclaimed the Cardinal, 'I shall always obey your majesty's orders, but may I be spared the grief of being arrested in my pontifical robes, and in the presence of the whole court!'

"It must be so!"

"And so saying, the King left the Cardinal abruptly, not to hear any more."

Cardinal de Rohan was, accordingly, arrested, and led to the Bastille; and on the fifth of September, 1785, his trial was removed from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical authorities to that of the Grand Chambers, by the King's letters. It is needless to enter here into the details of this scandalous affair, which has afforded matter upon which to exercise the ingenuity and far-sightedness of romancers as well as historians, of scandal-mongers as well as of chroniclers. Suffice it that the results of the trial established in the eyes of all persons not influenced by the passions of the day the guilt of Madame de la Motte, the complicity to a certain extent of the Cardinal, and the innocence of the Queen. The jury, however, by a majority of twenty-six against twenty-three, while it condemned Madame de la Motte to castigation, branding, and perpetual imprisonment, acquitted the Cardinal, as the dupe of a woman, with whom his relations only added to the deeply scandalous hue of the whole affair.

Two years before the Revolution the unpopularity of M. de Calonne falling upon the Queen, attained such a point of exasperation that her portrait, surrounded by her children, was not exposed at the exhibition for fear of outrage. Domestic and public afflictions had at that time

wrought a wondrous change in the character of Marie Antoinette. She had lost a beloved daughter—Beatrix de France—and the Dauphin himself, sickly and rickety, was in a condition that gave little hopes of his living to enjoy a throne. Worldly pleasures had no longer any charms for the Queen, and she only sought for the solitudes and tranquillity of Trianon. Her last-born child—the Duke of Normandy—had come into the world without a single acclamation, and had been cradled in calumny. Under such moral and political reverses, Marie Antoinette called the Abbé de Vermond to her counsels. The Abbé was one of those men who wished to rule over all. He dismissed M. de Calonne and nominated M. de Brienne to his place. His object and that of his satellites was to save the kingdom by the Church! This was precisely the means to hasten a catastrophe in the then temper of France, goaded on by the encyclopedists. Such a system, indeed, only begat new enemies to the Queen, who was even denounced by parliament itself to Louis XVI. The Queen was obliged to give way, and M. Necker was restored to the ministry.

With the return of M. Necker to power we may date the commencement of the Revolution. The anger of the populace, the hatred of France, the interests of Europe, and more especially of England, which, according even to her biographers, “*elle n’avait cessé d’avilir par ses agens,*” were all united against the mistaken policy of Marie Antoinette, rendered more disastrous by the King’s incapacity, by family dissensions and hostilities, and by the intrigues of favorites. When the Bastille fell before the fury of the populace, the first cries of “death” were given to the Polignacs. The Queen was obliged to part with her friends, for whom no sacrifices of money or titles had been too great. But still the Revolution feared Marie Antoinette. From the weakness and incapacity of Louis XVI. it had nothing to apprehend; but it saw an enemy difficult to

conquer in the intelligence and firmness—the head and heart—of the Queen. Hence was the whole ire of the revolutionary press concentrated against her person. The King was spoken of as honest and virtuous, but weak! but calumnies and insults were heaped on the head of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. At length it was intimated that “la grand dame devait s’en aller, si elle ne préférerait pis,” and this failing, and the Queen remaining steadfast to her King and family, the Revolution resolved to disembarrass itself of her by tumultuous manifestations.

On the evening of the fifth of October, the Queen was in her grotto of Trianon alone with her griefs, when M. de Saint-Priest came to announce that the populace were marching against Versailles. The Queen resolved then to confront the storm, and she left Trianon: it was for the last time. At Versailles she found every one in a panic,—ministers deliberating, a King incapable of a decision. The sound of musketry was heard in the streets, and soon the mob appeared at the gates of the palace carrying Lafayette in triumph, and shouting for “les boyaux de la reine!”

In the midst of the anarchy and confusion that prevailed, there was only one man, and that was the Queen. “I know,” said the daughter of Maria Theresa, “that they have come from Paris to seek my life, but I have learnt from my mother not to fear death, and I shall await it with firmness.” Lafayette had answered for his army during the night, and the Queen had retired to rest, when she was awoken by the report that the mob had assaulted the palace. Miomandre de Sainte-Marie and Du Repaire fell at the door of the Queen’s apartments, whilst, after many perplexities, the latter joined the King and her children. The mob, as it assailed the palace, vociferated, “À Paris! à Paris!” The King yielded to the pressure, and promised to start for the capital at mid-day. This did not satisfy the insurgents; they insisted upon the Queen’s

appearing upon the balcony. She presented herself before the infuriated mob with her children. "No children!" they shouted out. They wanted the Queen, not the mother. Marie Antoinette dismissed the children, and crossing her arms upon her breast awaited their will. The mob were taken aback with this exhibition of courage, and responded to it by shouts of "*Bravo ! vive la reine !*"

The next day, the heads of the two Gardes du Corps who had perished in defending the Queen were carried on pikes in the front of the tumultuous procession which conducted the royal family to Paris.

After a moment's appearance at the Hôtel de Ville, where the unfortunate monarch could not even utter a brief sentence to humor the people without being prompted by the Queen, the royal family took up their quarters at the Tuileries, which had not been inhabited for three reigns, and was almost void of furniture. The ladies had to pass the first night on chairs, and the Queen and the Dauphin on mattresses. The next day Marie Antoinette excused herself to visitors for the poverty of her resources.

The courage which had so long sustained the Queen gave way for a moment before the humiliation of the monarchy. At her first reception of the diplomatic body, she sobbed audibly. If she trembled, however, it was less for herself than for her children. She never let them go out of her sight. If she left the Tuileries on some errand of charity, the Prince and Princess accompanied her. Every day she is said to have performed some kind act or other. Nor had she given up the interest which she had always taken in political matters. She consulted at this crisis with the ministers, and it was mainly left with her to bring the King to a decision, either to act himself, or to retire to some strong place and let others act. But the King was incapable of a decision. All she could get from him was his consent to withdraw to Saint-Cloud, and where he awaited the republic as he had the month of October,

when the Genius of Revolution asked audience of the Queen.

It is now some time since we have told the story of M. de la Marck's relations with Mirabeau from the published correspondence of the former. When the fact was made known to Marie Antoinette that the great democratic orator was approachable by bribery, her reply was, "We shall never be so unfortunate, I think, as to be reduced to the painful necessity of having recourse to Mirabeau." But a few days elapsed, however, before she was obliged to enter into those negotiations with the man whom she designated as "a monster," and in whose presence, at their first interview on the third of July, 1790, she betrayed such evident signs of terror as to fill the turbulent demagogue's bosom with pity and pride, till in his characteristic boastful manner he promised a throne to the son of the Queen of France!—he who could no longer control the revolutionary flames he had so long helped to fan into a blaze. Still the royal family had confidence in him, and with his death, which followed the very same year that he sold himself to the Bourbons, they lost all hopes.

The attempted flight of the royal family to Varennes, cursorily passed over in the *Memoirs* before us, only served to render their position worse. After that, both King and Queen were subjected to a most harassing surveillance. Marie Antoinette, however, by a peculiarity not a little characteristic, had, on the occasion of the capture at Varennes, won the affections of a young commissary of the Assembly called Barnave. This noble young man abandoned the cause he had thoughtlessly thrown himself into, and thenceforth devoted himself to that of the Queen. Unfortunately it was too late; it was not in the power of any individual, however eloquent or influential, to stay the Revolution. At the same time that Marie Antoinette was obliged to send her friend Madame de Lamballe to England, in order to induce Pitt not to let the French mon-

archy perish, a scandalous outrage was being perpetrated in Paris. Madame de la Motte had been summoned before the Assembly, where she had protested her innocence on the subject of the diamond necklace, whilst a member had denounced the Queen as the actual criminal, and demanded that the trial should be gone over again!

Amidst all these difficulties and dangers, which had blanched her hair as if she had been seventy years of age, Marie Antoinette still devoted herself incessantly to business. She wrote all day long, and her foreign letters were indited by means of a cipher, the key to which was to be found in "Paul and Virginia." Her secret correspondence with Leopold II., with Burke, and others, has been preserved in the archives of the empire. The Queen, in her incessant efforts to combat the Revolution, to preserve the monarchy and the inheritance of her son, had various difficulties to encounter besides such as naturally arose from the circumstances themselves; such were the counsels of the King's sister, ever advocating emigration, and the more dignified exhortations of Madame Elizabeth to fight for the crown; but after all, none were more perplexing and more fatal than the King's incapability of forming a resolution.

In the mean time the twentieth of June arrived. Half the day had passed over like other days,—in waiting for what next would turn up,—when a loud noise proclaimed the advent of the people. It was another October! The palace was invaded and sacked. The Queen, with a red cap which had been placed on her head to save her life, said to the women who were insulting her even to spitting in her face, "Did you ever see me before? Have I ever done you an injury? You have been deceived. I am French. I was happy when you loved me." And the furies hesitated before that sweet and sorrowful voice. Even the fat Santerre said, "Take off that red cap from that child's head, (the Dauphin's;) don't you see how hot he

is?" Poor child! who the next day, when there was a struggle in the court-yard of the chateau, said, "Maman, est ce qu'hier n'est pas fini?"

The clever and courageous Marie Antoinette committed an error at this epoch. General Lafayette, who never aimed at any greater change than that of constitutional monarchy, was greatly annoyed at the excesses of the twentieth of June. He declared before the Assembly that the constitution had been violated, and he demanded that the authors of such a crime should be punished. He at the same time professed his allegiance to the royal family; but the Queen, who had transacted with Mirabeau and intrigued with Barnave, had the imprudence to reject the overtures made by Lafayette. "It was better," she said, "to perish than to be indebted for their safety to the man who had done them the greatest mischief."

Matters then began to precipitate themselves. There was no longer any restraint to insults, and threats grew more loud and vociferous. This state of things lasted for seven long months. On the ninth of August, between eleven and twelve at night, the Queen heard the alarm-bell of the Hôtel de Ville. Soon a shot was heard in the court-yard of the Tuileries. "There is the first," she said; "unfortunately it will not be the last." The crisis had arrived; the Queen was prepared for it. She made Pétion, the mayor of Paris, sign an order for the National Guard to repel force by force. She did the last thing she could do to save the King's honor,—she preserved to him the power of dying with the law in one hand and a sword in the other. But alas! Louis XVI. was no hero. He was, on the contrary, among the weakest of men. In spite of the opposition of Marie Antoinette, he the very next morning permitted Pétion and Mandat, the commander-in-chief of the National Guard, to join the revolutionary party under the most flimsy pretences. The Queen left the King's room, saying "there was no longer anything to be hoped

for." Nor did she return there till a deputation was announced from the Directory. Rœderer came to inform the King that there was no longer any safety for him but with the National Assembly. It was in vain that the Queen combated against the King's weakness. He yielded without an effort. All that Marie Antoinette could say in her anger was, "Vous ordonnerez avant tout, monsieur, que je sois clouée aux murs de ce palais!"

All the way from the Tuileries to the Feuillants the unfortunate Queen and mother did nothing but weep. The crowd hustled her so, that both her purse and her watch were stolen. Arrived at the Assembly, the royal party were immured in a closet, secured with iron bars, in the rear of the president's chair, and called "la loge du logographe." At two in the morning, after that long sitting in which Vergniaud had proclaimed the chief of the executive power to be deposed, and had called upon the people to form a National Convention, the Queen was removed to a cell in the old Couvent des Feuillants. For three days were the royal family thus made to listen to the discussions that ensued, and to hear their lives clamored for. At length, on the thirteenth of August, they were removed to the Temple. The Queen had a shoe on from which her foot issued forth. "Vous ne croyiez pas," she said, smilingly, "que la reine de France manquerait de souliers."

Marie Antoinette was lodged in the second story of the little tower. There were with her Madame Royale and Madame de Lamballe. The Dauphin was in a room close by with Madame de Tourzel and la Dame de Saint-Brice. Five days passed thus, when, on the eighteenth of August, two municipal officers brought the order for the separation of the royal family from their followers. It was a sad and cruel scene, that melted the heart even of Manuel, who had said to the King, "Sire, je n'aime pas les rois." But this was not all; not only was the Queen deprived of the

assistance and consolation of her faithful friends and followers, but their place was filled by spies. The Queen and mother, for her children were now in the same room with herself, knew no liberty save in the hours stolen from the darkness of night.

Still the Queen did not wholly despair. "She still believed in France and in Providence." M. de Malesherbes, offering himself as the King's defender, also awakened some hopes. But she had severe trials to encounter, and these momentary hopes were at times dashed to the ground, and changed to the deepest despair. Such was the day (September third) when the crowd shouted for the Queen to appear at the window of the Temple, and she was only prevented from going by the municipal Mennessier. When the King inquired wherefore this opposition to her will, "Well," said one of the men, "if you wish to know, it is the head of Madame de Lamballe that they wish to show you."

Such were the scenes that relieved the monotony of life in the Temple. On ordinary days the Dauphin went each morning to the King, who tutored him in Latin and geography, whilst the Queen was similarly occupied in the education of her daughter. At two o'clock all dined together, and sometimes after dinner the King and Queen would play a game of backgammon, or have a hand of cards. The rest of the day was relieved by needlework, reading, or music. At night, the King would step to the bedside of the sleeping Dauphin, after a few moments would press the hand of the Queen and of Madame Elizabeth, his sister, kiss his daughter, and then retire.

On the third of September there was once more a clamor in the streets. The Republic had been declared. On the twenty-ninth the Commune issued its decree to separate Louis Capet from Marie Antoinette. The ex-King was removed to the great tower of the Temple. The Queen's tears and supplications obtained for her, however, permission to dine with her husband, on the condition,

however, that no word should be spoken so low as to escape the ears of the commissaries. On the twenty-sixth of October the Queen herself was removed to the great tower, and, to cumulate her affliction, her son was taken away from her. About the middle of November the King and the Dauphin, deprived of all exercise, fell ill; the unfortunate Queen was not allowed to attend upon them.

On the seventh of December, the King furtively informed the Queen that he was to be tried forthwith by the Convention. The trial was soon followed by that solemn scene, the parting. The weak but pious old monarch blessed the Dauphin, and made him swear that he would pardon those who had put his father to death. The blood of Maria Theresa once more broke forth at this scene, and, turning to the municipals, the Queen exclaimed, with a terrible voice, "*Vous êtes tous des scélérats.*" Three women passed that night trembling and weeping, whilst a poor child, escaping from their arms, said to the commissaries, "Let me pass. I will go and ask the people not to kill my papa the King." A few hours more, and the booming of great guns announced to Marie Antoinette that the child had no longer a father.

Marie Antoinette was indebted to the Republic for mourning for herself and children. Greatly changed, too, was the Queen now. It was no longer the laughter-loving, playful, sarcastic Austrian Princess, it was the widow of a murdered monarch, pale and haggard, yet serene, without a hope, except it might be a sigh for her children, calmly awaiting and preparing herself for death. Hopes, for some time extinct, were for a moment revived by the numerous and oft-repeated attempts made by friends to procure her escape from prison, but the failure of these only increased the sufferings and torments of the prisoner. The son was definitively removed from the mother, and on the second of August, 1793, Marie Antoinette was removed to the Conciergerie.

The days and the months that elapsed between the separation of the Queen from her children, her incarceration at the Conciergerie, and her trial, seemed very long to a woman awaiting the death that would not come. The ardor of the revolutionists, who desired nothing so much as to see "*la louve autrichienne raccourcie*," was damped by the difficulty of finding proofs. Marie Antoinette had had the precaution to destroy all her letters before the revolt of the tenth of August. At a conciergerie there are naturally concierges, and, happily, these were true types of their race, genuine Pipelets, rough in the husk, but humane in the kernel. Marie Antoinette's condition was much improved to what it had been at the Temple; but, unfortunately, rash attempts to effect her evasion—more especially the mad proceedings of the Chevalier de Rougeville, "*un de ces fous dévouement qui ne manqueront jamais en France*"—frustrated all the benefits that would otherwise have accrued to her from change of guardians.

All at once Marie Antoinette was led forth to the Palais de Justice and cross-examined. But, taken thus unawares, and without the aid of counsel, she said nothing to commit either herself or others. The next day her public trial was proceeded with, and she was allowed for counsel citizens Chauveau-Lagarde and Troucon Ducondray. The farce (for such, if its results had not been so tragical, and its proceedings so brutally disgraceful to human nature, it could alone be termed) lasted for days, from morning to night, till even the moral and physical energies of the daughter of Maria Theresa became exhausted. In the absence of any criminal proofs against the doomed Queen, accusations were concocted, more especially by one Hébert, —may his name be forever desecrated,—of so foul a nature, that our biographers dare not do more than allude to them. But of what avail false accusations or a simulated defence? Of what avail the indignant denials of a persecuted queen, woman, and mother? Her fate was

sealed before the farce of a trial was commenced. "C'est tout le peuple français qui accuse Marie Antoinette!" the President Herman declared; and he might have added, the Republic fears her, and wills her death to get rid of their apprehensions and to stifle their consciences. Marie Antoinette was condemned to death. She received the decree without a movement, and, descending from the dock, her forehead uplifted, she opened the gate herself, and was led away to her prison-home.

We have now come to the last act of this sad and mournful tragedy. Our authors have not contented themselves with a compilation from the pages of Madame Campan, the Père Duchêne, Montjoie, Bault, Hüe, Cléry, and other well-known authorities, they have ransacked bulletins, archives, secret memoirs, and the papers of the day, in the earnest endeavor to render their account of this terrible catastrophe more complete than any that have preceded it. Still, it is essentially the same well-known picture, a pale-faced, resigned queen, slowly driven to the scaffold in a cart, her back to the horse, her elbows held back by a cord in the hands of the executioner, her long neck, "col de grue," as Père Duchêne had it, supporting with difficulty a head wasted by suffering and emotion, its blanched hairs buried beneath a cap that the lowest bourgeois would have repudiated; a priest with whom Marie Antoinette—"qui s'est confessée à Dieu seul"—would have little or nothing to do; a vast crowd on the tiptoe of expectation from daybreak to noon, heaping their ribald insults on a defenceless victim; one little child sending a kiss with its hand to the broken-hearted mother—it was the only time she wept on the long, long way to the scaffold—"La veuve de Louis XVI. descendit pour mourir où était mort son mari. La mère de Louis XVII. tourna un moment les yeux du côté des Tuileries, et devint plus pâle qu'elle n'avait été jusqu'alors. Puis la reine de France monta à l'échafaud, et se précipita à la mort."

The people shouted out "*Vive la république !*" when Sanson held forth the head of Marie Antoinette to their ferocious gaze, whilst beneath the guillotine the gendarme Mingault was dipping his handkerchief in the blood of the martyr. Thus terminated this fearful tragedy, which has seldom been equalled in the history of the world. In the words of a historian, the death of Marie Antoinette was a calumny to France,—a dishonor to the Revolution.



THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE.

HISTORIC tragedies have their lessons of instruction to after-generations; they tell their sad tales of sorrow and anguish, which make ears tingle and hearts weep in sympathy. They form graphic chapters in the history of our common humanity, however much we may reluctant to own the relationship. The mind almost refuses to believe that the dreadful scenes and tragedies of the French Revolution, so forcibly styled "the Reign of Terror," occurred in Imperial Paris, the gorgeous capital of France, and the most fashionable emporium of the present modern world, and within the recollection of many persons now living, even among our friends and neighbors.

Marie Therese Louise Lamballe, of Savoy, Princess of Carignan, was born at Turin, September 8, 1749. She was married to the Duke of Bourbon Penthièvre, by whom she was left a widow, young, beautiful, and amiable. She was early remarked for her intelligence, sweetness of temper, and personal beauty. In 1767, she was married to the Prince of Lamballe, son of the Duke of Bourbon-Penthièvre. This union was not happy, and the Princess was about to seek a separation when her husband died, May 7, 1768. On the death of Marie Leszczynska and Madame Pompadour, a marriage was proposed between her and Louis XV.; but the project was defeated by Choiseul and his adherents. When Marie Antoinette came to France, she conceived a strong attachment for the Princess, and on her accession to the throne, appointed her superintendent of the Royal Household. The Princess in return proved a

devoted friend. She saw without jealousy the growing favor of the Duchess of Polignac, and silently kept aloof; but when the latter, on the breaking out of the Revolution, deserted her mistress, she returned to her post. She was at the Queen's side on the dreadful days of June 20, and August 10, 1792, and accompanied her to the Legislative Assembly and afterwards to the Temple. On August 19, she was separated from her mistress and confined in the prison of La Force, where, despite the most energetic measures to save her, she fell a victim to the September massacre. When she appeared before the tribunal which passed sentence upon the prisoners, she answered with firmness and dignity. She refused to take the oath against the King, the Queen, and the monarchy, and scarcely had the verdict, "Out with her," been uttered, when she was struck down with a billet by a drummer-boy, and despatched with a sword. A butcher-boy cut off her head; her body was stripped naked and exposed to the crowd; her heart was torn out, still palpitating, and placed with her head upon a pike, and these bloody trophies were carried first to the Palais Royal, where the Duke of Orleans—her brother-in-law—was forced to salute them, and then to the Temple, where they were paraded under the windows of the unfortunate Queen and her wretched family. Not satisfied with this, the diabolical monsters went in procession dragging the mangled body, with fresh insults, triumphantly through the streets. This illustrious female was one of the most innocent victims of the Revolution; her name was never attacked with revolutionary or libellous invectives; and though her tyrants cut her off by a horrid assassination, they never dared to asperse her character.

THE AMBASSADOR'S BALL.

AMONG the persons of distinction who composed the highest society of Paris in 1810, none were more conspicuous than the Austrian ambassador, Prince Carl von Schwarzenberg, and his family. The Prince himself, a handsome, stately man, dignified, yet popular and easy in his bearing, distinguished both in the council-chamber and in the field, was a really imposing representative of his imperial master. Not less remarkable was his charming princess; a rare intelligence, grace, fascination, and sincere amiability all combined to fit her for her brilliant position. The prince and princess held at their magnificent Hôtel de Légation, Rue de Mont Blanc, a court—in all but its name and tedious ceremonials. Here French and Germans met on common ground, unfettered by the uneasiness, restraint, and smothered suspicion which darkened the atmosphere of St. Cloud. Here, on the contrary, there seemed to be good-will and friendliness for all—a moral sunshine in which even strangers gladly came to bask. To those who were admitted to any degree of intimacy with the family, the source of this pervading light and warmth remained no secret. Beneath the splendors of the Hôtel de Légation there flourished all the simple virtues of household affections. Husband and wife loved each other tenderly, as it was not the fashion for French husbands and wives to love in those days; a charming family was growing up about them; they had a circle of valued household friends. Prince Joseph von Schwarzenberg, the ambassador's elder brother, had also taken up his residence

in Paris. The brothers were deeply attached to each other; their children had the same masters, and lived like brothers and sisters together; each family shared and heightened the other's pleasures. No wonder that, amidst the false glitter of the empire, this home-happiness,—quiet, pure, and true,—should have exercised a subtle charm on those who came within its influence.

Of all the festivities which had taken place in honor of the nuptials of Marie Louise, that of the Hôtel de Légation was to be the crown. It was not considered simply as a ball given by the ambassador; it was the *fête* of Austria herself in honor of a daughter of the House of Hapsburg. Every Austrian in Paris felt himself personally compromised in the success of this entertainment, which was to be on a scale of far greater magnificence than any which had preceded it. If Austria had been forced to lay down her arms on the field of Wagram, here at least France should confess herself vanquished. The *fête* was to take place on the first of July, and for weeks beforehand, an army of workmen were employed in the necessary preparations. As the time drew near, they worked in relays, day and night. Indeed, those whose turn fell in the night were more fortunate than their brethren, for the heat by day was intense; the paint blistered the wood-work, the stone-blocks glowed under that burning sun. Scarcely a drop of rain had fallen for weeks; the foliage withered in every direction, as if under the breath of a simoon; the turf and boughs required for decoration had to be kept fresh by artificial means. The hotel itself, it was thought, would not be large enough for the occasion, so the mansion next door to it was hired, and the two buildings thrown into one. But the grand ball-room, a palace in itself for size and magnificence, was erected of solid wood-work in the garden. Its roof and walls, covered on the outside with waxed cloth, were decorated in the interior with tapestry, and all the resources of upholstery and taste

expended in the arrangement of mirrors, candelabra, colored lamps, and every kind of dazzling ornament. The roof, which was dome-shaped, was supported by wooden pillars covered with white satin damask, striped in gold and silver, and festooned with muslin, gauze, and other light fabrics, bound by wreaths of artificial flowers. Massive glass-lustres swung on gold and silver chains from the roof, and were combined in one graceful and harmonious whole with the other decorations, by means of floating draperies, flowers, and ribbons. At one end of this pavilion rose a *daïs*, carpeted with cloth of gold, on which two throne-chairs were placed for the Emperor and his bride; at the opposite end, was a gallery for the orchestra. There were three entrances to the ball-room beside that for the musicians at the back of the orchestra,—one behind the *daïs*, communicating with the mansion; another into a wide long gallery, temporary like the ball-room, and decorated to match it; this gallery ran parallel with the hotel, and had several doors communicating with it and with the gardens. But the principal entrance to the ball-room was a magnificent portal, from which a flight of broad steps led down into the gardens, where every arrangement had been made to facilitate the ingress and egress of the crowd of guests. Over the portal shone in illuminated letters the following inscription, in German, which some friend of Prince Schwartzberg, inspired evidently by the muse who presides over mottoes for crackers and bonbons, improvised for the occasion:

“With gentle Beauty’s charm is glorious Valor bound!
All hail! the golden age again on earth is found!”

So rose the light, graceful structure, as by the wand of some architectural Ariel; it looked, with its gold-worked tapestries, the bridal whiteness of the diaphanous draperies, the lustre and color afforded by silver, gold, flowers, mirrors, chandeliers, and costly ornaments of every description,

as if it had been transplanted out of the Thousand and One Nights. There was only one calamity to be dreaded: that long, low bank of cloud, in which the sun had set on the last of June, looked ominous enough; what if the rain should pour down in torrents next day, as fête-givers and fête-goers know too well it seems to take a malicious pleasure in doing on such occasions? What would become of the ball-room and all its magnificence then? Fortunately, the first of July set all fear of such a provoking *contre-temps* at rest; the sun blazed out of a sky without a cloud. Every preparation was happily complete, and with the comfortable certainty that not the smallest detail had been overlooked which would add distinction to so grand a festivity, the ambassador, his family, and friends betook themselves to the lighter cares of the toilet, not without congratulations among the younger Austrian officers on the superior brilliancy of their national uniform over that of their French rivals.

It was still broad daylight when the Hôtel de Légation was illuminated, and already in quick, and still quicker succession, the carriages of the guests rolled between the crowd which lined the streets. A grenadier detachment of the Imperial Guard had betimes occupied the posts assigned them. The Austrian nobility were in readiness to receive the arrivals, and every lady was presented with a beautiful bouquet before being conducted to the ball-room, now rapidly filling. The rank and dignity of the guests increased with every minute: kings and queens had already been announced, and now there was a pause of expectancy. At length the word of command to the troops, then the roll of drums, the crash of military music announced the approach of the imperial state carriage. The two families of Schwartzemberg and Metternich received the Emperor and Marie Louise. After a short congratulatory address from the ambassador, and when the Empress had accepted a bouquet from the princely ladies,

her husband, taking her hand, conducted her to the ball-room. Many persons, who had a near view of Napoleon for the first time, remarked the regular beauty of his features, but all were struck with the fixed, iron character of his face. His deportment was stern and unbending, almost that of a man in some fit of ill-humored sullenness. Not a gleam of kindness in the eye,—its glance darting straight forward like that of an eagle on its prey; not even a forced smile played upon those inflexible lips, which seemed as if they could only open to utter some terrible command. Napoleon declined the refreshments offered, and promenaded with the Empress through the reception-rooms, galleries, and ball-room in an abstracted manner, negligently addressing a few words here and there, and casting quick, sharp glances over the brilliant throng. They shrank almost visibly from his gaze. That stern, dark presence spread an indefinable gloom over this grand festival; it was much like the appearance of some schoolmaster, infinitely more feared than loved, among a troop of children enjoying themselves at a puppet-show.

This feeling weighed upon the guests as they silently followed the imperial couple through the illuminated gardens. What was lacking in mirth, however, music did her best to supply, for bands, both instrumental and vocal, were stationed at different spots, who burst into choral songs and symphonies, at the approach of the Emperor. The Austrians had prepared a flattering surprise for Marie Louise. Seats placed upon a lawn invited Napoleon and herself to rest; and here an exact model of the familiar castle of Saxonberg, brilliantly illuminated, presented itself to her eyes; while there emerged from the shrubberies a troop of opera-dancers in the costume of Austrian peasants, who went through the national dances of her country. Then followed a pantomimic war and peace, where Mars displayed nothing more formidable than the honors of victory, and Peace came attended by every image of happi-

ness and prosperity. This was hardly over when a great flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of a courier, who, booted, spurred, and covered with dust, presented his despatches to the Emperor. A murmur of some conquest in Spain ran through the assembly, but Napoleon, who was in the secret, proclaimed the correspondence to be from Vienna, and presented the Empress with a *bonâ fide* letter from her father, written purposely to grace this occasion. After a display of fireworks, the company returned to the grand ball-room, and the Emperor, having paused at the portal to spell out the meaning of the German Alexandrines, took his place with his bride on the dais, and the orchestra struck up.

The ball was opened by the Queen of Naples with Prince Esterhazy, and Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, with the Princess Schwartzberg. While the dancing was going on, the imperial couple promenaded the room in opposite directions, conversed slightly with different persons, and gave an opportunity for the presentation of strangers, and those younger members of French and Austrian nobility who made their *débüt* into society at this grand *fête*. Marie Louise soon resumed her seat, but Napoleon remained at the other end of the pavilion, conversing first with one, then with another. The Princess Schwartzberg presented her young daughters to him, and received his compliments on the magnificence of the arrangements. The Princess felt while she listened to them that all anxieties and fears with regard to the entertainment might now fairly be laid aside; never could ball-room present a more brilliant spectacle, never could *fête* promise a grander success. The hearts of both host and hostess grew light as they saw Napoleon in the best possible humor, evidently bent upon being polite after his fashion. It was now past midnight; the revelry was at its height; the whirl of the dance had completely broken the *gêne* of the great conqueror's presence. Dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, kings

and queens, were all enjoying themselves like ordinary mortals. There were silvery laughter, sweet low voices, and glances still more sweet and eloquent; plenty of whispering and flirtation going on under cover of the music, especially in the less thronged galleries among the younger portion of the assembly. Tiaraed ladies, and bestarred and beribboned gentlemen, verging upon fifty, but successfully got up to seem twenty years younger, were looking forward with gentle anticipation to the supper, lying in state of gold and silver in a suite of banqueting-rooms. Some of the guests were proud of their jewels, their wit, or their grace; some women were proud of their own beauty, others of the beauty of their daughters, but not an Austrian present was there who was not proud of the ball; and well they might be. Under those snowy draperies, the light fell full and brilliant on such an assembly as Paris has hardly gathered since; jewels flashed, plumes waved, decorations glittered, to be multiplied infinitely in countless mirrors,—the magnificent pavilion showed like one vast restless sea of splendor. Vague forebodings are rife in the minds of men, but why should they enter here? what room here for a thought of broken faith,—a sigh for the cast-off wife at Malmaison? why should a dark fancy see in the cold, shrinking girl on the daïs an image of Iphigenia at the altar? Away with all ill-timed fancies! The orchestra strikes up a waltz; gayer, louder is the music; quicker, and still more quick the measure of the dance.

There is a slight stir at that end of the ball-room where Napoleon is standing: the merest trifle,—the flame from one of the lamps has laid hold of a gauze festoon. The light, harmless-looking blaze has vanished instantly; a few flakes fall, which Count Bentheim extinguishes with his hat. It is quite over now—no, not quite; that is fire creeping there along that drapery overhead. Quick as thought, Count Damaniou, one of the Emperor's chamber-

lains, climbs a pillar, tears it down, and crushes out the flame in a moment. But look there—higher than any one can reach, what are those fiery tongues darting out from the fluted muslin straight over the orchestra? The music was hushed at once; the band hurrying to escape by the door leading into the gardens, at the back of the orchestra, gave free passage to the night air. A rising wind blew very freshly in, and fanned the flames into instant fury. Wave after wave of fire surged over the whole roof; burning fragments were falling everywhere on the light draperies below and the ladies' dresses. The Emperor had at once made his way to the dais; some of his attendants, bewildered by the sudden alarm, suspected treachery, and pressed closely around him, their swords drawn in their hands. He himself was perfectly calm and composed; attended by the ambassador, with the Empress on his arm, he left the pavilion with no more haste than he had entered it, exhorting the crowd, as he passed along, to keep order. On the first alarm, Prince Schwartzemberg had despatched an adjutant to order the imperial carriage to a private gate into the gardens near at hand; but Napoleon, when this was nearly reached, turned suddenly round, and refused in the most peremptory manner to leave by any but the principal entrance. His decision was no doubt formed under the idea that if this accident were connected with a design upon his life, the narrowness and seclusion of the by-street into which the other gateway opened would favor the plans of conspirators. The carriage had to be ordered back, and thus a cruel delay arose for Prince Schwartzemberg, waiting with death in his heart beside Napoleon, who remained silent and unmoved, the Empress trembling on his arm, the din of that dreadful tumult in their ears, the glare of the conflagration increasing every moment. Not more than one minute had passed between the first alarm and the Emperor's departure, yet the flames had spread with such frightful rapidity that it was already

impossible to save the ball-room. Tolerable composure had been hitherto maintained, but the restraint of Napoleon's presence withdrawn, every consideration gave way, and in agony and violence the tumultuous multitude pressed towards the doors.

One of the German guests thus describes the scene. "I had escaped," he says, "from the oppression and heat of the ball-room into the gallery, which was far less crowded. On a sudden, wild shrieks and tumult rose. Rushing back to the pavilion, I saw the roof one mass of quivering flames, leaping and spreading in every direction. There was no time, however, to look on; a surging crowd drove me back with them into the hotel. I disengaged myself from them, and regained the scene of the accident through the gardens. The immense pavilion was now in a universal blaze; the flames actually seemed to pursue the stream of fugitives. Heavy lustres were falling; planks, boards, and beams dashed burning together. The wood-work,—exposed as it had been to the sun,—the paint, and draperies, were burning like fireworks, and all the water poured on from the fire-engines seemed to have no effect whatever upon the fury of the flames. While I stood looking on for a few seconds, they darted high above the roof of the gallery; heavy beams were falling close behind me, and I was obliged to escape while there was yet time into the gardens. Never can I forget the spectacle there presented, that dreadful confusion of personal danger, fear, and agony. Some were rushing about, their light dresses on fire; others had been thrown down and trampled under foot. Husbands were seeking their wives, mothers crying frantically for their daughters; groans of suffering, shrieks of horror, the cries of those who threw themselves with passionate joy into each other's arms, the wail of agony, the heart-rending appeals for help—all mingled in a horrible diapason." Many persons were severely injured by the

flight of steps from the principal entrance giving way suddenly. The Queens of Naples and Westphalia were both thrown down, and narrowly escaped being tramped to death. The Russian ambassador, Prince Kurakin, was rescued with great difficulty by his friends; other hands, less friendly, cut all the diamond buttons off his coat. Every distinction of rank was suddenly levelled in that assembly; stars, ribbons, nay, majesty itself, were jostled by servants, soldiers, and workmen; the firemen, half-intoxicated, pushed their way through the crowd; royal ladies were elbowed by musicians and opera-dancers; and as a background to this scene of confusion, rose higher, fiercer, more general every moment, the terrible conflagration, paling and mocking the illuminations of the gardens. The hotel itself had now caught fire; the alarm had spread everywhere; and the streets were thronged with people crying out that half Paris would be burned down.

The saddest part of the story remains still to be told. When the fire broke out, Prince Joseph von Schwartzberg was standing in conversation with the Empress. His first care was for his wife, the Princess Pauline, whom he had left only a few minutes before in another part of the room. He searched the ball-room for her in vain, and was assured by several persons that she was already in the gardens; there many people declared they had seen her carried, fainting, indeed, but otherwise uninjured, into the hotel. Prince Joseph eagerly repaired thither, but only to find a lady, a perfect stranger to him, who remarkably resembled his princess. Hurrying back in an agony, his daughter, frightfully burnt, was brought to him; the princess had gained the gardens in safety, but returned for her child; they were escaping together, when a mass of blazing wood-work fell, and separated them. This was all the poor girl had to tell. At this moment, the torturing presentiment which had laid hold of the unhappy husband passed through every degree, and certainty flashed upon

his mind with a light more fearful than that of the conflagration. As he approached the pavilion, his eye fell upon an ominous sight,—the Princess von Leyen, her rich dress hanging in fragments, the diadem she had worn burnt deeply into her forehead. She had only been rescued from the flames to linger a few days in suffering; and, alas! those who had brought her out told that they had seen a figure in the midst of the fire whom it was impossible to save. On hearing these words, Prince Joseph broke away from his friends, and would have rushed up the burning steps, when floor and ceiling crashed into one ruin, volumes of raging fire and smoke poured forth, and—all was over.

So swift had been the destroyer in its work, that hardly a quarter of an hour had elapsed between the accident, seemingly so slight, to the gauze festoon, and this final act of the tragedy. For one minute, this awful spectacle suspended the restless agony of the crowd, and while they stood stupefied before it, the Emperor, in his well-known gray coat, suddenly reappeared among them. Under his orders, the strangers present withdrew without confusion; every entrance to the grounds was guarded by soldiers; the important contents of the archive-room, on which the fire had seized, were conveyed into a place of safety. Napoleon himself directed the efforts made for extinguishing the fire, and the search for the missing Princess Pauline von Schwartzenberg. This was entirely unsuccessful; not a clue could be obtained to her fate, though every house in the vicinity and those of all her friends were visited, and the smouldering ruins carefully searched. Prince Joseph hovered about, appearing now in the gardens, now in the different apartments, ready to sink from exhaustion, yet roused into activity through his restless anguish. Even Napoleon found pity for the unhappy man; he joined his friends in trying to persuade him to withdraw, and addressed a few words of encouragement and hope to him

from time to time. But the presence and words of the Emperor made no impression on his stubborn despair; he had no ear save for the death-cry in his heart, and for the reports—always the same—of the messengers sent hither and thither on their hopeless quest.

Not till the fire had been well got under did Napoleon return to St. Cloud. He left behind him a thousand soldiers of the Imperial Guard, who bivouacked there for the night, and sat down to the sumptuous banquet prepared for very different guests. As if no element of horror were to be wanting, toward the morning a fearful thunder-storm broke over the smoking ruins. The rain now fell in torrents, and served to extinguish the fire completely. Where the sun had set on that palace ball-room, he now rose over a hideous heap of ruins, charred beams, shattered masonry, broken furniture, mirrors, and porcelain; every chance hollow was a pool of stagnant water. Fragments of lustres, swords, bracelets, and other ornaments lay fused together in masses. Nor was this all; under a pile of half-burned wood-work, a corpse was discovered, blackened and shrivelled almost out of human form. It could only be identified as that of the missing princess by a jewelled necklace, on which the names of her eight children were engraved; a ninth, yet unborn, perished with the ill-fated wife and mother. At this saddest of all sights, every voice was hushed; tears stood in the eyes of all, even in those of the soldiers; and at the moment, the last thunders of the storm, two heavy claps, rolled solemnly overhead.

Dismal days succeeded this catastrophe. A universal gloom overspread Paris. There were dark whispers of conspiracy, incendiarism,—reports that the enemies of Napoleon had resolved by one bold stroke to rid themselves of the obnoxious ruler, his family, and his devoted friends. The obsequies of the Princess Pauline von Schwartzenberg were followed by those of the Princess von Leyen, and of several ladies of high rank, who died in consequence of

injuries received. More than twenty persons lost their lives; the number of those more or less hurt was upwards of sixty. The deep and unwholesome impression produced on the public mind was unmistakable, an impression which resisted every effort made in high quarters to suppress and divert it. To the bulk of the people, Napoleon's divorce and subsequent marriage had been extremely distasteful; and this, not only because Josephine was universally beloved, but that a superstitious belief had arisen—shared in some degree by her husband himself—that her presence was the good genius of his fortunes. Already there was a vague but popular prediction extant, that the dowry of an Austrian archduchess would bring bitter misfortunes to France and its chief; and now the memory of the terrible disaster attendant on the nuptials of Marie Antoinette, aunt to the Empress, with the Dauphin, was revived, and the present calamity considered a fresh proof that fate had a fearful warning in store for every alliance of France with the House of Hapsburg. When, within a few years, the divorcer of Josephine was discrowned and forsaken, many prophets, wise after the event, beheld in this fatal festival an omen of the downfall of the imperial fortunes.



— 1880 —

THE EMPEROR CHARLEMAGNE.

A LONG period intervenes in the annals of the Court of France between the Court of France under Charlemagne and that of Louis Napoleon. We present the portraits and aspects of the two in contrast with the long past and the present of that gorgeous and splendid court. Look back over the wide historic plains and mountains of more than a thousand years, and behold the name and form and character of Charlemagne, the monarch emperor, towering up in colossal grandeur, high above all his compeers, like the pyramid of the Egyptian Cyclops. We have thought to give his face and form an artistic resurrection, to gratify our readers, in looking upon an ancient man and monarch, who wielded mighty armies and swayed the sceptre of kingdoms, and who created for himself a historic fame, as lasting as the annals of time. In addition to this, there is a wide personal and family interest in the historic renown of Charlemagne, whose lineal descendants have acted a conspicuous part in the current of events as the broad stream of time has flowed down from the days of this great ancestor to the present time. His blood still flows in living veins, in many human forms at the present day, in our cities and over our land, well known for their talents, character, patriotic and Christian virtues, and the genial influence they have exerted upon the age in which they live. If he was among the living now, he would be the most famed of human antiquities, and only a few years older than that oldest of ancient patriarchs, Methuselah.

In looking at the personal character and position of

Charlemagne, as he appears in the historic aspect of the age in which he lived, it is obvious to remark, that there is something indescribably grand in the figure of many of the barbaric chiefs, — Alariks, Ataulfs, Theodoriks, and Euriks, — who succeeded to the power of the Romans, and, in their wild, heroic way, endeavored to raise a fabric of state on the ruins of the ancient empire. But none of those figures is so imposing and majestic as that of Charlemagne, the son of Pepin, whose name, for the first and only time in history, the admiration of mankind has indissolubly blended with the title of Great. By the peculiarity of his position in respect to ancient and modern times, — by the extraordinary length of his reign, by the number and importance of the transactions in which he was engaged, by the extent and splendor of his conquests, by his signal services to the Church, and by the grandeur of his personal qualities, — he impressed himself so profoundly upon the character of his times, that he stands almost alone and apart in the annals of Europe. For nearly a thousand years before him, or since the days of Julius Cæsar, no monarch had won so universal and brilliant a renown; and for nearly a thousand years after him, or until the days of Charles V. of Germany, no monarch attained anything like an equal dominion. A link between the old and new, he revived the Empire of the West, with a degree of glory that it had only enjoyed in its prime; while at the same time, the modern history of every continental nation was made to begin with him. Germany claims him as one of her most illustrious sons; France, as her noblest king; Italy, as her chosen emperor; and the Church, as her most prodigal benefactor and worthy saint. We quote from Parke Godwin's "History of Gaul." All the institutions of the Middle Ages — political, literary, scientific, and ecclesiastical — delighted to trace their traditional origins to his hand: he was considered the source of the peerage, the inspirer of chivalry, the founder of the

universities, and the endower of the churches; and the genius of romance, kindling its fantastic torches at the flame of his deeds, lighted up a new and marvellous world about him, filled with wonderful adventures and heroic forms. Thus, by a double immortality, the one the deliberate award of history, and the other the prodigal gift of fiction, he claims the study of mankind.

It would be interesting to trace the youth and education of this colossal individuality; but his younger days, like the beginnings of nations and races, are veiled in darkness. Eginhard, his secretary and friend, who wrote his life and the annals of his age, confesses ignorance of his early years. The name of Charlemagne is mentioned but twice before he assumed the reins of government, once at the reception given by his father to Pope Stephen II., and once as a witness in the Aquitanian campaign. By these incidents, it is rendered certain that he was early accustomed to the duties of the palace and to the martial exercises of the Franks. At the same time, the long intimacy of Pepin with the great prelates of the day, who were many of them men of learning, makes it probable that he acquired from them whatever culture they could impart. Nor can we doubt that his mother Bertrada, or Bertha, a woman of energetic character and strong affections, watched over the development of his moral and religious nature, exposed to so many dangers both in the army and the court.

In ascending his throne, Karl found the cardinal points of his foreign and domestic policy laid down for him by the three great men, his ancestors, whose large capacities and splendid achievements had slowly built up the power of their house. Those points were the maintenance of that Germanic constitution of society which had rendered the advances of the Austrasians into Gaul almost a second Germanic invasion; to anticipate, instead of awaiting, the inroads of surrounding barbarism, so as to extinguish it on

its own hearth; and to cultivate and extend alliances with all peacefully disposed nations, and particularly with the great spiritual potentate who controlled the destinies of the Church. Charlemagne's first civic act was to preside at the Council of Rouen, which renewed the canons against unworthy priests; and in his first capitular he entitled himself "King by the grace of God, a devout defender of the Holy Church, and ally in all things (*adjutor*) of the apostolic see." War, however, almost immediately diverted him from civic labors, showing that he was an Austrasian as well as a churchman, determined to maintain the ambitious projects of his fathers. Scarcely had the council closed, when he was compelled to summon a mall (or assembly) of warriors to consider the state of Aquitain, agitated by new troubles.

This illustrious monarch, the restorer of order and obedience in a state of society when only the most commanding talents and heroic steadfastness of purpose could have availed him in a struggle against anarchy and ignorance in their worst forms, was the grandson of Charles-Martel, king of the Franks, and lived 742-814, master of an empire which embraced all France, a part of Spain, more than half of Italy, and nearly all Germany. To feel his greatness adequately it must be remembered that all the ancient landmarks of social order had been overthrown with the colossal Roman power, and that the whole civilized world was covered with its ruins and infested with its crimes. The ancient seat of empire was divided among a score of petty tyrants; the Saracens had overrun Spain and threatened the farther West; the northern kingdoms were only known as the cradle of adventurous armies, whose leaders in after-years organized the feudal governments of Europe; Russia did not even exist; and England was just emerging from the confusion of the Heptarchy. Some two centuries before, 507-511, Clovis had founded the Frankish monarchy and established himself at Paris,

but his power was that of an absolute military chief, and he was succeeded by a line of phantom-kings, whose action is scarcely distinguishable from that of the barbarous fermentation proceeding around them. At length, Pepin-Heristal and his son Charles-Martel, slowly paved the way for a new authority, the former by familiarizing men's minds with justice and goodness in the sovereign, and the latter by his heroic resistance of the Saracens, and the promise of an irresistible power in the government. The successes of Charlemagne were the natural issue of these circumstances under the command of his ambition and vast genius, favored by the compliance of the popes; who were willing to encourage a Christian protectorate in the West as a counterpoise to the eastern empire of Irene, and the dreaded power of Haroun-al-Raschid. A catalogue of the principal events and dates is all that we can give in the space to which we are limited. In 768 Charles succeeded to the government conjointly with his brother Carloman; and on the death of the latter in 771, became sole master of France by wisely refusing to divide the authority with his nephews. In 770 he subdued the revolt of Aquitain. In 772 he marched against the still idolatrous Saxons, and commenced a conflict which he maintained for upward of thirty years. In 773, he crossed the Alps, and was shortly crowned King of Lombardy, and acknowledged suzerain of Italy by the Pope, with the right of confirming the papal elections. In 778 he carried his arms into Spain, and pursued his victorious career as far as the Ebro, but was surprised on his return in the pass of Roncesvalles, where many of his knights perished, and among the rest Orlando or Roland, his nephew, the hero of Ariosto. In 780 Louis-le-Débonnaire, his youngest son, was crowned by the pope King of Aquitain, and Pepin, his second son, King of Lombardy, both at Rome. Between 780 and 782 he visited a terrible retribution upon the Saxons, and compelled their chief to accept Christian

baptism. Toward 790 we find him establishing seminaries of learning, and doing all in his power to elevate the character of the clergy, the most of whom had hitherto known little but the Lord's prayer; besides engaging in projects for the acceleration of commerce, the general improvement of the people, and the promotion of science. Before the end of the century he had invaded Pannonia, and extended his dominions in this direction to the mountains of Bohemia and the Raab. In 800 he was crowned at Rome emperor of the West; and in 803 was negotiating a union with Irene in order to consolidate the eastern and western empires, when the empress was dethroned and exiled by Nicephorus. From this period to his death, which took place at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the seventy-first year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign, he was engaged in fortifying the coasts of France against the Northmen, and various matters relating to the security and the prosperity of the empire, including the settlement of the succession. In person and manners Charlemagne was the perfection of simplicity, modesty, frugality, and in a word, of true greatness; he had the reputation of a good father, a tender husband, and a generous friend. He was indefatigable in all the duties of government, and whether in the camp or the court, had fixed hours for study, in which he took care to engage his courtiers by forming them into an academy. "For shame!" he exclaimed, to one who came before him attired more elegantly than the occasion demanded, "dress yourself like a man; and if you would be distinguished, let it be by your merits, not by your garments." His nearest friend and companion was the illustrious Alcuin, and his fame was so widely spread that the only man, perhaps, of kindred genius in that age, the great caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, courted his good-will, and complimented him by an embassy bearing presents. Before his death he confirmed the succession in the person of his son Louis, by an august ceremony. Placing the

imperial crown upon the altar, he ordered Louis to take it with his own hands, that he might understand he wore it in his own right, under no authority but that of God. Perhaps we cannot conclude better by way of further illustrating the character of Charlemagne than with his words of advice to this prince: "Love your people as your children," said he; "choose your magistrates and governors from those whose belief in God will preserve them from corruption; and see that your own life be blameless."

Charlemagne was born in the palace of the Frankish kings in Aix-la-Chapelle in 742, and died there in 814. He was entombed in the mausoleum, Chapelle, which he had erected for the purpose as his burial-place. He caused it to be erected in the form of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was consecrated by Pope Leo III. with great splendor. Three hundred and sixty-three archbishops and bishops were present. The tomb in which once reposed the mortal remains of this monarch, is still to be seen, covered with a large slab of marble, under the centre of the dome, which we visited a few summers ago. After his death his body was placed in the mausoleum, on his throne, as if alive, clothed in imperial robes, holding the sceptre in his hand, with the crown upon his head and his sword by his side, while the pilgrim's pouch which he wore when living was attached to his girdle. One hundred and eighty-three years after his death, the tomb was opened, and all these imperial paraphernalia were found upon the monarch well preserved. The marble chair-throne is still to be seen, but the crown and robes may be seen at Vienna. The skull of Charlemagne is still preserved in a silver case. The rest of the bones were discovered carefully preserved in a chest, and examined in 1847. The following notice appeared in a foreign paper, under the head of "The Bones of Charlemagne:"—

"An inspection of the bones of Charlemagne took place at Aix-la-Chapelle the other day. The remains were found

in excellent preservation. Careful photographs were taken of the wrappers in which the remains of Charlemagne had rested for so many centuries; they were of a beautiful silken tissue. The larger wrapper, rich in color and design, was recognized as one of those *draps de lût* which were frequently mentioned by the Provençal troubadours, as well as by the contemporary German Minnesingers, as *Palliu transmarina, P. Saracenica*. It is, no doubt, a product of industry of the Sicilian Saracens from the twelfth century. The second smaller wrapper, of a beautifully preserved purple color, has been traced to Byzantine industry; the Greek inscriptions woven into the silk texture make it probable that the stuff was manufactured in the imperial gymnasium at Byzantium, in the tenth century."

It is rare that the posterity of such a man can be accurately traced down through successive generations for more than a thousand years. In a volume now lying before us that lineage is traced down in a direct line from Charlemagne to names and families which have long been and are now ornaments to the community in which they live and act. The first of his descendants who acted a conspicuous part on this side the water, was President Chauncy, second president of Harvard College. From him were descended all the Chaunceys in this country, of whom many were eminent; of this line was Commodore Chauncey of the United States Navy. Charles and Elihu Chauncey, of Philadelphia, William Chauncey, Esq., of New York, and others of that name are in the same line. So also the Goodrich family. Samuel G. Goodrich, or Peter Parley, Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich, late of Yale College, were the thirty-fourth lineal descendants from Charlemagne, renowned ancestor, whose blood has flowed down through so many generations. Many other names and families in this country hold a similar relationship to this.



THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

A LONG line of Kings and Queens have, in royal succession, occupied the throne and worn the crown of England. These Royal Sovereigns and their successive governments and deeds fill many chapters and volumes in the historic annals of that country. Their name and fame and the achievements of their several reigns have been duly recorded and are widely known. In presenting the portraits and historic sketches of various personages of this court, belonging to the past or the present in English annals, Her Majesty, who now fills the throne with so much wisdom, dignity, and satisfaction to all the millions of her realm, obviously claims the first place.

HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

WHEN George III., King of England, died, his eldest son, who had received his father's name, ascended the throne with the title of George IV. He had one daughter, an only child, Charlotte, who was married to Leopold, the present King of the Belgians. She, as the heir of George IV., would, upon his death, have worn the regal crown, but in less than a year from the time of her marriage, she and her infant child were consigned to the grave together. All England was clothed in mourning at the untimely death of this beloved Princess. George IV. reigned but a few years, and died, leaving no heir.

The crown, consequently, descended upon the brow of

the next son of George III., William. the frank, honest-hearted sailor, whose education had been received, and whose manners had been formed, in the society of the officers of the navy. He sat upon the throne but a few years, and also died childless. The crown would then have passed, by legitimate descent, to the next brother, Edward. But he had died several years before the decease of his brother William, leaving a little daughter, but eight months old at the time. Alexandrina Victoria, who, as her father's heir, inherited his regal rights.

The lineage of this little aspirant to the most exalted political station in the world is traceable in a direct line, from the Conqueror, as follows: She was niece of the king immediately preceding, William IV., who was brother of George IV., who was son of George III., who was grandson of George II., who was son of George I., who was cousin of Anne, who was sister-in-law of William III., who was son-in-law of James II., who was born of Charles II., who was son of James I., who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward VI., who was the son of Henry VIII., who was the son of Henry VII., who was cousin of Richard III., who was the uncle of Edward V., who was the son of Edward IV., who was the cousin of Henry VI., who was the son of Henry V., who was the son of Henry IV., who was the cousin of Richard II., who was the grandson of Edward III., who was the son of Edward II., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of Henry III., who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard I., who was the son of Henry II., who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry I., who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror.

Edward, the Duke of Kent, was a very sincere, honest-hearted, worthy man. For many years, his income was quite limited, far below that of multitudes of the young nobility with whom he associated; and he found it very

difficult to sustain the style of living befitting the rank of a prince of the blood royal. Though naturally of an austere disposition, and in consequence of opposing political views, being not on very friendly terms with the other members of the royal family, he was still a man of irreproachable morals, an affectionate husband and father, and much interested in offices of charity and benevolence.

The mother of Victoria was Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. At sixteen years of age she was married to the Prince of Leiningen, a violent, irritable, sour man, forty-four years old, without any attractive traits, either of person or mind. This young Princess, thus sacrificed upon the altar of political ambition, passed several years of unspeakable wretchedness. Her sensual and heartless husband was soon weary of his youthful bride, and abandoned her to the cutting griefs of disappointment and neglect. She was a lady of much gentleness of manners, sweetness of disposition, strength of principle, and had a highly cultivated mind, and was beloved by all who knew her, except by her soulless husband, who was, perhaps, incapable of loving anybody. When she was about thirty years of age, her husband died, and she was released from the chains which she had worn with most exemplary meekness.

About two years after the death of her husband, she was married to Edward, Duke of Kent; on the twenty-fourth of May, 1819, Victoria was born, and in just eight months from that time, and but twenty months after his marriage, the Duke of Kent died. The eyes not only of all England, but also of all Europe, were directed to this infant child, upon whose brow was soon to be placed the crown of the most powerful empire earth has ever seen. In her earliest years, unwearied exertions were made to strengthen her constitution, and to give her an active and vigorous frame. She was encouraged to ramble in the fields, to play upon the sea-shore, to engage in athletic

exercises in open air; and she soon became the most prominent actor in all the feats of fun and frolic. Under this culture, the energies of her mind, as well as her body, were rapidly expanded, and she soon developed a character of much quickness and benevolence of feeling. Her mother was her constant companion, and under her judicious training she became an artless and lovely child. An English gentleman who was familiar with her childhood and youth, says,—

“When I first saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent, she was fatherless. Her fair, light form was sporting, in all the redolence of youth and health, on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. It was a summer day, not so warm as to induce languor, but yet warm enough to render the favoring breezes from the laughing tides, as they broke gently upon the sands, agreeable and refreshing. Her dress was simple: a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon round the crown, a colored muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen from China to Kamtchatka. Her mother was her companion, and a venerable man, whose name is graven on every human heart that loves its species, and whose undying fame is recorded in that eternal book where the actions of men are written with the pen of Truth, walked by her parent’s side, and doubtless gave those counsels, and offered that advice, which none were more able to offer than himself—for it was William Wilberforce.

“Mr. Wilberforce looked, on that day, all benevolence. And when did he look otherwise? Never, but when the wrongs of humanity made his fine heart bleed, and caused the flush of honest indignation to mantle his pale forehead. His kindly eye followed, with parental interest, every foot-step of the young creature, as she advanced to, and then retreated from the coming tide, and it was evident that his mind and his heart were full of the future, whilst they

were interested in the present. 'There is, probably, the future monarch of an empire, on whose dominions the great orb of day never sets,' was a thought which was evidently depicted on his face, as he pointed to the little daring queen, who was much amused at getting her shoes wet in a breaker, which had advanced farther and with more rapidity than she expected. The Duchess of Kent waved her hand, and Victoria, obedient to the signal, did not again risk the dangers arising from damp feet.

"The scene was interesting. The old veteran in the cause of humanity and truth placed between his hands the little fingers of the blooming girl of five years of age, and something was then said, which I would have given a great deal to have heard, which caused the blue eyes of our now beloved Queen to stare most fixedly at her venerable instructor, while her devoted mother looked alternately at both, evidently interested and affected by the contrast. Thus the little party I have described advanced to the edge of the tide, and the emancipator of the negro and black population of the world condescended to the trifles of watching the encroachments of each new breaker, and the tact of a Newfoundland dog, who exhibited his skill in bringing safe to shore some sticks which were thrown at great distances into the sea, that he might swim after them.

"It was in this way that an hour was spent. The Duchess was earnest in her manner during a great portion of that hour, and seemed much delighted when Mr. Wilberforce fixed the attention of her darling daughter by some sentences he pronounced in her hearing. I am quite satisfied they related to slavery. His attitude, his movements, his solemnity, and the fixed eye and deeply mournful face of his charming young pupil convinced me of that. The Duchess and her daughter returned to their modest dwelling, and Mr. Wilberforce, joined by some friend, walked quietly on the pier."

As Victoria advanced in years, and her health became more firm, she pressed more vigorously on in her intellectual pursuits; but still her judicious friends were ever watchful that her mind should not be overtasked, nor her physical energies impaired, by too close confinement to the study of books. The knowledge that is *printed* makes but a small share of that which every human mind attains. She carefully read, with her instructors, all those treatises which have been written with regard to the education of a princess. From conversation and from books, she was made familiar with the lives of eminent kings and queens, and perused the biographies of other persons, both male and female, who have been distinguished for the good influences they have exerted in the world. It was a special object of attention with those who had charge of her education, that she should become acquainted with the history of the distinguished statesmen, scholars, and divines who have been the pride and the ornament of England, and that she should be familiar with the literature of the English language, the noblest literature in the world. How wretchedly do they err, who, in the fashionable education of the present day, sacrifice the noblest of intellectual attainments, and consign all the ennobling treasures of their own mother-tongue to neglect, merely that they may be able to utter a few commonplace phrases in a foreign tongue! The mother of Victoria, herself an intelligent and thoughtful woman, was very careful to direct the mind of her daughter from a love of show, of dress, of frivolity;—to give her intellectual tastes, and to train her up to a solid and substantial character. Victoria became enthusiastically fond of music and drawing, and made great proficiency in both of these arts. In music she excelled, and became quite distinguished as an accomplished vocalist; accompanied by her mother on the piano, she frequently charmed the noble circle surrounding her, by the richness and fulness of her well-cultivated voice. In drawing also

she made great proficiency. She was extremely fond of painting and engraving. Her taste, refined by culture, enabled her to select the noblest specimens of art; and she became herself so skilful in the use of the pencil, that she could, with great precision and beauty, sketch from nature; and her portfolio was filled with attractive specimens, sketched by her own hand, of landscape scenery, and other picturesque objects which had attracted her eye. This early taste for pictures has ever been to her a source of the purest enjoyment, refining and ennobling the mind, as it also gratifies the senses.

She was instructed in the evidences of Christianity and in the principles of the Christian religion; and it was constantly impressed upon her mind, that she was to be the queen of professedly a Christian nation, and that her private conduct and public administration must be in accordance with the directions of Holy Writ. Victoria has often given evidence, in later years, of the influence these instructions have retained over her mind and heart, in circumstances of severe temptation. The following anecdote illustrates the devout regard she entertains for the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath: Soon after she ascended the throne, at a late hour on one Saturday night, a nobleman occupying an important part in the government arrived at Windsor with some state-papers. "I have brought," said he, "for your Majesty's inspection, some documents of great importance; but, as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning!" repeated the queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord." "True, your Majesty; but business of the state will not admit of delay." "I am aware of that," replied the Queen. "As, of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if those papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents after church to-morrow

morning." On the morning, the Queen and her court went to church; and much to the surprise of the noble lord, the subject of the discourse was on the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. "How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen. "Very much indeed, your Majesty," replied the nobleman. "Well, then," retorted her Majesty, "I will not conceal from you, that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon." Not another word was said about the state-papers during the day; but at night, when Victoria was about to withdraw, she said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, as early as seven if you like, we will look into the papers." "I cannot think," was the reply, "of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour. Nine o'clock will be quite soon enough." "No, no, my lord; as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early. However, if you wish it to be nine, be it so." At nine o'clock, the next morning, the Queen was seated, ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

We have before stated that the Duke of Kent had but a limited income. He found it very difficult to maintain the style of living corresponding with his rank in life. He died much involved in debt, which he was totally unable to pay. Victoria revered the memory of her father, and often, during her minority, referred to these debts, and longed for the time to come when she should be able to repay those friends who had aided her father in his time of need. As soon as she ascended the throne, she sent to Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Dundas, who had assisted her father, the full amount of the sums due, accompanied with a valuable piece of plate, to each, as a testimonial of her gratitude. This noble decision of character, and delicate sense of justice, must command admiration.

When Victoria was fifteen years of age, there was a lad of the same age, a relative of the family, on the mother's

side, who often associated with her, in her studies and her sports. In those early years a strong attachment grew up between them; and it could not be concealed that Victoria looked upon Prince Albert with more than ordinary affection. When she had attained her eighteenth year, the year of her legal majority, her birthday was celebrated with the utmost splendor. The bells rang merry peals of joy; the nobility of the empire gathered around the princess, with their congratulations, and St. James's palace was decked with splendor, such as was never seen before. Prince Albert was also there, with throbbing heart, among the first to congratulate Victoria upon the happy event.

Four weeks had not passed away from these festivities, when her uncle, the reigning monarch, William IV., was seized with sudden illness and died, on the twentieth of June, 1837. At five o'clock in the morning, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with others of the nobility, arrived at the palace at Kensington, to communicate to Victoria the tidings of her uncle's death, and that she was Queen of England. That day she assembled her first Privy Council. Upwards of one hundred of the highest nobility of the realm were present. It was an imposing and affecting scene. The pen and the pencil have in vain endeavored to do it justice. In the midst of the scarred veterans of war, gray-haired statesmen, judges of the Court, dignitaries of the Church, stood this youthful maiden, with her fragile and fairy form, pale and pensive, and yet graceful and queenly, in her childlike loveliness. And when the herald announced, "We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess, Alexandrina Victoria, is the only lawful and rightful liege lady, and by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Defender of the Faith," the timid and lovely maiden, overwhelmed by the scene, threw her arms around her mother's neck, and wept with uncontrollable emotion. And when her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, her father's younger

brother, was about to kneel at her feet to kiss her royal hand, as he took the oath of allegiance, she gracefully placed an affectionate kiss upon his cheek, and with tears streaming from her eyes, exclaimed, "Do not kneel, my uncle, for I am still Victoria, your niece."

In a few days she made her first appearance, as Queen, before the Parliament of Great Britain, the most august assemblage in the world. Statesmen, nobles, ambassadors from foreign courts, thronged the chamber. Victoria entered, not with tall, commanding figure, but as a gentle, sylph-like, fairy child, to win all hearts to tenderness and love. She ascends the throne, and every eye is riveted upon the youthful Queen. With a clear though tremulous voice, she reads her first address to the statesmen who surround her, so distinctly as to make herself heard to the very farthest part of the House of Lords.

Soon came the hour of coronation. The eyes of England and the thoughts of the civilized world were directed to the scene. Westminster Abbey was decked with gorgeous attractions, such as never that venerable pile had seen displayed before. The rank and beauty of all the courts of Europe, glittering in diamonds and gems of every hue, were there assembled. The maiden Queen, with royal robe and golden diadem, kneeled at the altar, and fervently implored the Divine guidance. And when those aisles and fretted arches resounded with the peal of the organ, as it gave utterance to the sublime anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," there were few among the thousands who crowded the Abbey, who were not affected even to tears.

The marriage with Albert soon followed. The nation approved of the match; and two youthful hearts, drawn together amidst the splendors of a palace by mutual love, were united in the most sacred and delightful of ties. Such espousals seldom occur within the frigid regions of a court. This union has been highly promotive of the happiness of

both of the illustrious pair. They were universally respected and beloved, and dwelt together in the spirit of harmony and affection, which is rarely experienced by those whose fortune it is to dwell in the cold and cheerless regions of elevated rank and power. But few of the cares of government rest upon Victoria. The able counsellors who surround her guide the affairs of state in her name. She has little to do, except to attend to the etiquette of the Court, to present herself as the conspicuous pageant on a gala-day, and to give her signature to those acts of parliament which are supported by those friends in whom she reposes confidence. The romance of the coronation, and of the bridal scene, has long ago passed away. The lovely maiden Queen, who arrested all eyes, and won all hearts, is now an afflicted widow, an amiable woman, a careworn mother. With matronly dignity she cherishes the children who have clustered around her. With exemplary fidelity, she discharges her duties as Queen, as sovereign, as mother; and she is worthy of the respectful affection she receives from her subjects; for there are few who have ever been seated upon a throne, who are more meritorious in character than Queen Victoria. The accidents of birth have placed her where she is. Strong temptations surround her. Everything which this earth can furnish, of pomp and pageantry, is arrayed to dazzle her eye. And it is certainly greatly to her credit, that, in the midst of such scenes, she could have maintained her integrity as she has done.

Of Prince Albert, long the honored and beloved consort of the Queen, there is but one opinion. His amiable private character, and domestic traits, ministered unspeakably to the happiness of the Queen, and contributed to that most happy and illustrious example of domestic purity and peace which has won for the Royal Family of England the respect of the civilized world. His exquisite tact and discretion in reference to the exciting political questions

and solicitations by which he has been surrounded, are remarkable. Not a word or look of his ever compromised the independence and impartiality of the throne. The bitterest partisanship found nothing to condemn in the course of the Prince. Yet he was not an idle or indifferent spectator of the active life around him. The charitable, the commercial, and the social movements and interests of the nation always strongly attracted him, and ever found in him a wise and efficient patron. The great characteristic event of our era, the International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, in 1851, was distinctly traceable to his original suggestion, as well as its final realization to his perseverance and energy of character. Happy in his family, liberal in views, and unostentatiously benevolent in his feelings, his influence has been signally favorable to morality and religion.

Nine children have been added to the happy circle of the Royal Family, whose unbroken good health, admirable order, and amiable dispositions have contributed to render the Royal Family one of England's brightest treasures, and most useful and honorable traits among the nations.



Wm. W. Hunt, Esq. (1840-1890)

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE ALBERT.

ALBERT FRANCIS AUGUSTUS CHARLES EMMANUEL, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and consort of Queen Victoria, was born August 26, 1819, and was the second son of the Duke Ernest I., who died in 1844. Prince Albert was educated along with his elder brother, Prince Ernest, the present Duke-regnant of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, under the Consistorial Councillor Florschütz, and subsequently at the University of Bonn. His studies are described as including, beside the languages and history, the physical and natural sciences; and also music and painting, in both of which arts he attained considerable proficiency. Prince Albert was married to Queen Victoria on the tenth of February, 1840, at St. James's chapel, having a few days before been naturalized by act of parliament. By an act which received the royal assent August 4, 1840, it was provided that, in case of the demise of her Majesty before her next lineal descendant shall have attained the age of eighteen, the Prince is to be Regent until such age is reached. The Prince was not unmindful of the grave responsibilities which his position cast upon him, or of those which might possibly accrue. Almost immediately after his settlement in this country he read a course of English constitutional history and law with one of our highest authorities, Mr. Selwyn; and whilst he always most judiciously held himself aloof from all political parties, he did at different times show an intimate acquaintance with the general bearing of great public movements, such as could only result from a careful study of the principles of our social economy, a

clear knowledge of English institutions, and a considerate observance of the progress of events. In many of those public questions which are distinct from party politics, and in nearly all those which bear on the improvement of the physical condition of the poorer classes, on the progress of the mechanical and fine arts, and in various benevolent projects, the Prince took a very active part; and his speeches on public occasions always indicated an intelligent appreciation of the objects sought to be accomplished. As the head of the Fine Arts Commission the Prince did much toward setting in motion that effort to reach the higher purposes of art which has characterized the painting and sculpture of the last twelve or fourteen years; and he evinced, by his zealous patronage of schools of design, an equal desire to aid in raising the artistic character of our manufactures. But it was as the chairman of the council of the Great Exhibition of 1851 that his activity and knowledge found its widest scope and fullest development; and it seemed to be admitted by all who were intimately connected with the origin and progress of that great undertaking, that it owed very much of its high position and ultimate success to the taste, judgment, and tact of Prince Albert.

The Prince was a field-marshal in the English army, and a colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and it was said he took much interest in the state of the army and the condition of the soldier; but his tastes and pursuits were for the most part entirely of a pacific character. The fine and mechanical arts did not, however, engross his attention. His name appeared in the lists at the Smithfield Club, and other leading agricultural exhibitions, as a competitor, and generally as a successful competitor, for the prizes annually adjudicated for superior breeds of cattle, etc. He had indeed given a good deal of time to agricultural pursuits, and his "model farms" at Windsor are said by practical farmers to be really entitled to their designation.

Beside those above mentioned, the Prince held several offices under the Crown. He was elected in 1842, after a sharp contest, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; and he was President of the Society of Arts, Grand Master of the Free-Masons, and patron or president of various benevolent and other institutions.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

TWENTY-ONE years elapsed, after Queen Victoria gave her hand in marriage to Prince Albert, until the time of his death. It was an auspicious event, and reality has more than surpassed all prognostics, however favorable. The royal marriage has been blessed with a numerous offspring. So far as it is permitted to the public to know the domestic lives of sovereigns, the people of these islands could set up no better model of the performance of the duties of a wife and mother than their Queen; no more complete pattern of a devoted husband and father than her Consort. These are not mere words of course. We write in an age and in a country in which the highest position would not have availed to screen the most elevated delinquent. They are simply the records of a truth perfectly understood and recognized by the English people.

It has been the misfortune of most royal personages that their education has been below the dignity of their position. Cut off by their rank from intimate association with young persons of the same age, they have often had occasion bitterly to lament that the same fortune which raised them above the nobility in station had sunk them below them in knowledge and acquirements. Thanks to the cultivated mind and sterling good sense of the Prince Consort, no such charge will be brought against the present generation of the Royal Family of England. Possessing talents of the first order, cultivated and refined by diligent and successful study, the Prince has watched over the edu-

cation of his children with an assiduity commensurate with the greatness of the trust, and destined, we doubt not, to bear fruit in the future stability of our reigning family and its firm hold on the affections of the people. Had Prince Albert done no more than this, had he limited his ambition to securing the happiness of his wife and children, this country, considering who his wife and children are, would have owed him a debt which the rank he occupied among us, and the material and social advantages attached to it, would have been quite adequate to repay. But there is much more which the Prince has done for us. It was a singular piece of fortune that the Queen should find in a young man of twenty years of age one whom a sudden and unlooked-for elevation could not elate, nor all the temptations of a splendid court and a luxurious capital seduce; who kept the faith he had pledged with simple and unwavering fidelity, and in the heyday of youth ruled his passions and left no duty unperformed. But it is still more singular that in this untried youth, the Queen should have found an adviser of the utmost sagacity, a statesman of the rarest ability and honesty of purpose. Perhaps all history cannot afford an instance of the performance of high and irresponsible but strictly limited duties, with a dignity and singleness of intention comparable to that which has made illustrious the reign of Queen Victoria.

Her Majesty found in her husband a wise and true counsellor, and rose far superior to the petty jealousy which might have prevented a mind of less elevated cast from availing itself of such invaluable services. The result has been a period of progress and prosperity quite unequalled even in what may fairly be called the happy and glorious history of England. The rancor of contending parties has never assailed the Crown, because all have felt alike that they were treated with the most loyal impartiality. Any one who would thoroughly appreciate the

degree of merit which this impartiality implies should study the history of our colonies under their constitutional government, and observe how impossible the ablest governors have found it to maintain that impartiality between rival leaders which, during the reign of the Queen, has never been forgotten for a moment. If faction almost died away in the land, if the nation became united as it never was united before, it is because every shade of opinion has had full and fair play, and the powers of government have not been perverted to oppress one side or unduly to elevate the other. In the Prince, notwithstanding his German education, the country has had as true an Englishman as the most patriotic native of these islands. He has had the sagacity to see and feel that the interests of his family and his dynasty had claims upon him superior to any other, and at no period has the foreign policy been less subject to the imputation of subservience to foreign interests and relations than during the last twenty years.

We have hitherto spoken of the manner in which the Prince has acquitted himself of the duties which may be said to have been cast upon him in virtue of his position as husband to the Queen. We have yet to speak of another duty which he may be said to have assumed of his own accord. As a foreigner of cultivated taste and clear judgment, he saw defects which insular pride probably had prevented the people from discerning in themselves. He saw that the manufactures, with all their cheapness and durability, were strangely wanting in the graces of color and form, and that the whole life of the nation, public and private, had something of a sordid and material tint. The Prince set himself to correct these evils with indefatigable diligence. He labored to create the Great Exhibition of 1851, and has been the principal patron of those public establishments which are giving a new impulse to the arts of design, and are probably destined to regenerate the taste of the country, and bring our powers of

decoration to a level with our astonishing fertility of creation. Even then there was rising under his auspices, in a suburb of the metropolis, a building destined to receive the products of the industry of all nations, and to give, we doubt not, a fresh impulse to the creation of whatever may serve for the use and enjoyment of mankind.

It is not too much to say that during the last day of his life the public were stupefied by the calamity which befell the highly-gifted man, who was for so many years the consort of the sovereign. Nor will the intense feelings called forth by the event be confined to these islands. Wherever throughout the world the character and influence of the Prince Consort are understood, there will be regret and pity, astonishment and speculation, to the full as much as among ourselves. For her Majesty the deepest sympathy will be felt on every side. The life of the Queen and her husband for nearly twenty-two years was so calm and happy and domestic, that we had been accustomed to look upon them as realizing that ideal of earthly happiness which, it is said, seldom falls to the lot of princes. Until the death of her mother no severe family loss had troubled the Queen. All her children had lived; she had seen her eldest daughter married to the heir of a great monarchy; another daughter was about to form an alliance prompted by mutual affection. But in the loss of her devoted husband a dreadful blow has indeed fallen upon our sovereign. The world in general knew that in public affairs her Majesty consulted her husband, but it hardly appreciated how constant were the services, how unwearied the attentions, which this position of the Prince Consort involved. For years he hardly ever stirred from the side of the Queen; and, knowing how much the direction of a large family, the management of a great court, and the administration of public affairs must tax her strength, he gave her his help with an energy, an acuteness, a tenderness, and a solicitude of which there are few

examples. He has been cut off just when his mind was most vigorous, his experience verging on completeness, when his children are at the age when a father's authority is more than ever necessary, and—by a singular fatality—at a moment when the country is threatened with a most terrible conflict.

The Prince Consort was taken ill some twelve days before his death. Symptoms of fever, accompanied by a general indisposition, made their appearance. For some days the complaint was not considered to be serious, but from the early part of the week the medical men in attendance and the persons about the court began to feel anxious. It became evident that, even if the disorder did not take a dangerous turn, a debilitating sickness would at least confine the Prince for some time to the palace. It need not be said that no statement was made which could unnecessarily alarm her Majesty or the public. It was not till a late hour, when the fever had gained head and the patient was much weakened, that the first bulletin was issued, and even then it was said that the symptoms were not unfavorable. It is said that early in the progress of his illness the Prince expressed his belief that he should not recover. On the next day no material change took place in his condition, and the following morning the Queen took a drive, having at that time no suspicion of immediate danger. When, however, her Majesty returned to the castle, the extremities of the patient were already cold, so sudden had been the fresh access of the disorder. The alarming bulletin of the day was then published. From that time the state of the Prince was one of the greatest danger. On the same evening it was thought probable that he would not survive the night, and the Prince of Wales, who had been telegraphed for to Cambridge, arrived at the castle by special train about three o'clock on Saturday morning. All night the Prince continued very ill, but in the forenoon of Saturday a change for the better took place. Unhappily,

it was only the rally which so often precedes dissolution ; but it gave great hopes to the eminent physicians in attendance, and was communicated to the public as soon as possible. The ray of hope was fated soon to be quenched. About four o'clock in the afternoon, a relapse took place, and the Prince, who from the time of his severe seizure on Friday had been sustained by stimulants, began gradually to sink. It was half-past four when the last bulletin was issued, announcing that the patient was in a critical state. From that time there was no hope. When the improvement took place on Saturday, it was agreed by the medical men that if the patient could be carried over one more night his life would in all probability be saved. But the sudden failure of vital power which occurred in the afternoon frustrated these hopes. Congestion of the lungs, the result of complete exhaustion, set in, the Prince's breathing became continually shorter and feebler. Quietly, and without suffering, he continued slowly to sink, so slowly that the wrists were pulseless long before the last moment had arrived, when at a few minutes before eleven he ceased to breathe, and all was over. The Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, their Royal Highnesses the Princess Alice and the Princess Helena, and their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, were all present when his Royal Highness expired. He was sensible, and knew the Queen to the last. The Duke of Cambridge and the following gentlemen connected with the Court were present : General Bruce, Sir Charles Phipps, General Gray, General Bentinck, Lord Alfred Paget, Major Du Plat, General Seymour, Colonel Elphinstone, and the Dean of Windsor. An hour after and the solemn tones of the great bell of St. Paul's—a bell of evil omen—told all citizens how irreparable had been the loss of their beloved Queen, how great the loss to the country.



THE PRINCE OF WALES, K. G.

HIS Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick, and Dublin, Baron Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles, K. G., and Heir-Apparent to the throne of England, was born at Buckingham Palace on the ninth of November, 1841.

The heir-apparent derives his titles, partly by inheritance and partly by creation, from the circumstance of King Edward the First having, in politic concession to the Welsh chieftains, created his heir "Prince of Wales," a few days after his birth at Carnarvon Castle. The young prince was subsequently invested with the Earldom of Chester, which has since been included in the patents of creation. The Scottish titles of the Prince are derived from Robert the Third, in whose reign they were vested in the heir-apparent to the crown of Scotland forever. On the tenth of September, 1849, her Majesty granted to her son and heir, Albert Edward Prince of Wales, and to his heirs, Kings of Great Britain and Ireland, forever, the dignity of the Earl of Dublin, of the United Kingdom, in memory of her Majesty's visit to that portion of her dominions. His Royal Highness takes his seat in the House of Peers as Duke of Cornwall.

The rank and position of his Royal Highness are thus explained in "Dod," an efficient authority in all matters of precedence:—

"The Prince of Wales has been at all times regarded as the first subject in the realm, the nearest to the throne,

the most dignified of the Peers of Parliament, and though not exercising any political power beyond his vote as a legislator, yet regarded by all men as the most eminent personage in the state next after the sovereign; the Prince of Wales is the heir-apparent; the heir-presumptive may be brother, uncle, nephew, niece, or even a more distant relative of the sovereign; but the prospect which an heir-presumptive may possess of eventually succeeding to the throne gives him no place in the scale of precedence: the rank he holds is merely derived from consanguinity. But the station of the Prince of Wales is clearly and indisputably that of the first and highest of her Majesty's subjects."

It is obviously impossible, at the present time, to furnish anything worthy the name of a biography of the young Prince who occupies the exalted position above described. The materials which, in future days, will be at hand to enable a biographer to write a history, or part history of his life, are not yet to be found. The deeds of his youth and the achievements of his manhood and maturity are yet to be enacted. At this time we can only congratulate the young Prince upon the splendid prospect, and the wide field for good which it is his fortune to inherit; a field for which he has been most carefully prepared by the wise training he has received under the immediate care of his royal mother. If the inestimable example of good and virtuous actions in a parent is to have its accustomed influence, and if the watchful culture of religion and the better qualities of our nature yield but their average good, we may look for a worthy career in that of the Prince of Wales. That he may have a long, a happy, and a peaceful life, is the prayer of every English heart.

As already stated, the education of the Prince of Wales has been conducted under the immediate care of her Majesty the Queen. In the languages, classics, natural philosophy, mathematics, jurisprudence, and other branches of

study, his Royal Highness has been assisted by private tutors selected expressly on account of their qualifications and ability to convey instruction. It is understood that the Prince will continue his education by a course of study both at Cambridge and Oxford.

On the ninth of November, 1858, the Prince of Wales, having on that day completed his seventeenth year, was appointed Colonel in the army. The "Gazette" of the following Friday contained the subjoined announcement:—

"The Queen, taking into her royal consideration that his Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and, by virtue of the statutes of the said Order, a constituent member thereof, has not as yet assumed the stall assigned to the Prince of Wales in the Royal Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, and having, as sovereign of the said Order, the inherent right of dispensing with all statutes, ordinances, and regulations in regard to installation, her Majesty has been pleased, by letters-patent under her royal sign-manual and the Great Seal of the Order, bearing date this day, to give and grant unto his Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, full power and authority to wear and use the star, and also to wear and use the collar and all other ornaments belonging to the said most noble Order, and to sit in the stall assigned to the Prince of Wales, in our Royal Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, and to exercise all rights and privileges belonging to a Knight Companion of the said most noble Order, in as full and ample manner as if his Royal Highness had been formally installed, any decree, rule, or usage, to the contrary notwithstanding."

Having thus fairly entered upon the duties of manhood, his Royal Highness determined upon pursuing his studies, for a time at least, at Rome. Accordingly after a brief visit to his illustrious sister at Berlin, the Princess Frederick William of Prussia, he proceeded on his journey to Italy. On his way thither he performed the first public

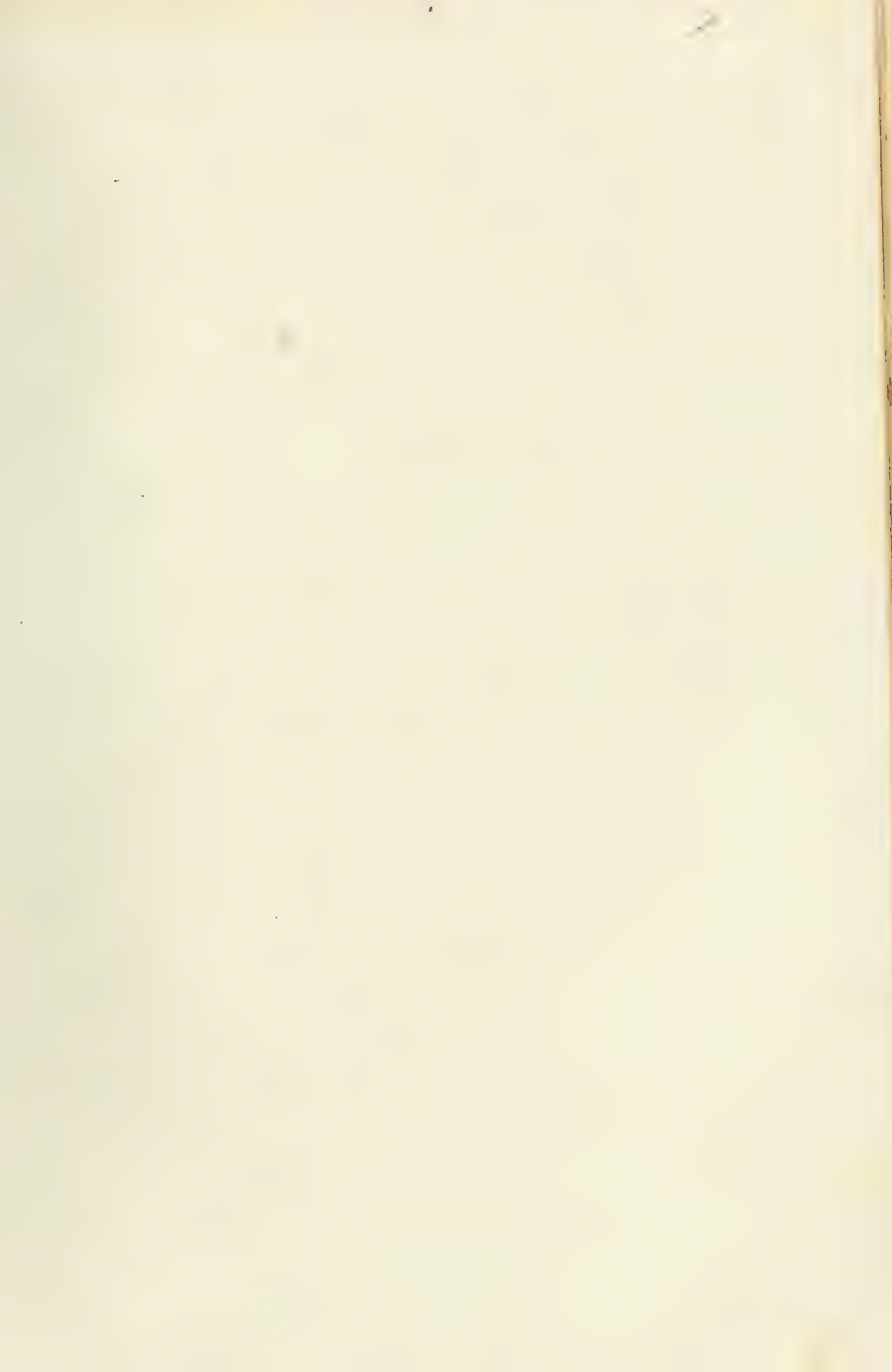
act of his life, by presenting colors to the Hundredth, or Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment of Foot, then stationed at Shorncliffe, near Folkestone. His Royal Highness took occasion to make the following appropriate speech to the assembled officers and men:—

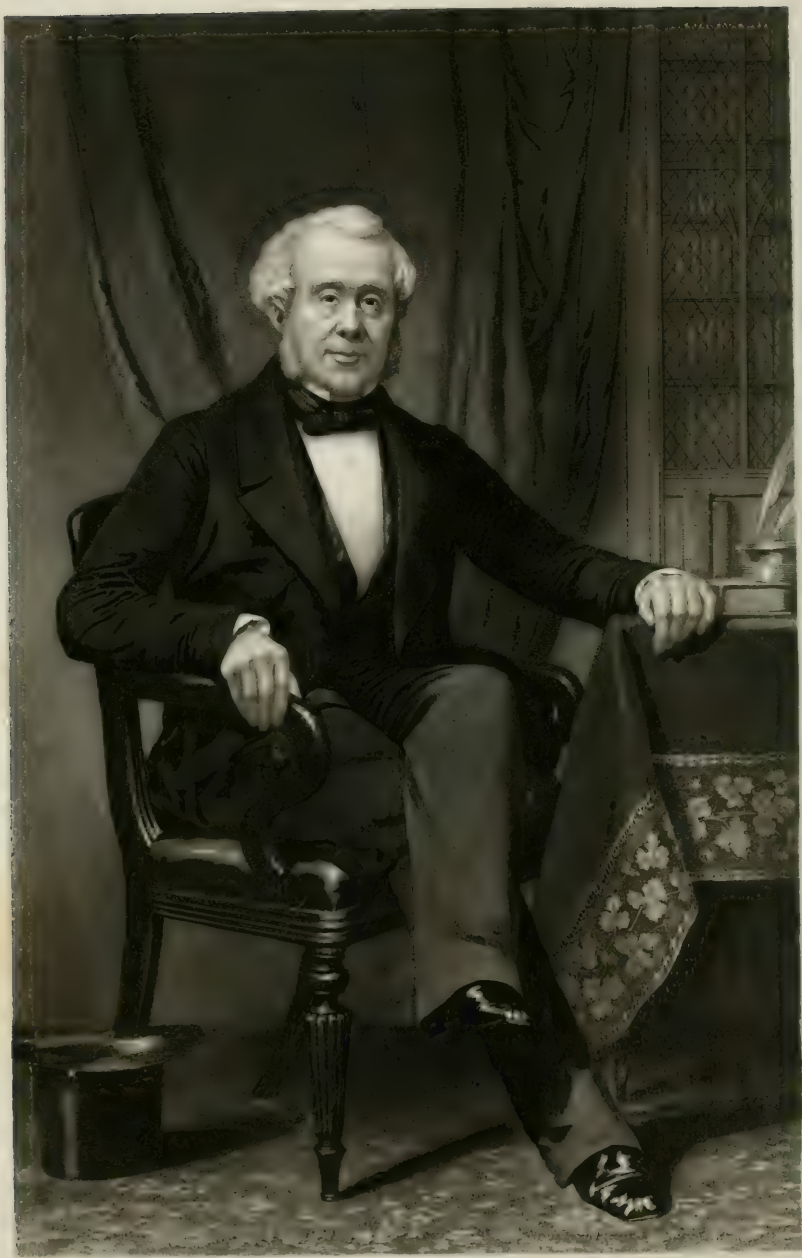
“Lord Melville, Colonel de Rottenberg, and officers and soldiers of the Hundredth Regiment: It is most gratifying to me that, by the Queen's gracious permission, my first public act since I have had the honor of holding a commission in the British army should be the presentation of colors to a regiment which is the spontaneous offering of the loyal and spirited Canadian people, and with which, at their desire, my name has been specially associated. The ceremonial on which we are now engaged possesses a peculiar significance and solemnity, because in confiding to you for the first time this emblem of military fidelity and valor I not only recognize emphatically your enrolment into our national force, but celebrate an act which proclaims and strengthens the unity of the various parts of this vast empire under the sway of our common sovereign. Although, owing to my youth and inexperience, I can but very imperfectly give expression to the sentiments which this occasion is calculated to awaken with reference to yourselves and to the great and flourishing province of Canada, you may rest assured that I shall ever watch the progress and achievements of your gallant corps with deep interest, and that I heartily wish you all honor and success in the prosecution of the noble career on which you have entered.”

The Prince arrived in the Eternal City in the latter part of January, 1859, and having spent some time in exploring ancient and modern Rome, proceeded quietly and unostentatiously to his studies. Before doing so, however, he paid a visit to the Pope. His appearance at the Vatican is worthy of note, inasmuch as a prince of the blood royal of England had not made a similar visit for some centu-

ries. Agreeably to the expressed wish of her Majesty, the reception was conducted with little ceremony. His Holiness rose on the entry of the Prince, and coming forward to the door of the apartment to meet him, conducted him in the most affable manner possible to a seat, and entered into conversation with him in French. Colonel Bruce was the only other person present at the interview, which was brief, and limited to complimentary expressions and subjects of local interest, but perfectly satisfactory to all parties. On the Prince rising to take his leave, the Pope conducted him again to the door with the same warmth of manner which he had testified on receiving him. The stay of his Royal Highness in Rome being interrupted by the outbreak of the war in Italy, he travelled to Gibraltar, and from thence to Spain and Portugal. He returned to England on June 25, 1859.

In the summer of 1860 the Prince of Wales made a visit to Canada and the United States. The grand welcome which he received in Canada and by the authorities in the United States, and by all classes in the community, has seldom if ever been surpassed to a prince or public man not actually wearing a crown in any country. The history of the Prince's movements in this country, his various excursions, the reception ceremonies, the celebrations, and great gatherings in honor of the Prince, are too recent and fresh in the public mind to need particular mention in these pages. A long life as the monarch and king of England is possible and probable to this high-born Prince.





LORD PALMERSTON.

FEW English statesmen of modern times have filled so high a station in the government of England for so long a period, or exerted so wide and commanding an influence in the affairs of Europe, as Lord Palmerston. A modern history of Europe could scarcely be written without embracing much that he has said and done. He still acts a prominent part in the public affairs of Europe and the world. It is not easy to comprise the record of such a man and such a character in a brief space. He is yet alive. The great drama of his life is not yet played out. The hand of death has not set the seal of unalterable fact upon his being and doing,—the materials of such a life are yet incomplete and imperfect. An outline of such a historic life is always interesting, tracing a brilliant career through its various scenes and changes.

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, was born at Broadlands, near Romney, in Hampshire, on the twentieth of October, 1784. His family, the Temples, trace their descent from one of the Saxon earls anterior to the Norman Conquest. With this family the ducal house of Buckingham and Chandos is connected by ancient marriage. The Temples themselves were of some distinction in English political history as early as the time of Elizabeth, or even earlier; but perhaps the most celebrated of them was the famous Sir William Temple, the friend of William III. and the patron of Dean Swift. They were first ennobled in 1722, when Henry Temple, Esq., was created Baron Temple of Mount Temple, county Sligo, and Viscount Palmerston

of Palmerston, county Dublin,—both dignities being in the Irish peerage. He died in 1769, and was succeeded by his grandson Henry Temple, the second peer, who lived till 1802. Of this second peer the subject of this sketch was the eldest son; but there were three other children—a son, the late Sir William Temple, K. C. B., long British minister plenipotentiary at Naples, and two daughters, one of whom was the wife of Admiral Bowles. The present Lord Palmerston was educated first at Harrow School, then at the University of Edinburgh, where Dugald Stewart and other distinguished professors were at that time in the height of their reputation, and lastly at St. John's College, Cambridge. Before the conclusion of his university education he succeeded his father in the title at the age of eighteen, 1802. In 1806 he took the degree of M. A. at Cambridge. Early in the same year, being then only twenty-one, he contested the representation of the University of Cambridge in the House of Commons with Lord Henry Petty, now the Marquis of Lansdowne, who had just accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer under the Whig government of Lord Grenville, and was consequently obliged to appeal to his constituency. The young candidate for political honors failed in this attempt, but was immediately returned to parliament for the borough of Bletchingley. He subsequently sat for Newport in the Isle of Wight, but at length obtained the object of his ambition in being returned for the University of Cambridge. From his first entrance into parliament Lord Palmerston's conduct and manner were such as to impress his seniors with his tact and ability, and to mark him out for promotion and employment. He spoke seldom, but always interestingly and to the purpose; and his talents for business were from the first conspicuous. In 1807, on the formation of the Tory administration of the Duke of Portland and Mr. Perceval, he was appointed, though then only in his twenty-fifth year, a junior lord of the Admiralty. In this

capacity he made perhaps his first important parliamentary appearance as a speaker in opposing a motion of Mr. Ponsonby, February, 1808, for the production of papers relative to Lord Cathcart's expedition to Copenhagen and the destruction of the Danish fleet,—measures which had been ordered by the government for fear of an active coöperation of Denmark with Napoleon I. On this occasion Lord Palmerston broached those notions as to the necessity of secrecy in diplomatic affairs on which he has ever since acted. In 1809, when Lord Castlereagh resigned the office of Secretary of War under the Perceval ministry, Lord Palmerston succeeded him; and in February, 1810, he for the first time moved the Army estimates in the House. It seemed as if the secretaryship at war was the post in which Lord Palmerston was to live and die. He held it uninterruptedly through the Perceval administration; he continued to hold it through the long Liverpool-Castlereagh administration which followed, 1812–27, the first three years of whose tenure of power were occupied with the final great wars against Napoleon; he held it still during Canning's brief premiership, April to August, 1827; he continued to hold it under the ministry of Lord Goderich, August, 1827, to January, 1828; and he held it for a while under the succeeding administration of the Duke of Wellington. Under this last ministry, however, he found himself unable to act. Never appearing to interest himself much in general politics, but confining himself as much as possible to the business of his own department, he had yet, towards the close of the Liverpool administration—especially after Canning's accession to the foreign secretaryship on the death of Castlereagh in 1822—shown a more liberal spirit than was general among his colleagues. He seemed to attach himself to Canning and to share his opinions: like him, he was a friend to Roman Catholic emancipation, and to the cause of constitutional as distinct from despotic government on the Continent; though, like

him also, he opposed for the time all projects of parliamentary reform at home. These tendencies, growing more decided after Canning's death, unfitted him for coöperation with the Duke of Wellington's government, and in May, 1828, he seceded from it along with Huskisson and others of "Canning's party." Meantime he had spoken much on foreign affairs, and with such ability that, after Canning's death, he was felt to be the greatest parliamentary master of that order of subjects. Before leaving the Wellington ministry he had opposed the Test and Corporation Bills; but he had done so on the principle that he could not relieve Protestant Dissenters till the emancipation of the Roman Catholics had taken place.

As an independent member, Lord Palmerston devoted himself especially to foreign questions. He kept up the character of being Mr. Canning's successor, the inheritor of his mantle. His speech on the tenth of March, 1830, in which, in moving for papers respecting the relations of England with Portugal, he developed Canning's idea of the necessity of increased sympathy on the part of England with the cause of struggling nationality abroad, was accounted a great parliamentary success. The motion was lost by a majority of one hundred and fifty to seventy-three; but it marked out Lord Palmerston as the future foreign secretary, as soon as a ministry should be formed of which he could become a member. Such a ministry was formed in November, 1830, when the Duke of Wellington resigned, and the Whigs came into office. Twenty years Secretary at War as a Tory, Lord Palmerston now became foreign secretary as a Whig; but his known attachment to the liberalized Toryism which Canning had professed and introduced, was felt to constitute a sufficient transition. Roman Catholic emancipation, of which he had always been a supporter, had already been carried; and the only question where a modification of his previous opinions was requisite was that of parliamentary reform,

—the very question which the Whig ministry had been formed to settle. Lord Palmerston's assent to the Reform Bill policy of his colleagues led to a disagreement with the Cambridge University electors; and, losing his seat for Cambridge, he fell back, 1831, on his old borough of Bletchingley. Representing first this borough, and then, after the Reform Bill in 1832, the county of South Hants, Lord Palmerston remained foreign minister till December, 1834, when the Whigs went out of office, and were succeeded by the Conservative ministry of Sir Robert Peel. This ministry lasted only till April, 1835, when the new Whig administration of Lord Melbourne was formed, and Lord Palmerston, who had lost his seat for South Hants at the general election, and been returned for the borough of Tiverton, resumed his functions as foreign minister. He continued to exercise them till September, 1841; and these six years were perhaps the period during which he attained that reputation for brilliancy, alertness, and omniscience as a foreign minister, which has made his name a word of exultation to his admirers, and of execration and fear to some foreign governments. It was during this time that over the Continent from Spain to Turkey, the name "Palmerston" began to be used as synonymous with English diplomatic activity; and it was during the same time that a party of erratic politicians sprang up in England, who sought to prove that he was a voluntary tool of Russia, and argued for his impeachment. The opposition of the Conservatives in parliament was a more normal matter. It was during this period of his foreign secretaryship under the Melbourne administration that Lord Palmerston married. His wife, the present Lady Palmerston, was the daughter of the first Lord Melbourne and the widow of the fifth Earl Cowper. On the reaccession of Sir Robert Peel to office in 1841, Lord Palmerston retired from the foreign secretaryship; and he continued in opposition till 1846, when, on the retirement of Sir Robert Peel after

the abolition of the Corn Laws, July, 1846, he again became Foreign Secretary, as a member of the new Whig ministry of Lord John Russell. He continued to direct the diplomacy of the country in this capacity, — steering the policy of Britain in his characteristic fashion through the many difficult and intricate foreign questions which arose, and, amongst them, through the many questions connected with the European revolutionary movement of 1848–49, including the Italian and Hungarian wars, — till the year 1851, when differences with Lord John Russell and with his other colleagues induced him to resign. The year 1851, in fact, closed that part of Lord Palmerston's history which is connected with his tenure of the foreign secretaryship in particular.

But such a man could not remain long out of office. Broken up mainly by Lord Palmerston's secession from it, the ministry of Lord John Russell gave place, December, 1852, to the coalition ministry of Lord Aberdeen. As Lord Aberdeen had been the foreign minister under previous Conservative governments, and was therefore regarded as the rival and in some respects the antagonist of Lord Palmerston in this particular department, Lord Palmerston in joining the coalition ministry took the office of home secretary, while the foreign secretaryship was taken by Lord John Russell. The business of his new office was discharged by Lord Palmerston with his customary activity till the dissolution of the Aberdeen ministry in 1855, when his Lordship ascended to the apex of power as the First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister of Britain. In that capacity it has fallen to him to conduct the greatest war in which the country has been engaged since 1815, — the war with Russia; and in the conduct of that war to establish that system of alliances with continental powers, more especially with France, which still holds. From the time of the *coup d'état* in France, Lord Palmerston

had always expressed his respect for Louis Napoleon; and consequently in the conduct of the war, and of the negotiations which concluded it, Napoleon III. and Lord Palmerston are supposed to have deferred to each other, and to have acted systematically in concert. As regards other powers, consequently, there has not been on the part of Lord Palmerston, while premier, any strong direction of the policy of England one way or the other. Thus, while always keeping up the language of Canning as to the propriety of encouraging freedom and constitutional government abroad, and while using this language more especially of late with respect to Italy, he has never ceased to assert the maintenance of the integrity and power of the Austrian empire to be a necessity in the European system. This principle appears to have regulated his conduct also as foreign minister in the matter of the Hungarian wars of 1848-9. He gave no approbation to the popular movements; but he supported Turkey in refusing to give up the refugees, and advised the governments to leniency when the movements were suppressed, and to more moderate rule afterwards.

The history of Lord Palmerston—of his acts, opinions, and views—is to be gathered in detail from the parliamentary reports of the last fifty years; but more especially from the Blue Books of our foreign diplomatic correspondence since he went into the foreign secretaryship thirty-six years ago. On special questions there have been scores of pamphlets for and against him. No collected edition of his speeches has been published; nor perhaps would the light, off-hand, and conversational yet energetic orations with which he charms the House, and often baffles and provokes an opponent, bear this test; but some of his more important speeches have been published separately at the time of their delivery in the form of pamphlets. The others remain more or less vividly in the memories of those who heard them, or lie buried in "Han-

sard" and the newspapers. His speeches are generally shorter than those of other parliamentary leaders; and his occasional letters show the same light and easy energy as his speeches.



LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

THIS eminent British minister and statesman has acted a prominent part in the public affairs of the English government for many years. Few public men have been more industrious or accomplished so much in the various stations which he has filled, as Lord John Russell. Although now at the ripe age of seventy years, he still performs the arduous duties of a minister of the British Crown with untiring assiduity. The outline historic sketch of such a man is interesting and instructive.

The Right Hon. Lord John, is the third and youngest son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, by his first wife, the Hon. Georgiana Elizabeth, the second daughter of the fourth Viscount Torrington. His eldest brother, the present or seventh Duke, is four years his senior. He was born in Hertford Street, London, on the eighteenth of August, 1792, and was educated first at Westminster school, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh, where he attended the moral philosophy lectures of Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown. It was Lord John Russell, who headed the deputation of students that waited on Dugald Stewart to congratulate him on his recovery from the illness which had caused him to have recourse to Brown's help, and to thank him for having procured so valuable a substitute. In 1813, at the age of twenty-one, he entered the House of Commons as member for Tavistock, of which borough his father had the disposal; and, faithful

to the hereditary Whiggism of the house of Bedford, he attached himself at once to the opposition, who were then maintaining Whig principles against the powerful ministry of Liverpool and Castlereagh. It was about this time that the cessation of the European war left the mind of the nation free to return to home-politics; and the first portion of Lord John Russell's parliamentary career is identified with the progress of that stubborn contest which the Whig opposition, with the country at their back, carried on inch by inch till the year 1827 against the reigning Toryism. His abilities, and the industry and conscientiousness with which he devoted himself to politics as his business, concurred, with the advantages of his birth and connections as a scion of the great ducal house of Bedford, to give him very soon the place of a leader among the Whig politicians. While taking part in all the Whig questions, he fastened from the first with extraordinary tenacity on the main question of parliamentary reform, bringing forward or supporting year after year measures for the suppression of rotten boroughs and the enfranchisement of large commercial towns. Lord Brougham, after speaking of the great services rendered to the cause of reform at this time in parliament by Earl Grey, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Durham, and others, says, "But no one did more lasting and real service to the question than Lord John Russell, whose repeated motions, backed by the progress of the subject out of doors, had the effect of increasing the minority in its favor, in so much that when he at last brought it forward in 1826, Mr. Canning, [then Castlereagh's successor in the foreign secretaryship in the Liverpool cabinet, but virtual head of the government,] finding he could only defeat it by a comparatively small majority, pronounced the question substantially carried. It was probably from this time that his party perceived the prudence of *slaying* a change which they could not *prevent*." The bill, the proposal of which had this important effect,

was one for disfranchising certain rotten boroughs and substituting large and important towns in their place. At the time of proposing it Lord John was no longer member for Tavistock, but for Huntingdonshire, which county he had represented since 1820.

While thus laying the foundation of his reputation as a serious and persevering Whig statesman, and as the man among the junior Whigs who had made the question of parliamentary reform most thoroughly his own, Lord John had at the same time made various appearances as an author. In 1819 he published in quarto a "Life of William, Lord Russell, with some account of the Times in which he lived,"—a graceful and characteristic tribute to his celebrated Whig ancestor. The work was followed in 1821 by "An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time;" and this again by an effort in verse entitled "Don Carlos, or Persecution; a Tragedy in Five Acts," published in 1822, and which went through several editions in the course of that year. The subject of the tragedy is the story of Don Carlos of Spain, the son of Philip II., already dramatized by the genius of Schiller. In 1824 Lord John published the first volume of a work of a different character, entitled "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht," but the work was not completed till 1829. Several lighter productions, in the shape of sketches, etc., also came from his pen about this period; and indeed for a time he seemed to be divided between politics and literature. This was the period of his first intimacy with Moore and with others of the literary men who used to frequent the society of Lord Lansdowne and of Holland House; and there is extant a poem of Moore's remonstrating with Lord John Russell on an intention which he had intimated to Moore in conversation, of withdrawing from political pursuits altogether:—

"Shall *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand
And devoted and pure and adorning in life
'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?"

Fortunately, Lord John did not carry out his intention, but continued in that career of political life, in which it was, and not specially in literature, that nature had fitted him to excel.

On the resignation of the Wellington ministry in November, 1830, Lord John Russell, then in the thirty-ninth year of his age, entered on office for the first time, as Paymaster of the Forces, under the reform or first Whig ministry of Earl Grey.—a ministry which the death of George IV. and the accession of William IV. had rendered possible. Parliamentary reform was now the one paramount question of national interest; and the new ministry had come in expressly because the country wished them to carry it. The man on whom the most important part of the work devolved was Lord John Russell. He was one of four members of the ministry.—the others being Lord Durham, Sir James Graham, and Lord Duncannon,—who were appointed to shape and prepare the bill and submit it to their colleagues; and on the first of March, 1831, he brought before the House of Commons the bill so prepared and agreed upon. *Some* measure of reform had been expected; but a bill of so comprehensive a kind as this took the country by surprise.

When Lord John produced it in the house, it was received by the opposite party almost with derision, as utterly impracticable. But the enthusiasm with which the bill — so far surpassing all expectation — was taken up out of doors changed the derision into alarm. The members of the Tory party mustered all their strength against the bill; and in the Commons Sir Charles Wetherell, Mr. Croker, Mr. Banks, and Sir Robert Peel appeared as champions more especially of "close boroughs" as a neces-

sary part of the British constitution. After debates of unparalleled violence, Lord John's bill passed the second reading by a majority of *one*. On the motion for going into committee, however, the bill was thrown out by a majority of eight; and it became necessary that the ministry should either resign or dissolve parliament.

They adopted the latter alternative. The nation responded with extraordinary decision. Regarding the promised "Reform" as little short of a promised millennium, the constituencies withstood the influence of great Tory landlords, etc., and to a greater extent than could have been conceived possible, returned Reformers. In this general election Lord John was returned for the county of Devon. When the new parliament met, the progress of the bill through the House of Commons was, of course, triumphant. Then came the opposition of the peers. The bill reached the House of Lords on the twenty-second of September, 1831; and on the second reading it was thrown out by a majority of forty-one. A vote of confidence passed in the Commons by a majority of 131 was the immediate answer to this; and it saved the ministry the necessity of resigning. Parliament was prorogued to give opportunity for modifying the bill; and on its reassembling the bill again went to the Lords altered in some points, but with the all-important Schedule A and the Ten Pound Household franchise still remaining. Still the Lords were hostile; Lord Grey was placed in a minority of thirty-five; and, after a long interview with the king, he and his colleagues resigned, and the government was intrusted to the Duke of Wellington, May 9, 1832. It was now a face to face contest between the Duke as the representative of Toryism, and the nation vehement for reform and ready to go to civil war for it. The issue is known. The Duke saw that he and the peers must yield; Earl Grey resumed the ministry, May 18th, and on the seventh of June, 1832, the Reform Bill became the law of the land. The name of Lord

John Russell will be ever identified with this important crisis in the history of his country; and his conduct during the fifteen months in which the bill was in suspense added greatly to his popularity.

In the new or first reformed parliament Lord John sat as member for the electoral district of South Devon, 1832-35. He still continued to hold the comparatively subordinate office of Paymaster of the Forces in the Grey and Melbourne ministry, till that ministry was broken up by internal differences and secessions, and succeeded, December, 1834, by the Conservative ministry of Sir Robert Peel. In the various important measures that had been passed by the Grey ministry he had had his full share; and when he went into opposition, it was with the character of having been one of the most consistent of the ministry in genuine Whig principles. Earl Grey had by this time withdrawn from public life; Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham had seceded from the Whigs on the question of the Irish Church; Lord Brougham was assuming that position of political isolation in which he has since remained; and Lord Durham was tending towards radicalism. With the exception of Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell was now preëminently the representative of historical Whiggism. Accordingly, when Sir Robert Peel, finding his attempt at a Conservative government abortive, resigned office in April, 1835, and a new Whig ministry was formed under Lord Melbourne, the Home Secretaryship, and with it, the dignity of ministerial leader in the House of Commons, was assigned to Lord John. He had been ousted from his seat for South Devon and now sat for Stroud,—a borough which he continued to represent till 1841. In 1839, Lord John exchanged the post of Home Secretary in the Melbourne ministry for that of Colonial Secretary, which he held while the ministry lasted. In both these posts he earned the character of a punctual and able administrator; while his contemporary activity in parliament in carrying

the Municipal Reform Act and the other measures of the ministry corresponded with his place as its virtual head. About this time, however, the character of being too much of a "Finality" Reformer began to attach to him; and the more advanced liberals of the country began to attack him in that character. An exposition of much of his political creed, at this time, will be found in his published "Letters to the Electors of Stroud, on the Principles of the Reform Act," which went through various editions.

But Whiggism generally was not so popular throughout the country as it had been, the experience of some nine years having abated the enormous expectations awakened by the Reform Bill, while the formidable power of O'Connell was also telling against the Whigs. This was shown by the result of the general election of 1841. In the August of that year, Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords, and Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, announced the resignation of the Whig ministry. Sir Robert Peel came into power at the head of that Conservative administration which lasted till July, 1846. During these five years, August, 1841 to July, 1846, Lord John's position in parliament was that of leader of the Whig opposition. He no longer, however, sat for Stroud, but for the city of London, having been elected in 1841 as one of the representatives of this great constituency. As leader of the opposition he was true to his character as a moderate Whig of the historical school rather than a violent chief of faction eager to oust his opponents and adapting his principles and his promises to that end. But the great movement of the day was not one having much connection with Whiggism proper. While Messrs. Cobden and Bright were conducting the Anti-Corn Law agitation out of doors, and the opinion of the country was flowing mainly in the channel of this great question, Lord John Russell's relation to it was rather that of an observer from within parliament than of an active guide one way or the

other. At first, indeed, he, as well as the Conservatives, was opposed to the League; and his favorite solution of the problem was by a small fixed duty on foreign corn. At length, however, in a letter from Edinburgh addressed to his constituents, he spoke out in favor of total repeal. This was in the autumn of 1845. It was not destined, however, that a Whig ministry should settle this great question. Sir Robert Peel himself came to the desired conclusion, and by his exertions and influence among the Conservatives, the Corn Laws were abolished July 26, 1846.

The ministry of Sir Robert Peel having been shortly afterwards broken up by the rejection of his Irish coercion bill, Lord John Russell was called to the premiership as the head of a Whig ministry. He held the office of premier from July, 1846, to March, 1852. The general complaint made against his administration both at the time and since, was that it was non-progressive and fruitless of important measures. "The Whigs in office," it was said, "do less than the Conservatives." The reason of this complaint, so far as it was just, may have lain partly in Lord John's own character, as a Whig of the historical school, adverse not only to the ballot, but to many of those other measures on which the more advanced Liberals had set their hopes and which they had in view when they spoke of progress. In a great measure, however, it consisted in the broken-up state of parliamentary parties. There were now the Peelites, and the Protectionists or Derbyites, as well as the Whigs and the advanced Liberals, and among these parties Lord John could depend on but a small and varying majority. Nor in those cases in which he did make attempts of an energetic character was he fortunate in conciliating support to his policy. His "Letter to the Bishop of Durham in reference to the usurpation of the Pope of Rome," published in 1850, just after the bull appointing Cardinal Wiseman Roman Catholic Primate of England and other Roman Catholic Bishops in various

English sees, occasioned much adverse comment; and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, dealing with the same question, proved a failure. Towards the close of 1851, too, his government was further weakened by the secession of Lord Palmerston, who then quitted the foreign office in circumstances having the appearance of a rupture with the Whigs on account of offence taken at his foreign policy. Accordingly, in March, 1852, the country saw with little concern Lord John's ministry defeated on a Militia Bill, which they had introduced with a view to provide for the defence of the country in case of a foreign war. The blow to the ministry was given by Lord Palmerston, who proposed an important alteration in the ministerial measure. The government thus passed into the hands of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, who had in the mean time reorganized a strong Protectionist or old Tory party.

After holding office for some months, the Derby-Disraeli government broke down on the budget, and the celebrated Coalition Cabinet was formed with Lord Aberdeen at its head, December, 1852. In this cabinet Lord Palmerston took the office of Home Secretary; and Lord John Russell held that of Foreign Secretary till February, 1853, when he resigned it to Lord Clarendon. From February, 1853, till June, 1854, he preferred the somewhat anomalous position of a member of the Cabinet without office; but in June, 1854, he accepted the office of Lord President of the Council. In this office, he brought forward in that year a new Reform Bill which he had prepared in the last year of his own premiership and had hoped then to carry. Both the country and parliament however being then engrossed with the beginnings of the great Russian war, Lord John was obliged to abandon his favorite measure, or at least to postpone it to a more convenient time. Nor was it long before he found occasion to differ with Lord Aberdeen, and the Peelite portion of the government on the conduct of the war. Refusing to share the unpopular-

ity attached to the Aberdeen ministry on account of the disasters in the Crimea, Lord John resigned his connection with it before its final disruption in January, 1856. Accordingly, when Lord Palmerston formed his ministry for the more vigorous prosecution of the war, Lord John consented to serve under him as Colonial Secretary. This connection between two men whose antecedents had made them to some extent rivals did not last long. When the Vienna conferences were agreed upon with a view to the conclusion of a peace between Russia and the allies, Lord John accepted the offer made by Lord Palmerston that he should be British plenipotentiary at the conferences. The issue of his lordship's negotiations in this capacity did not give satisfaction; and in June, 1855, he resigned his place in the ministry, and left to Lord Palmerston the honor and responsibility of concluding the war in a manner that the nation would approve.

From that time till the moment at which we write, April, 1857, Lord John's position in parliament has been that of an independent statesman,—sometimes supporting and sometimes criticising Lord Palmerston's policy, and in the mean time waiting, it is supposed, till events recall himself to power and enable him to initiate a new era of Whiggism by another Reform Bill. He was one of that miscellaneous majority who supported Mr. Cobden's motion, condemning Lord Palmerston's government, on account of the hostile proceedings against Canton, and so occasioned the dissolution of parliament in March, 1857. Public feeling so thoroughly going along with Lord Palmerston on this "China question," it was supposed that Lord John Russell would lose his seat for London, if he presented himself for reëlection. Efforts were made to oust him; but he was bold enough to go to the poll; and the recollection of his past services so far prevailed over temporary dissatisfaction with him that he was returned third on the list. At the present moment, April, 1857, there is much

speculation as to what may be his future career. That he may yet lead the country in great home questions is everywhere regarded as a likelihood; and it remains yet to be seen whether Lord Palmerston's relations to him and his to Lord Palmerston will be such in the new parliament that the country can have the services of both without the spectacle of their rivalry.

Lord John has been twice married,—first to Adelaide, eldest daughter of Thomas Lister, Esq., of Armytage Park, and widow of the second Lord Ribblesdale; and secondly, to Lady Frances, second daughter of the Earl of Minto. He has a family. Among his literary appearances, besides those that have been mentioned, and besides numerous political letters, etc., are “A Selection from the Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford, from the Originals at Woburn Abbey, with an Introduction,” 1842–3; “Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox,” edited, etc., 1853, *et seq.*; and “Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore,” edited, etc., 1853–6. Lord John has also not unfrequently lectured at educational and other institutions; and some of these lectures have been published,—the latest being one on “The Obstacles which have retarded Moral and Political Progress,” delivered in Exeter Hall before the Young Men's Christian Association in 1856. He has recently announced his intention not to lecture in public any more,—but to devote his time rather to furthering the cause of education as a statesman.



1810-1811

LORD CLARENDON.

THE long public life and eminent services of this nobleman have much endeared him to the people of England. George William Frederick Villiers, now fourth Earl of Clarendon, was born January 12, 1800. He is the eldest son of the late Hon. George Villiers, by Theresa, only daughter of the first Lord Boringdon. He succeeded to the title on his uncle's death in December, 1838. The founder of the Villiers family was a favorite of James I., whose descendants became ultimately earls of Jersey. About the middle of last century a younger son of the then Earl of Jersey married a daughter of the Earl of Essex, whose countess was heiress of the Hydes, formerly Earls of Clarendon and Rochester. This gentleman, who was successively joint Postmaster-General, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, was ultimately created Earl of Clarendon in 1776; and it is his third son who was the father of the present peer.

Lord Clarendon was educated at Cambridge. He entered the civil service at an early age; and in 1823 was appointed to a commissionership of the excise in Dublin by the late Marquis of Anglesey. The ability, intelligence, mental activity, and general knowledge displayed by him in this capacity, recommended him to the home government for some higher employment. Accordingly, in 1831, he was employed by the government in arranging a commercial treaty with France; and, when a crisis arrived in Spanish affairs in 1833, he was sent to the Court of Madrid

as British Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary. Here again, though his stay was prolonged through a period of more than ordinary civil strife and confusion, he was so fortunate as to secure the confidence of the government which he represented, and at the same time the good opinion of the inhabitants of the Spanish metropolis. Soon after his accession to the earldom, in 1838, he returned to England. He had not long taken his seat in the House of Lords, when a speech which he delivered on the question of Spanish affairs attracted the public attention; and, on a rearrangement of the Melbourne Cabinet taking place in January, 1840, Lord Clarendon was appointed Lord Privy Seal, an office to which the chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster was added on Lord Holland's death in the same year. In 1841 Sir Robert Peel came again into power, and Lord Clarendon's official duties ceasing, he remained in opposition for five years. On the accession of Lord John Russell to the premiership in 1846, he became President of the Board of Trade. This position however he did not long retain, as on the death of the Earl of Bessborough, he was sent to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant in May, 1847. He entered on his viceregal duties at a period of considerable agitation. Famine and fever had brought on great national distress and suffering, and the death of O'Connell, which had been announced in Dublin a few days previously, was just beginning to cause much popular excitement; the Repeal Association were holding larger meetings and using stronger language than ever; and the partial rebellion of 1848 was beginning to cast its shadow before it. The following extract from Lord Clarendon's answer to an address presented to him by the Roman Catholic prelates states in few words the spirit in which he entered on his duties as viceroy there:—"The eternal principles of justice and morality can never be violated with impunity, and the unrighteous legislation of by-gone times has left in Ireland traces which must be long and

severely felt. By penal enactments, doubtless, industry was discouraged, property was unequally distributed, the growth of a middle class was retarded, the people were demoralized, and the whole fabric of society rendered hollow and insecure. The remedy for such a state of things has of necessity been slow and difficult; but it is for the legislature and the government, and for all those who, living in better times and exercising authority, have at heart the true interests of Ireland, to efface the memory of the past, and by equal laws, impartial justice, and forbearing patience, steadily to carry on the great work of social regeneration, and to place the people of Ireland in the position which they are entitled to occupy." In spite however of this declaration, Lord Clarendon was obliged before the end of the year to proclaim several disaffected districts.

The energetic and prudent manner in which he met the threatened danger, and by which he averted the attempt at rebellion in the following year, established his political character in a point of view which the historian of that period will gladly turn to as a proof of the efficiency of a just moderation as opposed alike to a blind security or a violent system of coercion. At a later period he had to repress the excesses of the Orange party, and in so doing displayed firmness and moderation similar to that which the popular tumults had called forth. Lord Clarendon held the viceregal office till February, 1852, when, with the other members of the Russell ministry, he resigned, and was replaced by the Earl of Eglinton. His impartial rule exposed him to the censures of the more violent writers and orators belonging to both the extreme parties which so long divided Ireland; but now that strife has somewhat subsided, all parties seem willing to acknowledge Lord Clarendon's desire to improve the national condition of the people and to increase the prosperity of the country. Immediately on the formation of the Aberdeen ministry, Lord Clarendon gave in his adhesion to the coalition

cabinet, and took the seals of the Foreign Office, for which it was felt that he was admirably fitted by his address and skill in diplomacy, and from his deep insight into the views and feelings of the various courts and cabinets of Europe. The ability with which he has discharged the duties of that office since January, 1853, has been repeatedly recognized, not merely by friends, but by political opponents; so much so, that when, in 1855, Lord Derby ineffectually attempted to form a ministry, he confessed that, in the event of becoming premier, he would have been ready to offer the Foreign Seals to Lord Clarendon. On the accession of Lord Palmerston to power in February, 1855, no change was made in the foreign department. Accordingly, in the great and stirring events of the last three years, Lord Clarendon has been forced to occupy a leading position, and he has played a distinguished part well. But though he showed a proper energy in supporting the conduct of the war, Lord Clarendon was not unmindful of the blessings of peace, and did not desire to carry on hostilities further than was sufficient to secure the foundation of an honorable and lasting peace. Accordingly, when it was announced that a peace congress was about to be held at Paris, the nation looked to Lord Clarendon to take part in it on behalf of England. This duty Lord Clarendon discharged in conjunction with Lord Cowley, the British ambassador at Paris. In a speech delivered at the opening of the session of parliament in 1856, he explained fully the views with which her Majesty's ministers would enter on the negotiation with Russia. While he denied that the English government intended to carry on the war after the primary end and object had been attained, he still declared that until those negotiations should be concluded, every preparation would continue to be made for war; and that if a peace should not be arranged, the war would be prosecuted with increased activity. It was this speech, probably, which tended more than any other single cause

to lead the national mind to acquiesce in the peace recently concluded, April, 1856, between the belligerent powers; and the judgment and tact displayed by his lordship in the congress at Paris have been the subject of no slight or partial praise among all classes. His discreet zeal in the matter of mooted reforms, both civil and religious, in the States of the Italian peninsula, has also been deservedly commended.

Lord Clarendon married in 1839 a sister of the present Earl of Verulam, by whom he has a youthful family. He was created a G. C. B. (Civil) in 1838, and in 1849 rewarded with the knighthood of the Garter. Of his brothers, one has been recently advanced to the Bishopric of Carlisle, and the other is the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, Judge-Advocate-General, and M. P. for Wolverhampton, whose early exertions in the cause of free trade are not likely to be easily forgotten by the British public. A sister of the Earl of Clarendon, Lady Theresa Lewis, is favorably known as the authoress of the series of biographical sketches entitled "Friends and Contemporaries of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon."



JOHN WILKINS, 1800

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WITH the accurate and imposing portrait of this renowned commander of British armies and hero of an hundred battles, and the conqueror of Napoleon on the memorable and sanguinary field of Waterloo, it is fitting to record a brief outline biographical sketch of his eventful life. The portrait is lifelike. We have seen the original face often, and love to gaze upon one whose eyes have looked out upon such tremendous scenes of battle and carnage.

Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, was born at Dangan Castle in Ireland, on May 1, 1769. Marshal Ney, Goethe, and several of the greatest men of the age, were born in the same year. His father was Lord Mornington, an Irish nobleman, but he was of Norman blood, being lineally descended from the standard-bearer to Henry II., in his conquest of Ireland in the year 1100. His elder brother, who succeeded to the family honors, was a man of great genius and capacity, who afterwards became Governor-General of India, and was created Marquis Wellesley. Thus the same family had the extraordinary fortune of giving birth to the statesman whose counsel and rule preserved and extended the British empire in the Eastern, and the hero whose invincible arm saved his country and conquered Napoleon in the Western world. Young Arthur Wellesley, after having received the elements of education at Eton, was sent to the military school of Angers in France to be instructed in the art of war, for which he already evinced a strong predilection. He re-

ceived his first commission in the army in the thirty-third regiment, which to this day is distinguished by the honor then conferred upon it. The first occasion on which he was called into active service was in 1793, when his regiment was ordered abroad, and formed part of the British contingent, which marched across from Ostend, under Lord Moira, to join the allied army in Flanders. He bore an active part in the campaign which followed, and distinguished himself so much in several actions with the enemy, that, though only a captain in rank, he came at length to execute the duties of major, and did good service in several well-fought affairs of the rear guard in which he bore a part. Though the issue of the campaign was unfortunate, and it terminated in the disastrous retreat through Holland in 1794, yet it was of essential service in training Wellesley to the duties to which he was hereafter to be called, for it was with an army at one time mustering ninety thousand combatants that he had served; and his first initiation into the duties of his profession was with the great bodies which he was afterwards destined to command, and his first insight into war was on a great scale, to which his own achievements were one day destined to form so bright a contrast. After the return of the troops from Holland, the thirty-third regiment was not again called into active service till 1799, when it was sent out to India, to reinforce the troops there on the eve of the important war, in which Lord Wellesley, his elder brother, who was now Governor-General, was engaged with the forces of Tippoo Saib. Young Wellesley went with them, and on his way out his library consisted of two books, which he studied incessantly, — the Bible, and Caesar's Commentaries. War having broken out in 1803 between the East-India Company and the Mahrattas, General Wellesley, to which rank he had now been promoted, received the command of one of the armies destined to operate against them. After having stormed the strong fortress of

Achmednaghur, which lay on the road, he came up with the Mahratta force, thirty thousand strong, posted at the village of Assaye. Wellesley's forces, at the moment, did not exceed four thousand five hundred men, of whom only seventeen hundred were European; and the half of his army, under Colonel Stevenson, was at a distance, advancing by a different road, separated from his own by a ridge of intervening hills. But justly deeming the boldest course in such critical circumstances the most prudent, he took the resolution of instantly attacking the enemy with the small body of men under his immediate command. The result showed the wisdom as well as heroism of the determination. After a desperate struggle, in which he himself charged a Mahratta battery at the head of the seventy-fourth regiment, the vast army of the enemy, which comprised eighteen thousand splendid horse, was totally defeated, all their guns, ninety-seven in number, taken, and their army entirely dispersed. General Wellesley was made a Knight of the Bath for this victory, and he returned to England Sir Arthur Wellesley. His next employment was at the expedition under Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, in 1807, on which occasion he commanded a division of the army. He was not engaged in the siege, but commanded a corps which was detached against a body of Danes twelve thousand strong, who had collected, in the rear of the British force, in the island of Zealand. They were dispersed without much difficulty by a body of seven thousand men, under Sir Arthur Wellesley. After the fall of Copenhagen he returned to England, and was nominated soon after to the command, in the first instance, of an expeditionary force of ten thousand men, which was fitted out at Cork, to coöperate with the Portuguese in rescuing their country from the tyrannic grasp of the French Emperor. The expedition set sail in June, 1808, and landed on the coast of Portugal, when they were soon assailed by General Junot, who had marched out of Lisbon,

with nineteen thousand men, to drive him into the sea. The British force consisted of sixteen thousand, and, as this was the first time the troops of the rival nations had met in the peninsula, great interest was attached to the conflict. The French were defeated after a sharp action; and Sir Arthur had made preparations to follow up his victory by marching the same evening to Torres Vedras, where he would be between Junot and Lisbon, and would either drive him to a disastrous retreat or force him to surrender. But at this critical moment, when the order had just been despatched for this decisive movement, Sir H. Burrard arrived, and took the command. He belonged to the old school, with whom it was deemed enough to fight one battle in one day, and he gave orders to halt. Junot, in consequence, hastened back to Torres Vedras, without losing an hour, and regained the capital. Sir H. Dalrymple soon afterwards arrived, and concluded the famous convention of Cintra, by which the French evacuated the whole of Portugal. That convention excited unbounded indignation in England at the time; but Sir A. Wellesley justly supported it, for, when the opportunity of cutting off Junot from Lisbon had been lost, it was the best thing that could be done. Next year, still more operations were undertaken. Sir Arthur, who had now been appointed to the sole command of the army in Portugal, landed at Lisbon on April fourth, and by his presence restored the confidence which had been much weakened by the disastrous issue of Sir John Moore's campaign in the close of the preceding year. His first operation was to move against Marshal Soult, who had advanced to Oporto with twenty thousand men and taken that city. By a bold movement he effected the passage of the Tagus, under the very guns of the enemy, and drove the French to so rapid a retreat, that he partook of the dinner which had been prepared for Marshal Soult! The French general, by abandoning all his guns and baggage, effected his retreat into Galicia, but

not without sustaining losses as great as Sir John Moore had done in the preceding year. He next turned towards Spain, and having effected a junction with the Spanish general, Cuesta, in Estramadura, their united forces, sixty thousand strong, but of whom only twenty thousand were English and Portuguese, advanced towards Madrid. They were met at Talavera by King Joseph, at the head of forty-five thousand of the best French troops in Spain. A desperate action of two days' duration ensued, which fell almost entirely on the English and Portuguese, as the Spaniards, who were thirty-eight thousand in number, fled at the first shot. The French were in the end defeated, with the loss of eight thousand men and seventeen guns; but the fruits of victory were in a great measure lost to the English by the arrival of Marshals Soult, Ney, and Mortier, with the whole forces in the provinces of Galicia, Leon, and Asturias, in their rear, which forced them to retreat to the Portuguese frontier. But one lasting good effect resulted from this movement, that these provinces were liberated from the enemy, who never after regained their footing in them.

The year 1810 witnessed the invasion of Portugal by a huge French army, eighty thousand strong, under Marshal Massena, which, after capturing the fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, penetrated into the very heart of that country. Sir Arthur, who had now been created Viscount Wellington, had only thirty-five thousand men under his command, with which it was impossible to prevent the fall of those fortresses. But he took so strong a position on the ridge of Busaco that he repulsed, with great slaughter, an attack upon it by two corps of the French army, and when at length obliged to retire, from his flank being turned after the battle was over, he did so to the position of Torres Vedras, thirty miles in front of Lisbon, which, by the advantages of nature and the resources of art had been rendered impregnable. Six hundred guns

were mounted on the redoubts, which were defended by sixty thousand armed men. After wasting five months in front of this formidable barrier, the French general was forced to retreat, which he did, closely followed by Wellington to the Spanish frontier. There Massena turned on his pursuer, and he reëntered Spain with a view to bring away the garrison of Almeida, which was now invested; but he was met and defeated at Fuentes d'Onore by Wellington, and forced to retire without effecting his object to Ciudad Rodrigo. The remainder of the year 1810 and the whole of 1811 passed over without any very important events, although a desperate battle took place in the latter year at Albuera, where Marshal Soult was defeated, with the loss of seven thousand men, by Marshal Beresford, in an attempt to raise the siege of Badajoz, which Wellington was besieging. He was compelled to desist from that enterprise after he had made great progress in the siege, by a general concentration of the whole French forces in the centre and south of Spain, who advanced against him to the number of sixty thousand men. But, though Wellington withdrew into Portugal on this occasion, it was only soon to return into Spain. In the depth of winter he secretly prepared a battering train, which he directed against Ciudad Rodrigo, when Marmont's army, charged with its defence, was dispersed in winter quarters, and after a siege of six days, took it by storm in January, 1812. No sooner was this done than he directed his forces against Badajoz, which he also carried by storm, after a dreadful assault, which cost the victors four thousand men. Directing then his footsteps to the north, he defeated Marmont, with the loss of twenty thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, near Salamanca; and advancing to Madrid, he entered that capital in triumph, and compelled the evacuation of the whole of the south of Spain by the French troops. He then turned again to the north, and advanced to Burgos, the castle of which he attempted to

carry, but in vain. He was obliged again to retire, by a general concentration of the whole French troops in Spain, one hundred thousand strong, against him, and regained the Portuguese frontier, after having sustained very heavy losses during his retreat. The next campaign, that of 1813, was a continual triumph. Early in May, Wellington, whose army had now been raised to seventy thousand men, of whom forty thousand were native Englishmen, moved forward, and driving everything before him, came up with the French army of equal strength, which was concentrated from all parts of Spain in the Plain of Vittoria. The battle which ensued was decisive of the fate of the peninsula. The French, who were under King Joseph in person, were totally defeated, with the loss of one hundred and fifty-six pieces of cannon, four hundred and fifteen tumbrils, their whole baggage, and an amount of spoil never before won in modern times by an army. The accumulated plunder of five years in Spain was wrenched from them at one fell swoop. For several miles the soldiers literally marched on dollars and Napoleons which strewed the ground. The French regained their frontier with only one gun, and in the deepest dejection. St. Sebastian was immediately besieged, and taken, after two bloody assaults, Pampeluna blockaded, and a gallant army, thirty-five thousand strong, which Soult had collected in the south of France to raise the blockade, defeated with the loss of twelve thousand men. Wellington next defeated an attempt of the French again to penetrate into France at St. Marcial, and following up his successes, crossed the Bidassoa, stormed the lines they had constructed on the mountains, which were deemed impregnable, and after repeated actions, which were most obstinately contested through the winter, drove them entirely from the neighborhood of Bayonne, and completed the investment of that fortress, while Soult retired, with forty thousand men, towards Toulouse. Thither he was followed next spring by

Wellington, who again defeated him at Orthes, in a pitched battle, after which he detached his left wing, under Lord Dalhousie, which occupied Bordeaux. The main army, under Wellington in person, followed Soult and brought him to action, in a fortified position of immense strength, on the heights of Toulouse. The battle took place four days after peace had been signed, but when it was unknown to the allies: it graced the close of Wellington's peninsular career by a glorious victory. Honors and emoluments of all kinds were now showered upon the English general. He received a field-marshal's baton from George IV., in return for Marshal Jourdan's, taken on the memorable field of Vittoria; he was made a duke at the conclusion of the peace; received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and grants at different times to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds to purchase an estate and build a palace. He was chiefly at Paris during the year 1814, conducting the negotiations for peace; but on the return of Napoleon from Elba in March, 1815, he was appointed to the command of the united army of British, Hanoverians, and Belgians, seventy thousand strong, formed in the Netherlands, to resist the anticipated attack of the French Emperor. The French Emperor was not long in making the anticipated irruption; and on the fifteenth of June, 1815, he crossed the frontier, and drove in the Prussian outposts, with one hundred and thirty thousand men. Next day he attacked the Prussians, under Blücher, with eighty thousand, and despatched Ney with thirty thousand against Wellington's army, which was only beginning to be concentrated. A desperate action ensued at Quatre Bras, in which the French were at length repulsed with the loss of five thousand men; and, on the eighteenth, Wellington, having collected all his forces at the post of Waterloo, gave battle to Napoleon in person, who was at the head of eighty thousand men. His force was only sixty-seven thousand, with one hundred and fifty-six guns,—whereas,

the French had two hundred and fifty; and of these troops only forty-three thousand were English, and Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, who could be relied on, the remainder being Belgians, who ran away the moment the action was seriously engaged. Notwithstanding this great inequality, the British army maintained its ground with invincible firmness till seven o'clock, when the arrival of fifty thousand Prussians, under Blücher, on Napoleon's flank, enabled Wellington to take the offensive. The result was the total defeat of the French army, with the loss of forty thousand men and one hundred and fifty-six guns. Napoleon fled to Paris, which he soon after left, and surrendered to the English, and Louis XVIII. having returned to his capital, his dynasty, and with it peace, was restored. The allies having determined to occupy the frontier fortresses, with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men during five years, the command of the whole was bestowed on the Duke of Wellington; thus affording the clearest proof that his was the master-mind which had come to direct the European alliance. Wellington resigned his command, and with it his magnificent appointments, in October, 1818, and returned to England, to the retirement of a comparatively private station, terminating thus a career of unbroken military glory by the yet purer lustre arising from relieving the difficulties and assuaging the sufferings of his vanquished enemies. In 1819 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army, which situation he held during the whole anxious years which followed, and by his able and far-seeing arrangements, contributed, in an essential manner, to bring the nation, without effusion of blood, through the long years of distress which followed. His long and honored life, after having been prolonged beyond the usual period of human existence, at length drew to a close. He had, some years before his death, alarming symptoms in his head; so often the consequence of long-continued intellectual effort; but by strict abstemi-

ousness and perfect regularity of life, he succeeded in subduing the dangerous symptoms, and he was enabled to continue and discharge his duties regularly at the Horse Guards till the time of his death, which took place on September 18, 1852, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. He was honored with a public funeral, and buried in St. Paul's, in the most magnificent manner, beside Nelson. The Queen and all the noblest in the land were there; a million of persons witnessed the procession, which went from the Horse Guards, by Apsley House, Piccadilly, and the Strand, to St. Paul's, and not a head was covered, and few eyes dry, when the procession appeared in the streets. Wellington was only once married. He left two sons, the eldest of whom succeeded to his titles and estates, the fruits of his transcendent abilities and great patriotic services.



JAMES HAMILTON

LORD LYNDHURST.

LORD JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY LYNDHURST is the only son of the eminent painter, John Singleton Copley. His parents having emigrated from Ireland to America, the future Lord Lyndhurst first saw the light at Boston, in the United States, on the twenty-first of May, 1772. He was about two years old when he was carried over to England by his father, and the education which he received in his youth was from a private tutor. At the usual age he was entered a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was soon afterwards elected scholar. In the Mathematical Tripos of 1794 Mr. Copley took his degree of B. A., as second wrangler and senior Smith's prizeman, dividing the highest honors of the University with the late Dr. Butler, head master of Harrow School and dean of Peterborough. Soon afterwards he was elected a Fellow of his college, and his additional appointment as a "Travelling Bachelor" gave him an opportunity of visiting the United States and the continent of North America.

Having entered himself at the Temple on his return to England, he commenced a diligent and laborious course of study, and was called to the bar in 1797. He went for a time the Midland circuit, but it was long before he gained any great eminence or extensive practice. He was first brought into public notice by a report of "The Case of a Double Return for the Borough of Pershore," which he published in 1808. Time and the ordinary changes which made vacancies in his profession gradually enlarged his practice, and gave scope to the development of his talents

as an advocate. By degrees he obtained the undoubted leadership of his circuit; but it was not until the trial of Watson and Thistlewood for high treason, in 1817, in which he was engaged to assist the late Sir Charles Wetherell in defence of the prisoners, that he had an opportunity of displaying his abilities on any occasion of great public interest. Up to this period Mr. Copley's politics were decidedly liberal. He had exhibited, however, so much address and ability, that the Tory party resolved if possible to press him into their service. Accordingly, at the close of the year 1817, we find him employed as counsel for the crown in the prosecution of Brandreth and his associates, who were executed for high treason. In 1818 Mr. Copley made his first step towards substantial promotion, being advanced to the post of Chief Justice of the County Palatine of Chester; and about the same time he entered Parliament as member for the since disfranchised borough of Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. In Hilary Term, 1819, he was made a king's serjeant and quitted his circuit; and in the course of the same year succeeded Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Gifford as Solicitor-General, when he received the honor of knighthood. In 1820 he took an active part, as solicitor-general, in conducting the prosecution of his former client for the Cato-Street conspiracy, and in the proceedings instituted before the House of Lords against Queen Caroline, which he conducted with so much moderation and skill that he escaped from the general discredit which that prosecution brought on all persons who were concerned in it.

In 1824, on the elevation of Sir Robert Gifford to the Mastership of the Rolls, Sir John Copley became Attorney-General, and at the general election of 1826 he was returned as member for Cambridge University, in conjunction with Viscount Palmerston. In the same year the death of Lord Gifford caused a vacancy in the Rolls Court, to which he succeeded. In 1827 the question of Roman Catholic

Emancipation was brought forward in the House of Commons, during the struggle for power between various political parties, owing to the illness of Lord Liverpool. The bill on this occasion was strenuously opposed by the Master of the Rolls, though he had advocated it in an earlier stage of his political career, and though he took office a few weeks subsequently under Mr. Canning, when he attempted to form a ministry on liberal principles. On that occasion he was offered and accepted the chancellorship, somewhat to the surprise of the public, and on the twenty-seventh of April in that year he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lyndhurst of Lyndhurst, county of Hants.

Lord Lyndhurst continued to act in harmony with Mr. Canning until the death of that statesman in the following month of August, and even advocated a relaxation of the laws affecting Unitarian marriages. He retained office during Lord Goderich's ministry. He is supposed, however, to have been in some measure instrumental in breaking up that ill-assorted and inefficient administration; and, on the Duke of Wellington forming the succeeding government, Lord Lyndhurst retained his office. In the various vacillating though useful concessions of that ministry, he bore a prominent part. In 1828 he supported the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, in opposition to Lord Eldon. In the same year, he opposed Roman Catholic emancipation; but in the following year he, with the rest of the ministry, supported a full and ample measure of emancipation, declaring that he "felt no apprehension for the safety of the Church."

Lord Lyndhurst's official career was marked by few oratorical displays. He introduced and carried some useful measures of Law Reform; but was defeated in his attempt to create an additional chancery judge. On the fifteenth of November, 1830, (the very day on which the decision on Sir Henry Parnell's motion on the Civil List gave the ministry, of which he was a member, its mortal blow,) he

introduced a bill for regulating the Regency, in case of the demise of the king during the minority of his successor. This bill was adopted and carried by Lord Grey; and it is a singular proof of the soundness of this bill, of the skill with which it had been prepared, and of the very full and lucid manner in which its provisions were explained by Lord Lyndhurst, that after this speech not the slightest discussion took place on either the principle or the details of an arrangement, which had never before been settled without prolonged debate and the fiercest strife of parties.

Having been bred to the common-law bar, it was some time before Lord Lyndhurst attained a perfect knowledge of that particular branch of law which he was called upon to administer in the Court of Chancery; and in spite of his vigor of intellect, his fairness of mind, and his natural acuteness, he certainly did not establish for himself so high a judicial character as he has since obtained. Lord Lyndhurst retired from office with the Duke of Wellington in November, 1830; but he had so far conciliated the respect and esteem of the liberal party that he was made by them, shortly after their accession to power, Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and it was in this post that he earned that high reputation as a judge which he has ever since retained. Overcoming his natural tendency to indolence, he won his way with the bar by his uniform courtesy and fairness, and with the public by his integrity and impartiality. Decided and self-reliant almost to a fault, his great qualities were exhibited to advantage in guiding the proceedings of the court over which he presided; and the efficiency of his administration of justice is proved by the fact that, during his tenure of the judicial dignity, the Court of Exchequer, from having comparatively little business to transact, became the most busily occupied of all, and its decisions were considered of greater weight than those of the King's Bench itself.

Whilst presiding in the Exchequer, from 1831 to 1834,

Lord Lyndhurst took little or no part in the proceedings of the Upper House except upon the introduction of the Reform Bill, to which he offered a very strenuous and persevering opposition. His able speech against the second reading of the bill placed him at the head of the Conservative party in the House of Lords. On the seventh of May, 1832, he proposed and carried a postponement of the clauses which disfranchised the rotten boroughs. The ministry of Earl Grey resigned office; and the formation of a new ministry, on Tory principles, was actually proposed to Lord Lyndhurst, and accepted by him, in conjunction with the Duke of Wellington, but speedily abandoned on account of the refusal of Sir Robert Peel and other moderate Conservatives to lend him their coöperation. Accordingly Earl Grey resumed office, and the Reform Bill passed into law.

During the next three years Lord Lyndhurst took little or no part in any questions except those of a legal and technical nature. He carried a bill for settling the litigations arising out of the will of Mr. Thellusson, and lent his aid to the defeat of Lord Brougham's bill for the establishment of local courts. In November, 1834, Lord Melbourne's resignation of office occurred, and Lord Lyndhurst accepted the Great Seal under the brief administration of Sir Robert Peel which followed; but his official career during these months is in no way distinguishable from that of the ministry of which he was a member. The struggle between the contending parties was chiefly in the House of Commons, and Lord Lyndhurst found little exercise for his abilities in the Lords. On the retirement of his party, however, he devoted his entire energies to politics, with the exception of a rare attendance to his judicial duties in the House of Peers and the Privy Council. In the latter part of the session of 1835, he took the lead in opposing the Bill for the Reform of Municipal Corporations, and succeeded in inducing the House of Lords to insert in it cer-

tain amendments which were thought to be fatal to the bill. Experience proved that Lord Lyndhurst and his party had not calculated correctly; for the amendments, when adopted, rendered it more hurtful to the Tory party than it would have been in its original form. In the following year he took up a still more marked position in the House of Lords, whom he stimulated, while in opposition, to adopt a less conciliatory course than that which approved itself to moderate partisans such as Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. At the same time he commenced the plan of delivering at the end of each parliamentary session a speech in which he gave a *résumé* of its proceedings, accompanied by a sarcastic and withering commentary on the smallness of ministerial results. During this time he also gained considerable notoriety by his keen attacks on the Roman Catholics of Ireland, whom he designated as "aliens in blood, in language, and in religion."

Upon the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power in 1841, Lord Lyndhurst for the third time undertook the duties of the chancellorship, which he held until the dissolution of the Conservative party, and the retirement of Sir Robert Peel in 1846. He has continued down to the present time to take an occasional part in the debates of the House of Lords. He warmly and cordially supported the ministry of the Earl of Derby in 1852, and since that time advocated the undertaking of the war with Russia, and in some speeches which produced a profound impression throughout the country, counselled perseverance in carrying it to a successful issue. When peace was made at Paris in March, 1856, he denounced the policy adopted by Lord Clarendon as a practical capitulation on the part of England. He was, and, in spite of the infirmities of age, he still is, one of the most effective of parliamentary speakers in either house. His style of oratory is captivating in the extreme, being classical and severely simple, owing much of its charm to the very absence of ornament, though all his

speeches show marks of careful preparation. His voice is one of the most beautiful, and his articulation perfect, being distinct and melodious, without the least appearance of effort, and with a clear and silvery tone which gains the ear by the manner, even if the reason is not always satisfied with the matter of his speeches. His allusions to classical literature, which are not unfrequent, are always in good taste and applicable to the subject; and the structure of his sentences is so correct and elegant that it is said they might be printed straight from his lips without needing correction. His speeches on the Cambridge University Reform, delivered in 1855, those on the Wensleydale Peerage in February, 1856, and others still more recently delivered on the state of Italy, and on moving the Oath of Abjuration Bill, may be ranked among the highest of oratorical displays. As speaker of the House of Lords he was remarkable for an easy carelessness and a disregard of the formalities of his position, which showed in him an indifference to ceremony not frequently found in those who have risen to the peerage from the ranks of the people.



SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL was born on February 5, 1788. His father, the first baronet of the name, was a celebrated manufacturer, whose successful career was intimately connected with the development of the industrial energies of Britain during the great European war. The elder Peel left a princely fortune to be inherited by his distinguished son; and there is no doubt that the peculiar position in which he was placed had much influence on the mind of the statesman. In wealth and rank he was nominally among the aristocracy, and his own character was reserved and somewhat haughty. In the external movements of society he would feel his place a high one; and the proudest aristocracy were naturally ever willing to acknowledge a considerable position to the clever, rich, and highly educated cotton-spinner's son. Yet he would have opportunities of being conscious that he was not admitted within the sacred arena of the old feudal aristocratic families, whose generations had been intermarrying for centuries. His was a nature to see and feel this, while the history of his father's rise, and all the antecedents of his own greatness, would concur to throw his sympathies into the cause of progress and energy. He studied at Harrow and Oxford, where he early distinguished himself among the most brilliant men of his day. When just twenty-one years of age he entered Parliament as member for Cashel; and thenceforth the sphere of his exertions and triumphs was the House of Commons, in the history of which his career will form a large feature. He was no orator, nor was he

properly speaking a natural and simple debater. His manner was the artificial one of thorough training, but for an artificial manner it was a good one, and the house from his practice got to like it, though to a stranger it was generally unpleasant. He could state his case clearly and forcibly; but he seldom liked to abandon a subject until he had discussed it at great length. He avoided in a marked manner the statement of general principles, as if he feared that he might afterwards have to say or do something inconsistent with them, and he generally made out his case on the details of the matter rather than on any wide rule or principle of political opinion. At the beginning of his parliamentary career he was appointed to serve on Horner's bullion committee; and the peculiarities of his mind were then distinctly remarked. It was seen that he went into the inquiry with opinions totally unformed; that he proceeded with the examination systematically and calmly, as if it had related to some philosophical question about the composition of metals; but that after having formed his opinions, he deemed it his function and duty to carry them resolutely into practice. In 1811 he was made Under Secretary for the Colonies, and in 1812, while only twenty-four, he received the very responsible appointment of Chief Secretary for Ireland. After carrying his celebrated currency measure of 1819, he became in 1822 Home Secretary. Refusing to take office under Canning, he joined the ministry of the Duke of Wellington in 1828. Here by conceding Catholic emancipation, against which he had previously protested, he did one of those acts which have been called tergiversation by some, and the result of honest conviction, rising above original prepossession, by others. He still, however, professed to belong to the Conservative party, and he became a strenuous opponent of Earl Grey's ministry and the Reform Bill. When a Conservative government was, from mere accidental and personal causes not well explained, established in 1834, he gallantly undertook

the attempt to work it, though conscious that the task was hopeless. He became Prime Minister in 1841 with better prospects. The position in which he was placed was that of the head of a protectionist government, established to defeat and suppress the Free-Trade party. As circumstances developed themselves in the few critical years from 1841 to 1846, some indications of opinion created alarm among the thorough protectionists, and it was seen that the prime minister becoming convinced of the truth of free trade, was determined to carry its principles into practice. After a repeal of the corn laws and other measures in the same spirit, he resigned office to the party to whom his later opinions legitimately belonged, in the summer of 1846. He died on the second of July, 1850, of internal injuries caused by a fall from a horse. While riding up past Buckingham Palace near Hyde-Park gate, his horse stumbled and fell to the ground, and rolling partly over upon Sir Robert while entangled in the stirrups of the saddle, inflicted internal injuries so severe that he survived but a few hours in nearly an unconscious state. The painful tidings spread rapidly through the city of London and elsewhere.

There was something extremely touching in the spontaneous and universal feeling which was called forth by Sir Robert Peel's short illness and almost sudden death. We have no doubt that the ceremonial inquiries of strangers and political opponents were not only dictated by kindly courtesy, but prompted by genuine anxiety and regret. The carriages which crowded the purlieus of Whitehall were filled alike by those who had honored him and those who had wronged him, or had complained of wrong at his hands. The bitterest spirit of party could scarcely create a difference of feeling at such a time; and the hearty and unreserved sympathy which every public journal expressed, from the moment of the fatal accident, represented not only the general sentiment of the country,

but the shock which professed and practical politicians universally experienced on the sudden removal from the arena of the great parliamentary leader. Yet it was still more interesting to observe the sensation which was created by the melancholy circumstances in those, who, being neither colleagues nor rivals, opponents nor followers, of the dying statesman, could never have regarded him with the peculiar interest which personal intercourse seldom fails to create, even where it has only served as the occasion for personal hostility and conflict. Thousands who never left their names at the door, or saw them recorded in the papers, inquired anxiously for the latest intelligence. Scarcely a passenger went by without stopping to repeat the universal question, or heard the discouraging answer without an expression or look of regret. Some hours after the announcement of the fatal result, groups of people still remained opposite the house of the deceased, looking at the silent and empty walls in which he had breathed his last. The bodily remains were within; the last visitors had withdrawn; no sight could be expected to attract or reward curiosity; the crowd was only brought and kept together by the natural and unconscious tendency to realize a feeling by connecting it with a visible locality as its home. Neither the shutters in shop-windows, nor the lowered flags on the river, nor all the other becoming and customary symbols of general mourning, were more significant of the public consciousness of loss than these spectators collected in Whitehall Gardens to look on vacancy, while the pomps and vanities of a royal levee were inviting the gaze of idlers within a quarter of a mile. About the same hour the House of Commons adjourned in respect to the memory of its chief, on the motion of his veteran opponent of more than thirty years. The earnestness and sincerity with which Mr. Hume declared that he could not express his feelings were more fitting to the occasion than any flight of eloquence. The speeches which were delivered

on the next day in both Houses of Parliament, the demonstrations of respect and sorrow which have been made by the chief provincial towns, and the compliments paid to the deceased statesman by the French Assembly, sufficiently record the unanimous estimation of Sir Robert Peel's services and public character.

The Duke of Wellington, in a few broken sentences, interrupted by emotions which affect us very differently from those of softer and more susceptible natures, selected only one quality of his friend for praise, as that which had most strongly impressed him. "He always told the truth. I do not believe that, in the whole course of his life, he ever made an assertion which he did not believe to be the fact." Thus the straightforward, time-honored soldier speaks of the much reviled "Traitor of Tamworth;" not in accordance, perhaps, with common opinion, and to the surprise even of many admirers of the deceased. There was no charge more constantly brought against him by his opponents than that of verbal sophistry and wilful obscurity of language. The subtlety which they denounced as cunning, the careful ambiguity which seemed a preparation for trimming, the reserve which sometimes covered itself with a cloud of phrases as a safer concealment than silence, were all rather excused than denied by his adherents, who could not themselves but sometimes smile at the balancing of reciprocally destroying negatives in his periods, and the safe and catholic generality of the truisms to which he publicly pledged himself. "Poor Peel!" said a great moral humorist once, "who so often acts the truth, and seems destined never to speak it." Once, when he was asked to explain his intentions as a landlord, he replied, that if a deserving tenant applied to him for a lease, he would not pledge himself to abstain from hesitating long before he refused to take the proposal into consideration. At another time he informed the House of Commons, with the air of a candid convert to a paradoxical novelty, that he must,

whatever might be the consequences, express his belief that Louis Philippe, then in the height of his prosperity, was the greatest monarch who had ruled over France—since the time of Napoleon. Nevertheless, we believe that the Duke of Wellington is as correct in his judgment as he is sincere in uttering it, and he at least “never made an assertion which he did not believe to be the fact.” In his own case, he would probably have answered the inquiry as to the management of his estate, by an announcement that “the Field Marshal considered the question impertinent;” and of Louis Philippe he would have said nothing, unless he had something to say.

Sir Robert Peel's qualifications as a speaker have, on the whole, been justly appreciated. He had little capacity for that elevated rhetoric which, like every other form of eloquence, reached its perfection in Demosthenes; but he had a quality for which the great Athenian orator was equally distinguished.—a thorough understanding of his audience, and a steady view to practical results. His voice was musical and powerful, but his action was eminently ungraceful, and his perorations were sometimes more pompous than impressive: on the other hand, his arrangement of topics was admirably skilful, his memory unfailling, and his readiness as a debater seldom equalled. His playfulness was happier than is commonly supposed, and it was all the more effective from its general reference to the familiar conventionalities of Parliament. His transient allusions to individuals, his smiles and gestures and quotations, used to convulse the House with laughter, which seemed unaccountable when reported in the newspapers. The professional nature of his jokes, perhaps, deprives him of some of the credit which he deserved. They served their purpose at the time; and success is the best test of the rhetorical fitness of humor, if not of its intrinsic value. It may be, also, that in Parliament, as in every private circle, there is as much genuine playfulness exercised in dealing

with ancient jests and accustomed associations, as in conceiving the more recondite and startling combinations which are recognized as specimens of humor by the world at large. To the character of a wit, Sir Robert Peel had no pretension. Not a single good saying remains to preserve the memory of the skilful banter which so often excited the amusement of his hearers, and disturbed the composure of his adversaries. Nor do we anticipate that his speeches will survive him. Their chief merit consisted in their admirable fitness to their immediate purpose. Where information was required, no statesman of his time was equally capable of supplying it, nor could any contemporary orator adapt himself better to the temper of his audience; but in style, the sole preservative of speeches or of writings, his rhetoric was altogether deficient. His greatness as a speaker must rest on the solid basis of success. For twenty years, among able reasoners and brilliant declaimers, some of them his superiors in almost every assignable quality of an orator, he led the House with a recognized superiority to all parliamentary competitors, of which no example had been offered since the time of the elder Pitt. At the time when his power out of doors was greatest, he had still a special and peculiar influence which was confined to the walls of the House of Commons; and, even in the days of newspaper reporting, it is no inconsiderable proof of tact and skill in a speaker to convey impressions to his immediate hearers which are lost in the written record of his discourse.

The circumstances and personal demeanor of Sir Robert Peel were well calculated to strengthen his influence in the country. The recent elevation of his family by manufacturing prosperity, while it appealed to the sympathy of the most active and rising section of the political community, seemed to account for the untiring and business-like industry of his habits, and for his consummate familiarity with the mysteries of trade and of finance. A more real

support, however, was added by the possession of a princely fortune, administered in perfect accordance with the tastes and customs of Englishmen, and furnishing him with the means of moving on an equal level with the most powerful class of the aristocracy. If some of the body, in anger or in jealousy, confided to their sycophants their incurable distrust and dislike for the blood of the cotton-spinner, he was not the less surrounded by the homage which rank in that country prudently pays to wealth and substantial power. The ablest living politician, born a *millionnaire*, was careful to present, in his own person, to his social equals, the type of the wealthy English gentleman of the nineteenth century. The first who ever took double honors at Oxford, he possessed the classical accomplishments which the traditions of his youth attributed to the statesmen of the past generation, perhaps in higher perfection than any of them.

It is remarkable that the stage in Sir Robert Peel's life which Lord John Russell selected for special mention and praise was that in which he formed and trained the new Conservative party, and at last established it in office. The safe working of the Reform Bill, in the opinion of its proposer, was mainly secured by the temperance and foresight of its most powerful opponent. In teaching his followers to act in the spirit of the new constitution, he saved them not only from the errors of reaction, but from the opposite dangers of popular irritation and alarm. His ancient adversary, long versed in party warfare, and in the anxious responsibilities of political leadership, is, perhaps, at the distance of many years, the most competent judge of the qualities which were displayed in that ten years' conflict. Lord John's thoughtful recognition of the greatness of his rival's merits in the portion of his career in which they were most formidable to himself, is as creditable to his sagacity of observation as to the generosity which has prompted every allusion he has made to the deceased, and

which has sought, in every becoming manner, to accumulate honors on his tomb.

We have no fear that history will fail to do justice to an honest and generally successful statesman. The emotion which has been occasioned by his death is honorable to the character of the country; and to himself it constitutes a memorial so noble and befitting a worthy ruler,—

“That kings for such a tomb might wish to die.”



W. H. H. H. H.

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THE EARL OF ELGIN.

As the noble Earl of Elgin has long filled high stations of honor and responsibility on both sides of the Atlantic, and now stands conspicuous before the world as her Majesty's ambassador to China on a mission of great importance to the British government, we take pleasure in embellishing this work with a beautiful portrait and striking likeness of this renowned nobleman. In doing this, we hope to please and gratify his many personal friends in the United States, and especially in Canada, over which he was so long the popular Governor-General. We hope our Canada friends will regard this portrait of the Earl of Elgin as a tribute of respect to them, and our desire to gratify their wishes, if this shall meet their approbation. We subjoin a biographical sketch to add interest to the portrait.

The Right Honorable the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine is a descendant of the Scottish royal family of Bruce. Genealogical writers trace the lineage of this noble stock to a period nearly a thousand years back. Among the comparatively recent members of the family, to whom the present representative is indebted for the honors and estates he inherits, there are one or two who may be mentioned. We learn from Sir Bernard Burke's invaluable "Peerage" that Sir Edward Bruce of Kinloss was appointed a Lord of the Session in 1597, and, in company with the Earl of Mar, was accredited by James VI. to the Court of Elizabeth, to congratulate her Majesty upon the suppression of Essex's rebellion. He then placed the affairs

of his royal master in such a train with Secretary Cecil as to pave the way for the peaceable succession of the Scottish monarch to the English throne. Upon his return, in February, 1602, he was created a Peer of Scotland, as Baron Bruce of Kinloss, in the county of Elgin. Accompanying King James into England, on his accession, he was sworn a member of the new monarch's Privy Council, and constituted Master of the Rolls for life. The successor to this nobleman was killed in a duel with Sir Edward Sackville, when the family honors passed to Thomas, third Baron, who was advanced to an earldom, June 21, 1633, as Earl of Elgin; he was further advanced to the dignity of an English peerage in 1640, as Baron Bruce of Whorlton, county of York. The next earl achieved additional dignities by his loyalty to the Charleses, having been created, in March, 1664, Baron Bruce of Skelton, county of York, Viscount Bruce of Ampthill, county of Bedford, and Earl of Aylesbury. In the mean time, one of the junior branches of the family attained a peerage as Baron Bruce of Torrey and Earl of Kincardine, which dignity subsequently became incorporated with that of Elgin. The joint title of Earl of Elgin and Kincardine was assumed by Charles Bruce, ninth Earl of Kincardine, on the death of the fourth Earl of Elgin without surviving male issue. The father of the present peer was born in 1777, and achieved considerable distinction in the diplomatic service. He fulfilled the duties of Envoy to Brussels, in 1792, and accompanied the Prussian army during its operations in Germany, in the following year. In 1795 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary at Berlin, and in 1799 he went to Constantinople as ambassador. While in Turkey, he conceived the idea of sending to England a variety of valuable records of art from Athens. He sought the assistance of the government, but without success. But he was not discouraged; engaging six artists at his own expense, he sent them to Athens, in August, 1800, where they

secured a large number of casts, monuments, statues, bass-reliefs, medals, and fragments of architecture, of the best age of Athenian art. They were brought over to England, and purchased by the government for the British Museum, where they were deposited in 1816. They are well known by the name of the "Elgin Marbles."

The present Earl was born in Park Lane, London, in the month of July, 1811. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he attained a distinguished position among many scholars who afterwards achieved celebrity in art, literature, and science. He won first-class honors in classics in 1832; became a Fellow of Merton College and graduated Master of Arts in 1835. The further distinction of D. C. L. was conferred upon him in the year 1856. Before succeeding to the earldom, and at the general election of 1841, the young nobleman offered himself to the citizens of Southampton for election to the House of Commons as their representative. He was duly returned M. P. for that city, and took part in the debates which led to a change of government in the autumnal session of that year; but his father, the seventh Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, having died before Parliament assembled for the despatch of business, in 1842, his lordship did not again take his seat in the House of Commons.

In March, 1842, his lordship accepted the appointment of Governor-General of Jamaica, and went out immediately afterwards to assume the duties of that important position. He became very popular in the island, and retained the governor-generalship until August, 1846, when he resigned in consequence of having received an offer from the administration of Lord John Russell to succeed Earl Cathcart in the government of Canada. Towards the close of September, 1846, Lord Elgin undertook the functions of Governor and Captain-General of Canada, with a salary of seven thousand pounds per annum. As in Jamaica, his lordship achieved a general popularity among those he

governed. He won the respect of the Canadians not only by his neutral and dignified bearing in reference to various political questions from time to time in fierce agitation, but by his zealous exertions to promote the agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing interests of the province. He carried out the principles of administration recommended by the late Earl of Durham, by cherishing a representative system and self-government; and succeeded in converting into loyal subjects large classes in Canada which were previously disaffected. This diplomatic achievement increased his popularity not only in Canada, but beyond the frontier; and ovations were offered to him by the citizens of adjacent States. He obtained an accession of popularity by his successful negotiation of the treaty for reciprocity of trade between British America and the United States.

During the absence of Lord Elgin in Canada, the home government conferred upon him the dignity of an English peerage, in acknowledgment of his eminent diplomatic services. On his return to England in 1854, his Lordship was received in a very flattering manner by the government, and by the public generally. A grand banquet in his honor was given soon after his arrival, which was attended by peers and members of Parliament of all shades of political opinion. In the autumn of the same year the Earl of Elgin was nominated to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Fife-shire.

The unexpected renewal, in 1857, of difficulties on the coast of China afforded another field for the exercise of the noble earl's diplomatic abilities. He was selected by the government of Lord Palmerston to proceed as High Commissioner and Plenipotentiary on a special mission to the Court of Peking, with power to settle the controversy. This embassy he conducted with consummate ability and with complete success. Arriving in the Chinese seas, his lordship found the British forces engaged in an undigni-

fied conflict with Commissioner Yeh, whose policy it was to oppose generally a passive, and, in some instances, an active resistance to the representatives of this country. Much had to be done. The position of affairs at the moment of Lord Elgin's arrival was deplorable. To quote the "Times," "The great plains of Eastern Asia were almost closed against our commerce; and the vast population which tilled those plains entertained towards us feelings of profound hostility, and even of horror. A great empire which we could not leave unvisited, because we depend upon it for one of the first necessities of our artificial life, and because we had long sought to find in it a market for our own industry, had expelled us from its principal port, and had almost shut us up, blockaded in the single island we possessed upon its borders. Our factories were destroyed and our commercial relations were interrupted. We could not show ourselves anywhere upon the coast beyond the distance commanded by our guns; and our fellow-citizens were murdered like wild beasts, if they ventured to land in pursuit of the most peaceful objects of commercial traffic. A price was set upon our heads; and the court-yards round which were ranged the horrible cages at Canton echoed with the groans of Europeans. Partial and ineffectual bombardments had stimulated hatred without creating a wholesome conviction of our power; and the Chinese government still believed that they could afford to treat us at once with cruelty and contumely."

Lord Elgin's first endeavor was to arrange the difficulty in an amicable manner. He attempted to obtain those temporal concessions which would guarantee respect to the British flag and insure peaceful commercial relations with China for the future. Not succeeding in this undertaking, and not even obtaining the courtesies usual among the representatives of civilized nations, his lordship at length adopted that vigorous policy which alone remained. He made an attack upon Canton, and subsequently advanced

up the River Peiho towards the seat of the Chinese government, with the determination of exacting by force the concessions which he found himself unable to secure by diplomacy; exhibiting throughout firmness of purpose and unswerving resolution, he ultimately negotiated the celebrated treaty of Tien-tsin.

While in the East, his lordship visited India and Japan. In India he afforded valuable assistance at the crisis of the rebellion; and in Japan he negotiated a treaty of an important character, which considerably increased our influence in that comparatively unknown country, and opened a wide field of commercial enterprise to the British merchant.

On the twenty-second of April, 1841, the noble Earl married Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of Charles Lennox Cumming Bruce, Esq., M. P. This lady having died in 1843, his lordship married secondly Lady Mary Louisa, eldest surviving daughter of the late Earl of Durham, by whom he has a family of four sons. The eldest, Victor Alexander, Lord Bruce, was born May 16, 1849.



ANNE BOLEYN AND HENRY VIII.

ANNE BOLEYN was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire. Anne's mother was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. She was born in the year 1507, and in her childhood accompanied Mary, the sister of Henry VIII., to France; where she remained in the court of that queen and of her successor, the wife of Francis I., for many years. The time of her return from France is doubtful; but Burnet places it in 1527, when her father was sent in an embassy to France. At that time she became a maid of honor to Queen Katharine, the wife of Henry VIII., and was receiving the addresses of Lord Percy, the eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland. She appears to have quickly attracted the notice of the king, who in a letter to her in 1528, alludes to his having been one whole year struck with the dart of love; and her engagement with Lord Percy was at this time broken off by the intervention of Wolsey, in whose household that nobleman had been brought up. Anne retired into the country during the early part of Henry's process for a divorce from Katharine, but she kept up a correspondence by letters with him. In 1529 she returned to court, and was known to be intended by Henry for his future queen. At the beginning of 1533, Henry married Anne Boleyn secretly in the presence of her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and of her father and mother. Doctor Rowland Lee, afterwards Bishop of Litchfield, performed the ceremony, about the twenty-fifth of January. It was not till the twenty-third of May follow-

ing that the nullity of the King's previous marriage was declared by Cranmer, who five days afterwards confirmed that of Anne Boleyn; and on the first of June Queen Anne was crowned with great pomp. On the thirteenth of the following September the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards queen, was born.

Of the events of the queen's life during the two subsequent years little is known, except that she favored the Reformation and promoted the translation of the Bible. Early in 1536, the affections of her husband were alienated from her and fixed upon Jane Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour, and one of the maids of honor to the queen. Some alleged imprudences were stretched into high treason. She was accused and tried. Two days after, she was condemned to death. Cranmer pronounced the nullity of her marriage. After her conviction her feelings seem to have been absorbed in indignation at the baseness of her persecutors and anxiety for her own posthumous fame. On the nineteenth of May she was beheaded on the green before the Tower, denying her guilt, but speaking charitably of the King, no doubt with a view to protect her daughter from his vengeance. Her body was thrown into a common chest of elm-tree, used to put arrows in. What would else seem the apparently inexplicable hatred of Henry towards Queen Anne, is sufficiently explained by the fact that the day after her execution Henry married Jane Seymour. If Anne Boleyn was only remarkable as the victim of the lusts, the caprice, and the heartless selfishness of Henry VIII., her history would be interesting as an illustration of the state of jurisprudence in her time, and of the temper of a King whose personal character exercised more influence over the affairs of England than that of any of her kings since the Conqueror. But the name of Anne Boleyn is still more remarkable by her connection with the Reformation in England, of which, incidentally perhaps, she was the immediate cause. Henry

VIII. could only obtain her hand by annulling his previous marriage, and the refusal of the Pope to do this led to the severance of England from the Romish communion. Her character in this respect excited a fierce controversy, which three centuries have not extinguished.

SCENE IN THE ENGRAVING.

THE plate illustrates a historic incident in the lives of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, of which the following explanation will add interest. By the skill of the artist the curtain of past centuries seems to be lifted so as to bring before the eye these personages so renowned in history. Thus Anne Boleyn had been absent at the French Court for several years, and during that period had bloomed into wondrous beauty of personal and mental attractions. On her return to England she at once became famed in all the circles of nobility and fashion, for her personal worth and charms. King Henry soon made the discovery of her beauty and worth. His advances and efforts to gain her affections were at first repelled, which only added fuel to the flame of passion in the heart of Henry. It was at this point of time that a splendid farewell *fête* was given to the French ambassadors at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, and at the mask with which the midnight ball concluded the King gave a public mark of his preference for Anne Boleyn by selecting her for his partner. In the print the King is supposed to be giving his hand to Anne Boleyn to lead her to the dance, and whispering some word of love in her ear, while the lady turns her head modestly away from the King's fond gaze. The musicians are seen in the orchestra above, striking up for the dance. The company around stand observant of the scene.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE accompanying print is a rare and remarkable portrait of England's renowned Queen Elizabeth, or "England's Maiden Queen," as she preferred to be called. It is a fitting companion print to the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. Both were women of fame, filling large chapters in the history of England. These portraits well serve as illustrations of their personal history, which can hardly fail to interest the reader.

The costume and drapery of the Elizabeth portrait will strike the eye as curious and strange. The whole aspect is characteristic of the person and the age in which she held a position so exalted and conspicuous. In an age which delighted in the pictorial riddles of inexhaustible allegory, it is perhaps not very strange that she should have adopted this mode of displaying such devices; still less that one of the vainest women in the world should have invented or accepted such as might attribute to herself the beneficence and splendor of the sun, the wisdom of the serpent, and the vigilance of the most acute and watchful organs of the human frame. The serpent, the eyes and ears so curiously conspicuous upon her robe, as if looking and listening, indicate assumptions of intelligence, such as we do not remember to have seen on any other portrait. Her wardrobe, at the time of her death, contained more than two thousand dresses, of the fashions of all countries, of all times, and of all contrivances that busy fancy could suggest.

The portrait is taken from the collection of the most

noble the Marquis of Salisbury, at Hatfield, and is regarded as one of great value of this illustrious personage. Zuccherò, the original painter of this portrait of Elizabeth, had been employed in France by the Cardinal of Lorraine. From France he came over to England in 1574, and while here painted several fine portraits, particularly one of Queen Elizabeth. "His stay was short," writes Walpole, "as he was offended with our religion." He went to Spain, and was employed by Philip II. to paint frescoes in the Escorial.

We have given this brief sketch of the portrait, to which we add a brief outline of her life, as being all that our room will permit, and all that may be necessary, as most of our readers are doubtless familiar with her history.

Elizabeth, Queen of England, was the daughter of Henry VIII., by his second wife, Anne Boleyn. She was born at Greenwich, the seventh of September, 1533. She was not three years old, therefore, when her mother was brought to the block in May, 1536. In 1535, a negotiation was entered into for the marriage of Elizabeth to the Duke of Angoulême, the third son of Francis I. of France; but it was broken off before any agreement was come to. In 1546 also, Henry proposed to the Emperor Charles V., with the view of breaking off a match then contemplated between the Emperor's son, the Prince of Spain, afterwards Philip II., with a daughter of the French King, that Philip should marry the Princess Elizabeth; but neither alliance took place. In 1550, in the reign of Edward VI., it was proposed that Elizabeth should be married to the eldest son of Christian III. of Denmark; but the negotiation seems to have been stopped by her refusal to consent to the match.

Camden gives the following account of the situation and employments of Elizabeth at this period of her life, in the introduction to his history of her reign. "She was both," he says, "in great grace and favor with King Edward, her

brother, as likewise in singular esteem with the nobility and people; for she was of admirable beauty, and well deserving a crown, of a modest gravity, excellent wit, royal soul, happy memory, and indefatigably given to the study of learning; insomuch, as before she was seventeen years of age she understood well the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and had an indifferent knowledge of the Greek. Neither did she neglect music, so far as it became a princess, being able to sing sweetly, and play handsomely on the lute. With Roger Ascham, who was her tutor, she read over Melancthon's "Common-Places," all Tully, a great part of the histories of Titus Livius, certain select orations of Isocrates, Sophocles's Tragedies, and the New Testament in Greek, etc."

On the death of Edward, Camden says, that an attempt was made by Dudley to induce Elizabeth to resign her title to the crown for a sum of money, and certain lands to be settled on her: her reply was, "that her elder sister, the Lady Mary, was first to be agreed withal; for as long as the said Lady Mary lived, she, for her part, could challenge no right at all." At Mary's coronation, in October, 1553, according to Holinshed, as the Queen rode through the city towards Westminster, the chariot in which she sat was followed by another "having a covering of cloth of silver, all white, and six horses trapped with the like, wherein sat the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Anne of Cleve."

From this time Elizabeth, who had been brought up in their religion, became the hope of the Protestant party. Her position, however, was one of great difficulty. At first she refused to attend her sister to mass, endeavoring to soothe Mary by appealing to her compassion; after some time, however, she yielded an outward compliance. The death of Mary took place on the seventeenth of November, 1558. Elizabeth came to London on Wednesday, the twenty-third; she was met by all the bishops in a body at

Highgate, and escorted by an immense multitude of people of all ranks to the metropolis, where she took up her lodgings at the residence of Lord North, in the Charter House. On the afternoon of Monday, the twenty-eighth, she made a progress through the city in a chariot to the royal palace of the Tower.

Elizabeth was twenty-five years of age when she came to the throne; and one of her earliest acts of royalty, by which, as Camden remarks, she gave proof of a prudence above her years, was what we should now call the appointment of her ministers. Cecil became Lord High Treasurer, on the death of the Marquis of Winchester in 1572, and continued to be Elizabeth's principal adviser till his death in 1598. Of the other persons who served as ministers during Elizabeth's long reign, by far the most worthy of note was Sir Francis Walsingham, who was principal Secretary of State from 1573 till his death in 1590, and was, all the time they were in office together, the confidential friend and chief assistant of Cecil the Premier.

The affair to which Elizabeth first applied her attention on coming to the throne, and that in connection with which all the transactions of her reign must be viewed, was the settlement of the national religion. The opinions of Cecil strongly concurred with her own in favor of the reformed doctrines, to which also undoubtedly the great mass of the people were attached. The Protestants alike in Scotland, in France, and in the Netherlands, (then subject to the dominion of Philip,) regarded Elizabeth as firmly bound to their cause by her own interests; and she on her part kept a watchful eye on the religious and political contentions of all these countries, with a view to the maintenance and support of the Protestant party, by every species of countenance and aid short of actually making war in their behalf. With the Protestant government in Scotland, which had deposed and imprisoned the Queen, she was in open and intimate alliance; in favor of the

French Huguenots she at one time negotiated or threatened, at another even went the length, scarcely with any concealment, of affording them pecuniary assistance; and when the people of the Netherlands at length rose in revolt against the oppressive government of Philip, although she refused the sovereignty of their country, which they offered to her, she lent them money, and in various other ways openly expressed her sympathy and good-will.

The Queen of Scots was put to death in 1587, by an act of which it is easier to defend the state policy than either the justice or the legality. Elizabeth died on the twenty-fourth of March, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age and the forty-fifth of her reign. One of the first requests addressed to her by the Parliament after she came to the throne was, that she would marry; but for reasons which were probably various, though with regard to their precise nature we are rather left to speculation and conjecture than possessed of any satisfactory information, she persisted in remaining single to the end of her days. Yet she coquetted with many suitors almost to the last. In 1571, proposals were made by Catherine de Medici for a marriage between Elizabeth and her son Charles IX., and afterwards in succession with her two younger sons, Henry, Duke of Anjou, (afterwards Henri III.,) and Francis, Duke of Alençon, (afterwards Duke of Anjou.) The last match was again strongly pressed some years after; and in 1581 the arrangement for it had been all but brought to a conclusion, when, at the last moment, Elizabeth drew back, declining to sign the marriage articles, after she had taken up the pen for the purpose. Very soon after the death of Leicester, the young Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, whose mother Leicester had married, was taken into the same favor that had been so long enjoyed by the deceased nobleman; and his tenure of the royal partiality lasted, with some intermissions, till he destroyed himself by his own hot-headedness and violence. He was executed for a

frantic attempt to excite an insurrection against the government in 1601. Elizabeth, however, never recovered from this shock; and she may be said to have sealed her own sentence of death in signing the death-warrant of Essex.

Both the personal character of Elizabeth and the character of her government have been estimated very differently by writers of opposite parties. That she had great qualities will hardly be disputed by any one who duly reflects on the difficulties of the position she occupied, the consummate policy and success with which she directed her course through the dangers that beset her on all sides, the courage and strength of heart that never failed her, the imposing attitude she maintained in the eyes of foreign nations, and the admiration and pride of which she was the object at home. She was undeniably endowed with great good sense, and with a true feeling of what became her place. The weaknesses, and also the more forbidding features of her character, on the other hand, are so obvious as scarcely to require to be specified.

Her literary knowledge was certainly very considerable; but of her compositions (a few of which are in verse) none are of much value, nor evidence any very superior ability, with the exception perhaps of some of her speeches to the Parliament. A list of the pieces attributed to her may be found in Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors."

Her reign, take it all in all, was a happy as well as a glorious one for England. The kingdom under her government acquired and maintained a higher and more influential place among the States of Europe, principally by policy, than it had ever been raised to by the most successful military exertions of former ages. Commerce flourished and made great advances, and wealth was much more extensively and rapidly diffused among the body of the people than at any former period. It is the feeling of progress, rather than any degree of actual attainment, that

keeps a nation in spirits; and this feeling everything conspired to keep alive in the hearts of the English in the age of Elizabeth; even the remembrance of the stormy times of their fathers, from which they had escaped, lending its aid to heighten the charm of the present calm. To these happy circumstances of the national condition was owing, above all, and destined to survive all their other products, the rich native literature, more especially in poetry and the drama, which now rushed up, as if from the tillage of a virgin soil, covering the land with its perennial fruit and flowers. Spenser and Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Raleigh and Bacon, and many other eminently distinguished names, gained their earliest celebrity in the Elizabethan age.



THE END OF THE WORLD

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HER PORTRAIT.

THIS is a beautiful portrait-print of this world-renowned lady. Her name, her character, her misfortunes, her beauty, and accomplishments, her sad and terrible destiny, the tears on her cheek, and on her hand, seemingly almost as fresh as if they had just fallen from her weeping eyes, the near approach of the final hour, the night before her execution, will awaken emotions of sympathy in the heart of the reader, and perhaps cause the crystal fountains to spring aleak at the contemplation of that face and form which was once called to suffer such fearful agonies of mind and body.

MARY STUART, Queen of Scotland, was born on the seventh of December, 1542. She was the third child of King James V. of Scotland, by his wife Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise, who had previously borne her husband two sons, both of whom died in infancy. A report prevailed that Mary too was not likely to live; but being unswaddled by her nurse at the desire of her anxious mother, in presence of the English ambassador, the latter wrote to his court that she was as goodly a child as he had seen of her age. At the time of her birth her father lay sick in the palace of Falkland; and in the course of a few days after he expired, at the early age of thirty, his death being hastened by distress of mind occasioned by the defeats which his nobles had sustained at Fala and Solway Moss. James was naturally a person of

considerable energy and vigor both of mind and body, but previous to his death he fell into a state of listlessness and despondency, and after his decease it was found that he had made no provision for the care of the infant princess, or for the administration of the government. The ambitious Beatoun seized this opportunity, and producing a testament which he pretended was that of the late king, immediately assumed the office and title of regent. The fraud was soon discovered; but by the haste and imprudence of the regent Arran and Henry VIII. of England, who wished a marriage agreed to between his son and the young Queen, Beatoun regained his influence in the country; and on the ninth of September, 1543, Mary was crowned by the archbishop, who was also immediately afterwards appointed Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom. He had even the address to win over the regent Arran to his views, both political and religious; and thus the French or Roman Catholic party obtained the ascendancy. The first two years of Mary's life were spent at Linlithgow, in the royal palace of which she was born; she was then removed to Stirling Castle; and when the disputes of parties in the country rendered this a somewhat dangerous residence, she was carried to Inchmahome, a sequestered island in the Lake of Monteith, where she remained about two years. In the mean time a treaty of marriage had been concluded between her and the Dauphin Francis; and in the terms of the treaty it was resolved she should be sent into France to be educated at the French court, until the nuptials could be solemnized. Accordingly in the fifth year of her age she was taken to Dumbarton, where she was put on board the French fleet; and setting sail towards the end of July, 1548, she was, after a tempestuous voyage, landed on the fourteenth of August at Brest, whence she proceeded by easy stages to the palace at St. Germaine-en-Laye.

Soon after her arrival at her destination, Mary was placed with the French king's own daughters in one of

the first convents of the kingdom, where she made rapid progress in the acquisition of the literature and accomplishments of the age. She did not however remain long in this situation, being soon carried to the court, which, as Robertson observes, was one of the politest but most corrupt in Europe. Here Mary became the envy of her sex, surpassing the most accomplished in the elegance and fluency of her language, the grace and liveliness of her movements, and the charm of her whole manner and behavior. The youthful Francis, to whom she was betrothed, and was soon to be united in wedlock, was about her own age, and they had been playmates from early years: there appears also to have grown up a mutual affection between them; but the Dauphin had little of her vivacity, and was altogether considerably her inferior both in mental endowments and personal appearance.* The marriage, which took place on the twenty-fourth of April, 1558, was celebrated with great pomp, the vaulted roof of the cathedral ringing with the shouts and congratulations of the assembled multitude.

The solemnities being over, the married pair retired to one of their princely retreats for the summer; but that season was hardly gone when, a vacancy having occurred on the throne of England by the death of Queen Mary, claims were put forth on behalf of the Queen of Scots through her grandmother, who was eldest daughter of King Henry VII. of England; and notwithstanding that Elizabeth had ascended the throne, and was, like her sister Mary, (both daughters of King Henry VIII.,) queen both *de facto* and by the declaration of the Parliament of England, yet this claim for the Scottish princess was made and continued to be urged with great pertinacity by her ambitious uncles the princes of Lorraine. On every occasion on which the Dauphin and Dauphiness appeared in public, they were ostentatiously greeted as the King and Queen of England; the English arms were engraved upon their

plate, embroidered on their banners, and painted on their furniture; and Mary's own favorite device at the time was, the two crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto "*Alianque moratur*," meaning that of England. Henri II. died in July, 1559, and in September of the same year Francis was solemnly crowned at Rheims. Mary was now at the height of her splendor; it was doomed however to be only of short continuance. In June, 1560, her mother died; and in December of the same year, her husband, who had been wasting away for some months, expired. By this latter event Catherine de' Medici rose again into power in the French court, and Mary, who did not relish being second where she had been the first, immediately determined on quitting France and returning to her native country. The queen of England however interposed; and as Mary would not abandon all claim to the English throne, refused to grant her a free passage. Mary notwithstanding resolved to go, and at length, after repeated delays, still lingering on the soil where fortune had smiled upon her, she reached Calais. Here she bade adieu to her attendants, and sailed for Scotland; but as long as the French coast remained in view, she continued involuntarily to exclaim, "Farewell, France! Farewell, beloved country!" She landed at Leith on the nineteenth of August, 1561, in the nineteenth year of her age, and after an absence from Scotland of nearly thirteen years. She was now, in the language of Robertson, "a stranger to her subjects, without experience, without allies, and almost without a friend."

A great change had taken place in Scotland since Mary was last in the country. The Roman Catholic religion was then supreme; and under the direction of Cardinal Beaton the Romish clergy displayed a fierceness of intolerance which seemed to aim at nothing short of the utter extirpation of every seed of dissent and reform. The same causes however which gave strength to the ecclesiastics

gave strength also, though more slowly, to the great body of the people; and at length, after the repeated losses of Flodden and Fala, and Solway Moss and Pinkey,—which, by the fall of nearly the whole lay nobility and leading men of the kingdom, brought all classes within the influence of public events,—the energies, physical and mental, of the entire nation were drawn out, and under the guidance of the reformer Knox expended themselves with the fury of awakened indignation upon the whole fabric of the ancient religion. The work of destruction was just completed, and the Presbyterian government established on the ruins of the Roman Catholic, when Mary returned to her native land. She knew little of all this, and had been taught in France to abhor Protestant opinions: her habits and sentiments were therefore utterly at variance with those of her subjects; and, nurtured in the lap of ease, she was wholly unprepared for the shock which was inevitably to result from her being thrown among them.

Accordingly the very first Sunday after her arrival she commanded a solemn mass to be celebrated in the chapel of the palace; and, as might have been expected, an uproar ensued, the servants of the chapel were insulted and abused, and had not some of the lay nobility of the Protestant party interposed, the riot might have become general. The next Sunday Knox preached a violent sermon against idolatry, and in his discourse he took occasion to say that a single mass was, in his estimation, more to be feared than ten thousand armed men. Upon this, Mary sent for the reformer, desiring to have an interview with him. The interview took place, as well as one or two subsequent ones from a like cause; but the only result was to exhibit the parties more plainly at variance with each other. In one of these fruitless conferences the young Queen was bathed in tears before his stern rebukes. Her youth, however, her beauty and accomplishments, and her affability, interested many in her favor; and as she had

from the first continued the government in the hands of the Protestants, the general peace of the country remained unbroken.

A remarkable proof of the popular favor with which the young Queen was regarded, appeared in the circumstances attending her marriage with Darnley. Various proposals had been made to her from different quarters; but at length she gave up all thoughts of a foreign alliance, and her affections became fixed on her cousin Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, the youthful heir of the noble house of Lennox, to whom she was united on Sunday, the twenty-ninth of July, 1565, the ceremony of marriage being performed in the chapel of Holyrood-house, according to the rites of the Romish Church. Whether the Queen had any right to choose a husband without consent of Parliament, was in that age, as Robertson observes, a matter of some dispute; but that she had no right to confer upon him, by her private authority, the title and dignity of king, or by a simple proclamation invest him with the character of a sovereign, was beyond all doubt: yet so entirely did she possess the favorable regard of the nation, that notwithstanding the clamors of the malecontents, her conduct in this respect produced no symptom of general dissatisfaction. The Queen's marriage was, however, particularly obnoxious to Queen Elizabeth, whose jealous eye had never been withdrawn from her rival. Knox also did not look favorably on it. Nevertheless the current of popular opinion ran decidedly in Mary's favor, and it was even remarked that the prosperous situation of her affairs began to work some change in favor of her religion.

This popularity, however, was the result of adventitious circumstances only. There existed no real sympathy of opinion between Mary and the great body of her people; and whatever led to the manifestation of her religious sentiments dissolved in the same degree the fascination which her youth and accomplishments had created. It is in this

way we may account for the assistance given to Darnley in the assassination of Rizzio, an attendant on Mary, who seems to have come in place of Chatelard. The latter was a French poet who sailed in Mary's retinue when she came over from the continent; and having gained the Queen's attention by his poetical effusions, he proceeded, in the indulgence of a foolish attachment for her, to a boldness and audacity of behavior which demanded at last the interposition of the law, and he was condemned and executed. Rizzio, a Piedmontese by birth, came to Edinburgh in the train of the ambassador from Savoy, a year or so before Chatelard's execution. He was skilled in music, had a polished and ready wit, and like Chatelard, wrote with ease in French and Italian. His first employment at court was in his character of a musician; but Mary soon advanced him to be her French secretary; and in this situation he was conceived to possess an influence over the Queen which was equally hateful to Darnley and the Reformers, though on very different grounds. Both, therefore, concurred in the destruction of the obnoxious favorite, and he was assassinated accordingly. Darnley afterwards disclaimed all concern in the conspiracy; but it was plain the Queen did not believe, and would not forgive, him; and having but few qualities to secure her regard, her growing contempt of him terminated in disgust. In the mean time, the well-known Earl of Bothwell was rapidly advancing in the Queen's favor, and at length, in open defiance of all decency, no business was concluded, no grace bestowed, without his assent and participation. Meanwhile, also, Mary bore a son to Darnley: and after great preparations for the event, the baptism of the young prince was performed according to the rites of the Romish Church. Darnley himself was soon after seized with the small-pox, or some dangerous distemper, the nature and cause of which are not very clear. He was at Glasgow when he was taken ill, having retired thither to his father somewhat hastily and

unexpectedly. Mary was not with him, nor did she visit him for a fortnight. After a short stay they returned to Edinburgh together, when Darnley was lodged, not in the palace of Holyrood, as heretofore, but in the house of the Kirk of Field, a mansion standing by itself in an open and solitary part of the town. Ten days after, the house was blown up by gunpowder, and Darnley and his servants buried in the ruins. That Mary knew of the intended murder is not certain, and different views of the circumstances have been taken by different historians. The author of the horrid deed was Bothwell, and the public voice was unanimous in his reprobation. Bothwell was brought before the privy-council for the crime; but the shortness of the notice prevented Lennox, his accuser, from appearing. The trial nevertheless proceeded, or rather the verdict and sentence; for, without a single witness being examined, Bothwell was acquitted. After this mockery of a trial he was not only continued in all his influence and employments, but he actually attained the great end which he had in view by the perpetration of the foul act. This was no other than to marry the Queen herself, which he did in three months after his murder of her husband; having in the interval met the Queen, and carried her off a prisoner to his castle of Dunbar, and also raised a process of divorce against the Lady Bothwell, his wife, on the ground of consanguinity, and got a decree in the cause just nine days before the marriage. Before the marriage, also, Mary created Bothwell Duke of Orkney; and the marriage itself was solemnized at Holyrood-house by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, according to the forms both of the Romish and Protestant religions.

Public indignation could no longer be restrained. The nobles rose against Bothwell and Mary, who fled before an armed and indignant people from fortress to fortress. At length, after they had collected some followers, a pitched battle near Carberry Hill was about to ensue, when Mary

abandoned Bothwell, and threw herself on the mercy of her subjects. They conducted her first to Edinburgh, and thence to the castle of Lochleven, where, as she still persisted to regard Bothwell as her husband, it was determined she should at once abdicate in favor of the prince, her son James. Instruments of abdication to that effect were accordingly prepared, and she was at last constrained to affix her signature to them; upon which the prince was solemnly crowned at Stirling, twenty-ninth of July, 1567, when little more than a year old. Mary continued a prisoner at Lochleven; but by the aid of friends, in less than twelve months she effected her escape, and collected a considerable army. The battle of Langside ensued, where she was completely routed; upon which she fled towards Galloway, and thence passed into England. Elizabeth refused her an audience, but declared her readiness to act as umpire between her and her subjects. Mary would not yield to this, or consent to be regarded in any other light than as Queen of Scotland. The consequence was, that Elizabeth continued to detain Mary as a captive till the end of the year 1586,—a period of about nineteen years,—when she was accused of being accessary to Babington's conspiracy against the queen of England. To try this accusation a commission was appointed by Elizabeth, but Mary at first refused in a very decided manner to acknowledge its jurisdiction. Deluded, however, by the pretext that she would thus vindicate her character, Mary consented to be tried. The commission accordingly proceeded: Mary was condemned, and, on Wednesday, the eighth of February, 1587, beheaded at Fotheringay castle, in the forty-fifth year of her age. She died professing the religion in which she had been brought up, and to her adherence to which almost as much as to her own misconduct many of her miseries may be traced.

In the interval between her trial and execution James made considerable efforts to save the life of his mother,

though it is said that his ambassador to the English court was among the most urgent instigators of her execution; and after her death James gave utterance to some loud denunciations of what he termed the insult that had been offered to him; but he was easily pacified, and the amity previously existing between the English and Scottish courts remained unbroken.

EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

THE following graphic sketch will give a vivid impression of the closing scene, viewed in connection with the portrait. It is from the pen of M. de Lamartine, whose latest literary manner is strikingly exemplified in his "Life of the Queen of Scots," written by him in English and published in London. It is admirably romantic, and in no part more so than in this description of the execution:—

"She arrived in the hall of death. Pale, but unflinching, she contemplated the dismal preparations. There lay the block and the axe. There stood the executioner and his assistant. All were clothed in mourning. On the floor was scattered the sawdust which was to soak her blood, and in a dark corner lay the bier which was to be her last prison. It was nine o'clock when the Queen appeared in the funeral hall. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, and certain privileged persons, to the number of more than two hundred, were assembled. The hall was hung with black cloth; the scaffold, which was elevated about two feet and a half above the ground, was covered with black frieze of Lancaster; the arm chair, in which Mary was to sit, the footstool on which she was to kneel, the block on which her head was to be laid, were covered with black velvet.

"The Queen was clothed in mourning like the hall and as the ensigns of punishment. Her black velvet robe, with its high collar and hanging sleeves, was bordered with ermine. Her mantle, lined with marten sable, was of satin,

with pearl buttons, and a long train. A chain of sweet-smelling beads, to which was attached a scapulary, and beneath that a golden cross, fell upon her bosom. Two rosaries were suspended to her girdle, and a long veil of white lace, which in some measure softened this costume of a widow and of a condemned criminal, was thrown around her.

“Arrived on the scaffold, Mary seated herself in the chair provided for her, with her face towards the spectators. The Dean of Peterborough, in ecclesiastical costume, sat on the right of the Queen, with a black velvet footstool before him. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were seated like him, on the right, but upon larger chairs. On the other side of the Queen stood the Sheriff Andrews, with white wand. In front of Mary were seen the executioner and his assistant, distinguishable by their vestments, of black velvet, with red crape round the left arm. Behind the Queen's chair, ranged by the wall, wept her attendants and maidens. In the body of the hall, the nobles and citizens from the neighboring counties were guarded by the musketeers of Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury. Beyond the balustrade was the bar of the tribunal. The sentence was read; the Queen protested against it in the name of royalty and of innocence, but accepted death for the sake of her faith. She then knelt down before the block, and the executioner proceeded to remove her veil. She repelled him by a gesture, and turning towards the earls with a blush on her forehead, ‘I am not accustomed,’ she said, ‘to be undressed before so numerous a company, and by the hands of such grooms of the chamber.’ She then called Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who took off her mantle, her veil, her chains, cross, and scapulary. On their touching her robe, the Queen told them to unloose the corsage, and fold down the ermine collar, so as to leave her neck bare for the axe. Her maidens weepingly yielded her these last services. Melvil and the three

other attendants wept and lamented, and Mary placed her finger on her lips to signify that they should be silent.

"She then arranged the handkerchief embroidered with thistles of gold, with which her eyes had been covered by Jane Kennedy. Thrice she kissed the crucifix, each time repeating, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' She knelt anew, and leant her head on that block which was already scored with deep marks; and in this solemn attitude she again recited some verses from the Psalms. The executioner interrupted her at the third verse by a blow of the axe, but its trembling stroke only grazed her neck; she groaned slightly, and the second blow separated the head from the body. The executioner held it up at the window, within sight of all, proclaiming aloud, according to usage: 'So perish the enemies of our Queen!'"

The Queen's maids of honor and attendants enshrouded the body, and claimed it, in order that it should be sent to France; but these relics of their tenderness and faith were pitilessly refused. Elizabeth having thus mercilessly sacrificed the life of her whom she had so long and so unjustly retained in hopeless captivity, now added the most flagrant duplicity to her cruelty. Denying, with many oaths, all intention of having her own warrant carried into execution, she attempted to throw the entire odium on those who in reality had acted as her blind and devoted agents. This policy of the English Queen was unsuccessful, however; posterity has with clear voice proclaimed her guilty of the blood of her royal sister, and the sanguinary stain will ever remain ineffaceable from the character of that otherwise great sovereign.

If we regard Mary Stuart in the light of her charms, her talents, her magical influence over all men who approached her, she may be called the Sappho of the sixteenth century. All that was not love in her soul was poetry; her verses, like those of Ronsard, her worshipper and teacher, possess a Greek softness combined with a

quaint simplicity; they are written with tears, and even after the lapse of so many years, retain something of the warmth of her sighs.

If we judge her by her life, she is the Scottish Semiramis; casting herself, before the eyes of all Europe, into the arms of the assassin of her husband, and thus giving to the people she had thrown into civil war a coronation of murder for a lesson of morality.

In fine, if she be judged by her death,—comparable in its majesty, its piety, and its courage, to the most heroic and the holiest sacrifices of the primitive martyrs,—the horror and aversion with which she had been regarded, change at last to pity, esteem, and admiration. As long as there was no expiation she remained a criminal; by expiation she became a victim. In her history, blood seems to be washed out by blood; the guilt of her former years flows, as it were, from her veins, with the crimson stream; we do not absolve, we sympathize; our pity is not absolution, but rather approaches to love; we try to find excuses for her conduct in the ferocious and dissolute manners of the age; in that education, depraved, sanguinary, and fanatical, which she received at the Court of the Valois; in her youth, her beauty, her love. We are constrained to say with M. Dargaud,—to whom we feel deeply indebted for the researches which have guided us,—“we judge not—we only relate.”

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MARY.

THAT Mary possessed the “fatal gift” of incomparable personal beauty is proved, not merely by the somewhat hyperbolical portraiture of contemporary poets, but by the universal testimony of history and tradition. Many portraits of her, some of which are no doubt authentic, still exist, and these give us the impression of a lovely face, with aquiline, or rather Grecian nose, soft but firm mouth,

full chin, expressive eyes under high-arched eyebrows—the whole countenance bearing an impress of combined dignity and sweetness. This impression is fully corroborated by poets and annalists of the time. The gallant and *spirituel* Brantôme thus describes her: “Clad à la sauvage, in the barbaric dress of the wild people of her country, even then she appeared a goddess in a mortal body. And, the more to set the world on fire, (*pour embraser le monde*,) she had the perfection of a most sweet and beautiful voice, and sang well, according her voice to the lute, which she touched spiritedly with those beautifully-shaped fingers, which were in no wise inferior to those of Aurora.” Nor were her mental accomplishments inferior to her personal charms, for the gay writer thus proceeds: “At the age of fourteen she sustained a thesis publicly in the hall of the Louvre, and in Latin, maintaining that it was becoming in women to acquire learning, (think what a rare and admirable thing this was!) and was more eloquent than if even France had been the country of her birth.”

M. Dargaud, in his excellent “*Histoire de Marie Stuart*,” thus describes Mary’s personal appearance at the age of nineteen:—

“Her form was tall, flexible, animated, easy in every movement. Her forehead was high and rounded, giving her an air of lofty dignity, combined with intelligence and courage; her ears were small; she had the aristocratic aquiline nose of the Guises, and her beautiful cheeks, in their mingled red and white, gave evidence of the mixed blood of Lorraine and Scotland; her eyelashes were long, overshadowing brown eyes of a humid but passionate transparency, softened by finely traced and arched eyebrows; her smile was brilliant as a sunbeam; her hair was fair, and often worn without ornament; her face was oval, and her features mobile.—passing suddenly from an expression of severity to one of enjoyment.—the Graces dwelt there, and also resolute and deep passions; her voice was sweet

and penetrating; her conversation full of vigor and imagination. Even in Scotch tartan," adds our author, with pardonable nationality, "she was charming, but when dressed in the French, Spanish, or Italian fashion, she was adorable!"

We shall only add one more panegyric, and from the pen of an English author—Carte—in whose "History of England" we find the following portrait of Mary in her later years, during her captivity:—

"Every part of her body was so justly proportioned, and so exquisitely framed, that people, lost in admiration of each, were apt to imagine she was something more than human; a majestic air, mixed with sweetness, sat upon her brow, and all the graces in nature conspired to set off her person, adding to her matchless beauty a charm that was irresistible. Every motion, gesture, and action, accompanied with a manner too delicate to be described, struck all beholders, and every one was won by the sweetness of her nature, the affability of her reception, the obligingness of her carriage, and the charms of her conversation."



THE MAN IN THE CAP.
BY J. VAN DER STREEP.

LADY JANE GREY.

HUME's version of the tragic history of Lady Jane Grey has ever been admired for the exquisite taste and grace of style it displays, as well as for its essential adherence to truth. It forms a fine accompaniment to the engraving.

The title of the Princess Mary, after the demise of her brother, was not exposed to any considerable difficulty; and the objections started by the Lady Jane Grey's partisans were new and unheard of by the nation. Though all the Protestants, and even many of the Catholics, believed the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catharine of Arragon to be unlawful and invalid; yet, as it had been contracted by the parties without any criminal intention, had been avowed by their parents, recognized by the nation, and seemingly founded on those principles of law and religion which then prevailed, few imagined that their issue ought on that account to be regarded as illegitimate. A declaration to that purpose had indeed been extorted from Parliament by the usual violence and caprice of Henry; but as that monarch had afterward been induced to restore his daughter to the right of succession, her title was now become as legal and parliamentary as it was ever esteemed just and natural. The public had long been familiarized to these sentiments: during all the reign of Edward, the princess was regarded as his lawful successor; and though the Protestants dreaded the effects of her prejudices, the extreme hatred universally entertained against the Dudleys, who, men foresaw, would, under the name of Jane, be the

real sovereigns, was more than sufficient to counterbalance, even with that party, the attachment to religion. This last attempt to violate the order of succession had displayed Northumberland's ambition and injustice in a full light; and when the people reflected on the long train of fraud, iniquity, and cruelty by which that project had been conducted; that the lives of the two Seymours, as well as the title of the princesses, had been sacrificed to it; they were moved by indignation to exert themselves in opposition to such criminal enterprises. The general veneration also paid to the memory of Henry VIII. prompted the nation to defend the rights of his posterity; and the miseries of the ancient civil wars were not so entirely forgotten, that men were willing, by a departure from the lawful heir, to incur the danger of like bloodshed and confusion.

Northumberland, sensible of the opposition which he must expect, had carefully concealed the destination made by the king; and in order to bring the two princesses into his power, he had had the precaution to engage the council, before Edward's death, to write to them in that prince's name, desiring their attendance, on pretence that his infirm state of health required the assistance of their counsel and the consolation of their company. Edward expired before their arrival; but Northumberland, in order to make the princesses fall into the snare, kept the king's death still secret; and the Lady Mary had already reached Huddesden, within half a day's journey of the court. Happily, the Earl of Arundel sent her private intelligence, both of her brother's death, and of the conspiracy formed against her; she immediately made haste to retire; and she arrived, by quick journeys, first at Kenning Hall in Norfolk, then at Framlingham in Suffolk; where she purposed to embark and escape to Flanders, in case she should find it impossible to defend her right of succession. She wrote letters to the nobility and most considerable gentry in every county in England; commanding them to assist her

in the defence of her crown and person. And she despatched a message to the council, by which she notified to them, that her brother's death was no longer a secret to her, promised them pardon for past offences, and required them immediately to give orders for proclaiming her in London.

Northumberland found that further dissimulation was fruitless; he went to Sion House, accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Pembroke, and others of the nobility; and he approached the Lady Jane, who resided there, with all the respect usually paid to the sovereign. Jane was in a great measure ignorant of these transactions; and it was with equal grief and surprise that she received intelligence of them. She was a lady of an amiable person, an engaging disposition, accomplished parts; and being of an equal age with the late king, she had received all her education with him, and seemed even to possess greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and polite literature. She had attained a familiar knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, besides modern tongues; had passed most of her time in an application to learning; and expressed a great indifference for other occupations and amusements usual with her sex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, having one day paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park; and on his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him, that she received more pleasure from that author than the others could reap from all their sport and gayety. Her heart, full of this passion for literature and the elegant arts, and of tenderness toward her husband, who was deserving of her affections, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the intelligence of her elevation to the throne was nowise agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the present; pleaded the preferable title of the two

princesses; expressed her dread of the consequences attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say so criminal; and desired to remain in the private station in which she was born. Overcome at last by the entreaties, rather than the reasons, of her father and father-in-law, and above all of her husband, she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment. It was then usual for the kings of England, after their accession, to pass the first days in the Tower; and Northumberland immediately conveyed thither the new sovereign. All the councillors were obliged to attend her to that fortress; and by this means became, in reality, prisoners in the hands of Northumberland, whose will they were necessitated to obey. Orders were given by the council to proclaim Jane throughout the kingdom; but these orders were executed only in London and the neighborhood. No applause ensued: the people heard the proclamation with silence and concern: some even expressed their scorn and contempt; and one Pot, a vintner's apprentice, was severely punished for this offence. The Protestant teachers themselves, who were employed to convince the people of Jane's title, found their eloquence fruitless; and Ridley, Bishop of London, who preached a sermon to that purpose, wrought no effect upon his audience.

The people of Suffolk, meanwhile, paid their attendance on Mary. As they were much attached to the reformed communion, they could not forbear, amidst their tenders of duty, expressing apprehensions for their religion; but when she assured them that she never meant to change the laws of Edward, they enlisted themselves in her cause with zeal and affection. The nobility and gentry daily flocked to her, and brought her reinforcement. The Earls of Bath and Sussex, the eldest sons of Lord Wharton and Lord Mordaunt, Sir William Drury, Sir Henry Benningfield, Sir Henry Jernegan, persons whose interest lay in the neighborhood, appeared at the head of their tenants and retain-

ers. Sir Edward Hastings, brother to the Earl of Huntingdon, having received a commission from the council to make levies for the Lady Jane in Buckinghamshire, carried over his troops, which amounted to four thousand men, and joined Mary. Even a fleet which had been sent by Northumberland to lie off the coast of Suffolk, being forced into Yarmouth by a storm, was engaged to declare for that princess.

Northumberland, hitherto blinded by ambition, saw at last the danger gather round him, and knew not to what hand to turn himself. He had levied forces, which were assembled at London; but dreading the cabals of the courtiers and councillors, whose compliance, he knew, had been entirely the result of fear or artifice, he was resolved to keep near the person of the Lady Jane, and send Suffolk to command the army. But the councillors, who wished to remove him, working on the filial tenderness of Jane, magnified to her the danger to which her father would be exposed; and represented that Northumberland, who had gained reputation by formerly suppressing a rebellion in those parts, was more proper to command in that enterprise. The duke himself, who knew the slender capacity of Suffolk, began to think that none but himself was able to encounter the present danger; and he agreed to take on him the command of the troops. The councillors attended on him at his departure with the highest protestations of attachment; and none more than Arundel, his mortal enemy. As he went along, he remarked the disaffection of the people, which foreboded a fatal issue to his ambitious hopes. "Many," said he to Lord Gray, "come out to look at us, but I find not one who cries, God speed you!"

The duke had no sooner reached St. Edmondsbury, than he found his army, which did not exceed six thousand men, too weak to encounter the queen's, which amounted to double the number. He wrote to the council, desiring

them to send him a reinforcement; and the councillors immediately laid hold of the opportunity to free themselves from confinement. They left the Tower, as if they meant to execute Northumberland's commands; but being assembled in Baynard's castle, a house belonging to Pembroke, they deliberated concerning the method of shaking off his usurped tyranny. Arundel began the conference, by representing the injustice and cruelty of Northumberland, the exorbitancy of his ambition, the criminal enterprise which he had projected, and the guilt in which he had involved the whole council; and he affirmed, that the only method of making atonement for their past offences, was by a speedy return to the duty which they owed to their lawful sovereign. This motion was seconded by Pembroke, who, clapping his hand to his sword, swore he was ready to fight any man that expressed himself of a contrary sentiment. The mayor and aldermen of London were immediately sent for, who discovered great alacrity in obeying the orders they received to proclaim Mary. The people expressed their approbation by shouts of applause. Even Suffolk, who commanded in the Tower, finding resistance fruitless, opened the gates, and declared for the queen. The Lady Jane, after the vain pageantry of wearing a crown during ten days, returned to a private life with more satisfaction than she felt when the royalty was tendered to her; and the messengers who were sent to Northumberland with orders to lay down his arms, found that he had despaired of success, was deserted by all his followers, and had already proclaimed the queen, with exterior marks of joy and satisfaction. The people everywhere, on the queen's approach to London, gave sensible expressions of their loyalty and attachment; and the Lady Elizabeth met her at the head of a thousand horse, which that princess had levied in order to support their joint title against the usurper.

The queen gave orders for taking into custody the Duke

of Northumberland, who fell on his knees to the Earl of Arundel, that arrested him, and abjectly begged his life. At the same time were committed the Earl of Warwick, his eldest son, Lord Ambrose and Lord Henry Dudley, two of his younger sons, Sir Andrew Dudley, his brother, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Thomas Palmer, and Sir John Gates. The queen afterward confined the Duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane Grey, and Lord Guildford Dudley. But Mary was desirous, in the beginning of her reign, to acquire popularity by the appearance of clemency; and because the counsellors pleaded constraint as an excuse for their treason, she extended her pardon to most of them. Suffolk himself recovered his liberty; and he owed this indulgence, in a great measure, to the contempt entertained of his capacity. But the guilt of Northumberland was too great, as well as his ambition and courage too dangerous, to permit him to entertain any reasonable hopes of life. When brought to his trial, he only desired permission to ask two questions of the peers appointed to sit on his jury; whether a man could be guilty of treason that obeyed orders given him by the council under the great seal; and whether those who were involved in the same guilt with himself, could sit as his judges. Being told that the great seal of a usurper was no authority, and that persons not lying under any sentence of attainder were still innocent in the eye of the law, and might be admitted on any jury, he acquiesced, and pleaded guilty. At his execution, he made profession of the Catholic religion, and told the people that they never would enjoy tranquillity till they returned to the faith of their ancestors; whether that such were his real sentiments, which he had formerly disguised, from interest and ambition, or that he hoped by this declaration to render the queen more favorable to his family. Sir Thomas Palmer and Sir John Gates suffered with him; and this was all the blood spilled on account of so dangerous and

criminal an enterprise against the rights of the sovereign. Sentence was pronounced against the Lady Jane and Lord Guildford, but without any present intention of putting it in execution. The youth and innocence of the persons, neither of whom had reached their seventeenth year, pleaded sufficiently in their favor.

After the Parliament and convocation were dismissed in 1554, the new laws with regard to religion, though they had been anticipated in most places by the zeal of the Catholics, countenanced by government, were still more openly put in execution: the mass was everywhere reëstablished; and marriage was declared to be incompatible with any spiritual office. It has been asserted by some writers, that three fourths of the clergy were at this time deprived of their livings; though other historians, more accurate, have estimated the number of sufferers to be far short of this proportion. A visitation was appointed, in order to restore more perfectly the mass and the ancient rites. Among other articles, the commissioners were enjoined to forbid the oath of supremacy to be taken by the clergy on their receiving any benefice. It is to be observed, that this oath had been established by the laws of Henry VIII., which were still in force.

This violent and sudden change of religion inspired the Protestants with great discontent; and even affected indifferent spectators with concern, by the hardships to which so many individuals were on that account exposed. But the Spanish match was a point of more general concern, and diffused universal apprehension for the liberty and independence of the nation. To obviate all clamor, the articles of marriage were drawn as favorable as possible for the interests and security, and even grandeur of England. It was agreed that, though Philip should have the title of king, the administration should be entirely in the queen; that no foreigner should be capable of enjoying any office in the kingdom; that no innovation should be made in the

English laws, customs, and privileges; that Philip should not carry the queen abroad without her consent, nor any of her children without the consent of the nobility; that sixty thousand pounds a year should be settled as her jointure; that the male issue of this marriage should inherit, together with England, both Burgundy and the Low Countries; and that if Don Carlos, Philip's son by his former marriage, should die, and his line be extinct, the queen's issue, whether male or female, should inherit Spain, Sicily, Milan, and all the other dominions of Philip. Such was the treaty of marriage signed by Count Egmont and three other ambassadors, sent over to England by the emperor.

These articles, when published, gave no satisfaction to the nation. It was universally said, that the emperor, in order to get possession of England, would verbally agree to any terms; and the greater advantage there appeared in the conditions which he granted, the more certainly might it be concluded that he had no serious intention of observing them: that the usual fraud and ambition of that monarch might assure the nation of such a conduct; and his son Philip, while he inherited these vices from his father, added to them tyranny, sullenness, pride, and barbarity, more dangerous vices of his own: that England would become a province, and a province to a kingdom which usually exercised the most violent authority over all her dependent dominions: that the Netherlands, Milan, Sicily, Naples, groaned under the burden of Spanish tyranny; and throughout all the new conquests in America there had been displayed scenes of unrelenting cruelty, hitherto unknown in the history of mankind: that the Inquisition was a tribunal invented by that tyrannical nation, and would infallibly, with all their other laws and institutions, be introduced into England; and that the divided sentiments of the people with regard to religion would

subject multitudes to this iniquitous tribunal, and would reduce the whole nation to the most abject servitude.

These complaints being diffused everywhere, prepared the people for a rebellion; and had any foreign power given them encouragement, or any great man appeared to head them, the consequence might have proved fatal to the queen's authority. But the king of France, though engaged in hostilities with the emperor, refused to concur in any proposal for an insurrection, lest he should afford Mary a pretence for declaring war against him. And the more prudent part of the nobility thought that, as the evils of the Spanish alliance were only dreaded at a distance, matters were not yet fully prepared for a general revolt. Some persons, however, more turbulent than the rest, believed that it would be safer to prevent than to redress grievances; and they formed a conspiracy to rise in arms, and declare against the queen's marriage with Philip. Sir Thomas Wiat purposed to raise Kent; Sir Peter Carew, Devonshire; and they engaged the Duke of Suffolk, by the hopes of recovering the crown for the Lady Jane, to attempt raising the midland counties. Carew's impatience or apprehensions engaged him to break the concert, and to rise in arms before the day appointed. He was soon suppressed by the Earl of Bedford, and constrained to fly into France. On this intelligence, Suffolk, dreading an arrest, suddenly left the town with his brothers, Lord Thomas and Lord Leonard Gray, and endeavored to raise the people in the counties of Warwick and Leicester, where his interest lay; but he was so closely pursued by the Earl of Huntingdon, at the head of three hundred horse, that he was obliged to disperse his followers, and being discovered in his concealment, he was carried prisoner to London. Wiat was at first more successful in his attempt; and having published a declaration, at Maidstone in Kent, against the queen's evil councillors, and against the Spanish match,

without any mention of religion, the people began to flock to his standard. The Duke of Norfolk, with Sir Henry Jernegan, was sent against him, at the head of the guards and some other troops, reinforced with five hundred Londoners commanded by Bret; and he came within sight of the rebels at Rochester, where they had fixed their headquarters. Sir George Harper here pretended to desert from them; but having secretly gained Bret, these two malecontents so wrought on the Londoners, that the whole body deserted to Wiat, and declared that they would not contribute to enslave their native country. Norfolk, dreading the contagion of the example, immediately retreated with his troops, and took shelter in the city.

After this proof of the disposition of the people, especially of the Londoners, who were mostly Protestants, Wiat was encouraged to proceed; he led his forces to Southwark, where he required of the queen that she should put the Tower into his hands, should deliver four councilors as hostages, and in order to insure the liberty of the nation, should immediately marry an Englishman. Finding that the bridge was secured against him, and that the city was overawed, he marched up to Kingston, where he passed the river with four thousand men; and returning toward London, hoped to encourage his partisans who had engaged to declare for him. He had imprudently wasted so much time at Southwark, and in his march from Kingston, that the critical season, on which all popular commotions depend, was entirely lost: though he entered Westminster without resistance, his followers, finding that no person of note joined him, insensibly fell off, and he was at last seized near Temple Bar by Sir Maurice Berkeley. Four hundred persons are said to have suffered for this rebellion; four hundred more were conducted before the queen with ropes about their necks, and falling on their knees, received a pardon, and were dismissed. Wiat was

condemned and executed: as it had been reported that, on his examination, he had accused the Lady Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire as accomplices, he took care, on the scaffold, before the whole people, fully to acquit them of having any share in his rebellion.

The Lady Elizabeth had been, during some time, treated with great harshness by her sister; and many studied instances of discouragement and disrespect had been practised against her. She was ordered to take place at court after the Countess of Lennox and the Duchess of Suffolk, as if she were not legitimate; her friends were discountenanced on every occasion; and while her virtues, which were now become eminent, drew to her the attendance of all the young nobility, and rendered her the favorite of the nation, the malevolence of the queen still discovered itself every day by fresh symptoms, and obliged the princess to retire into the country. Mary seized the opportunity of this rebellion; and hoping to involve her sister in some appearance of guilt, sent for her under a strong guard, committed her to the Tower, and ordered her to be strictly examined by the council. But the public declaration made by Wiat rendered it impracticable to employ against her any false evidence which might have offered; and the princess made so good a defence, that the queen found herself under a necessity of releasing her. In order to send her out of the kingdom, a marriage was offered her with the Duke of Savoy; and when she declined the proposal, she was committed to custody under a strong guard at Wodestoke. The Earl of Devonshire, though equally innocent, was confined in Fotheringay Castle.

But this rebellion proved fatal to the Lady Jane Grey, as well as to her husband: the Duke of Suffolk's guilt was imputed to her; and though the rebels and malecontents seemed chiefly to rest their hopes on the Lady Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire, the queen, incapable of gen-

erosity or clemency, determined to remove every person from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was given the Lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had long expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered nowise unwelcome to her. The queen's zeal, under color of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send divines, who harassed her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve for three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded during that time to pay, by a timely conversion, some regard to her eternal welfare. The Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by all the topics then in use, but also to write a letter to her sister in the Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance. On the day of her execution, her husband, Lord Guildford, desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, and informed him by a message, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required of them: their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the Lady Jane and Lord Guildford together on the same scaffold at Tower Hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution; and having given him from the

window some token of her remembrance, she waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart; and found herself more confirmed by the reports which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle. Sir John Gage, Constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her: she gave him her table-book, on which she had just written three sentences on seeing her husband's dead body, one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but divine mercy would be favorable to his soul; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favor. On the scaffold she made a speech to the by-standers; in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame wholly on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said, that her offence was not the having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy; that she had less erred through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey; that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience into which too much filial piety had betrayed her; that she had justly deserved this punishment for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others; and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not

great misdeeds, if they tend anywise to the destruction of the commonwealth. After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.



QUEEN PHILIPPA AND THE BURGESSES OF CALAIS.

THE beautiful engraving at the head of this article illustrates a memorable event in history. The date of the occurrence was 1346-47. The scene, the personages, and the occasion are full of historic interest. The scene was the city of Calais, in France. Of the personages, one was an angry monarch incensed against a city of rebellious subjects; another was his beautiful and heroic Queen on her bended knees, pleading for the lives of offending men; the others were six brave and heroic nobles, who had volunteered to offer their lives to appease the anger of a wrathful sovereign. The occasion was the surrender of a city whose inhabitants were perishing with famine. The feelings developed on the occasion, and the facts recorded by the pen of the historian, present strongly-marked traits of human character. The engraving, to which artistic skill has imparted such lifelike lineaments, will attract the admiring eye of the reader, and give a renewed and fresh impression of the original scene to the mind, from which the facts may have faded. Repeated visits to that famed city have impressed the scene vividly upon our own mind. We gather up from historic pages the main facts, and construct a brief outline sketch by way of explanation to the reader as he gazes upon the engraving.

At this date, 1346-47, Edward III., King of England, had besieged Calais with a powerful army, to reëstablish his authority over this revolted city. The brave men and inhabitants made a stout resistance, and the siege had been prolonged almost an entire year. Philip, learning the des-

perate condition of the city, attempted to relieve it. He marched a powerful army of some two hundred thousand men, according to the historian of the times; but found Edward and his army so strongly intrenched and defended by morasses, that he found it impracticable to attempt a battle. He contented himself with sending Edward a challenge to personal and single combat. In the mean time, David of Scotland had invaded England, entered Northumberland with an army of fifty thousand men, and carried his ravages and devastations to the gates of Durham. But Queen Philippa, whom Edward, her husband, had left behind to attend to the affairs of England in his absence at the siege of Calais, assembled a little army of about twelve thousand men, which she intrusted to the command of Lord Percy; ventured to approach him at Nevill's Cross, near that city; and riding through the ranks of her army, exhorted every man to do his duty, and to take revenge on the invaders. Nor could Queen Philippa be persuaded to leave the field till the armies were on the point of beginning the battle. The army of the Scots was greatly superior in numbers, but nevertheless was utterly defeated and routed. They were broken and chased off the field. Fifteen thousand were slain; among whom was the Earl Marshal, Edward Keith, and Sir Thomas Charteris, Chancellor of Scotland; and the king himself was taken prisoner, and many other noblemen. Queen Philippa having secured her royal prisoner in the Tower, crossed the sea at Dover, and was received in the English camp before Calais with all the triumph due to her rank, her merit, and her success. This age was the reign of chivalry and gallantry. The court of Edward excelled in these accomplishments. The appearance of this extraordinary woman in the English camp before Calais called forth the most obsequious devotion to this heroic Queen. It is these facts and occurrences, among others, which impart additional interest and charm to the scene presented in the engraving.

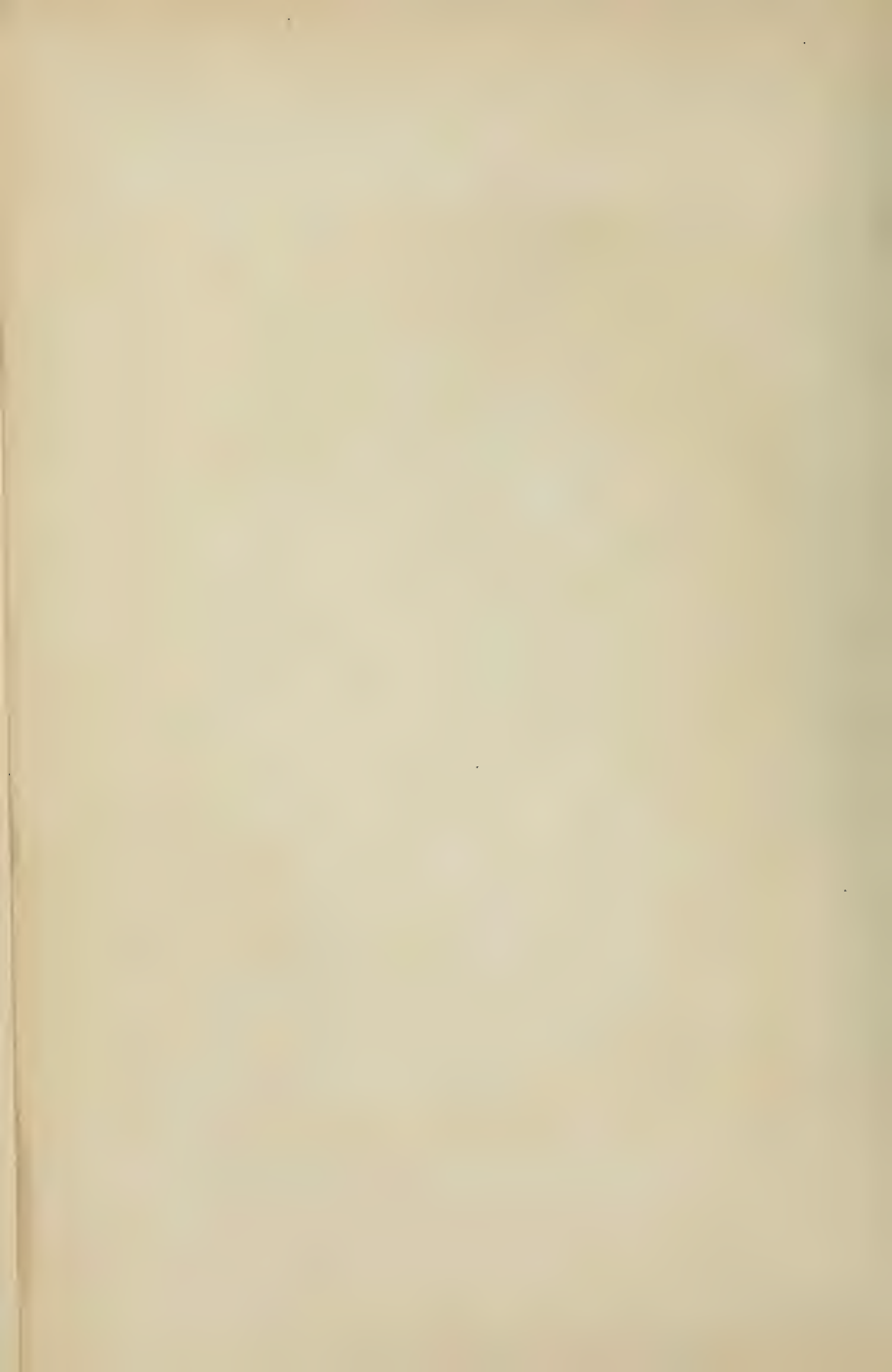
It was at this juncture, and soon after the arrival of Philippa, that John of Vienne, governor of Calais, saw the necessity of surrendering his fortress, which was reduced to the last extremity by famine and the fatigue of the inhabitants. He appeared on the walls, and made a signal to the English sentinels that he desired a parley. Sir Walter Mauny was sent to him by Edward. "Brave Knight," cried the governor, "I have been intrusted by my sovereign with the command of this town. It is almost a year since you besieged me; and I have endeavored, as well as those under me, to do my duty. But you are acquainted with our present condition. We have no hopes of relief; we are perishing with hunger. I am willing, therefore, to surrender, and desire, as the sole condition, to insure the lives and liberties of these brave men, who have so long shared with me every danger and fatigue."

Mauny replied, that he was well acquainted with the intentions of the king of England; that that prince was incensed against the townsmen of Calais for their pertinacious resistance, and for the evils which they had made him and his subjects suffer; that he was determined to take exemplary vengeance on them; and would not receive the town on any condition which should confine him in the punishment of these offenders. "Consider," replied Vienne, "that this is not the treatment to which brave men are entitled. If any English knight had been in my situation, your king would have expected the same conduct from him. The inhabitants of Calais have done for their sovereign what merits the esteem of every prince; much more of so gallant a prince as Edward. But, I inform you that, if we must perish, we shall not perish unrevenged; and that we are not so reduced but we can sell our lives at a high price to the victors. It is the interest of both sides to prevent these desperate extremities; and I expect that you yourself, Brave Knight, will interpose your good offices with your prince on our behalf."

Mauny was struck with the justness of these sentiments, and represented to the king the danger of reprisals, if he should give such treatment to the inhabitants of Calais. Edward was at last persuaded to mitigate the rigor of the conditions demanded; he only insisted that six of the most considerable citizens should be sent to him to be disposed of as he thought proper; that they should come to his camp carrying the keys of the city in their hands, bare-headed and barefooted, with ropes about their necks; and on these conditions he promised to spare the lives of the remainder.

When this intelligence was conveyed to Calais, it struck the inhabitants with new consternation. To sacrifice six of their fellow-citizens to certain destruction for signaling their valor in a common cause, appeared to them even more severe than that general punishment with which they were before threatened; and they found themselves incapable of coming to any resolution in so cruel and distressful a situation. At last one of the principal inhabitants, called Eustace de St. Pierre, whose name deserves to be recorded, stepped forth, and declared himself willing to encounter death for the safety of his friends and companions. Another, animated by his example, made a like generous offer; and a third and a fourth presented themselves to the same fate, and the whole number was soon completed. These six heroic burgesses appeared before Edward in the guise of malefactors, laid at his feet the keys of their city, and were ordered to be led to execution. It is surprising that so generous a prince should ever have entertained such a barbarous purpose against such men; and still more that he should seriously persist in the resolution of executing it. But the entreaties of his Queen saved his memory from that infamy. She threw herself on her knees before him, (see the engraving,) and, with tears in her eyes, begged the lives of these citizens. Having obtained her request, she led them into her tent,

ordered a repast to be set before them, and, after making them a present of money and clothes, dismissed them in safety. Noble woman! Illustrious Queen! worthy of undying remembrance on the pages of fame! We have desired to perpetuate her name and the glory of her deed of rich benevolence, in our humble measure, by illustrating it on the plate, and by the record of it on these pages. We only add that Edward took possession of Calais, and ordered all the inhabitants to evacuate the city, which he repopled with English, in place of French, who, the king knew, regarded him as their mortal enemy.





RICHARD III. AND THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

As this print illustrates a chapter in English history of sad and tragic interest, a brief explanation may not be unacceptable. The character of Richard III. is well known to the readers of English history. Ambitious, unprincipled, talented, and treacherous, he aspired to the throne of England. He planned and plotted, and paused at no sanguinary means or measures to accomplish his object. He bathed his hands in blood, and achieved the purpose of his dark and cruel ambition. On the death of Edward IV., the Council of State invested him with the office of Protector of the realm.

"Hitherto," says the historian, "Richard had been able to cover, by the most profound dissimulation, his fierce and savage nature. The numerous issue of Edward and the two children of Clarence seemed to be an eternal obstacle to his ambition. But a man who had abandoned all principles of honor and humanity was soon carried, by his predominant passion, beyond the reach of fear or precaution. Richard, having so far succeeded in his views, no longer hesitated in removing the other obstructions which lay between him and the throne." He first determined on the death of the Earl of Rivers, and a number of other eminent persons, who had been arrested and held as prisoners; and he easily obtained the consent of the Duke of Buckingham "to this violent and sanguinary measure. Orders were accordingly issued to Sir Richard Ratcliffe,—a proper instrument in the hands of this tyrant,—to cut off the heads of the prisoners."

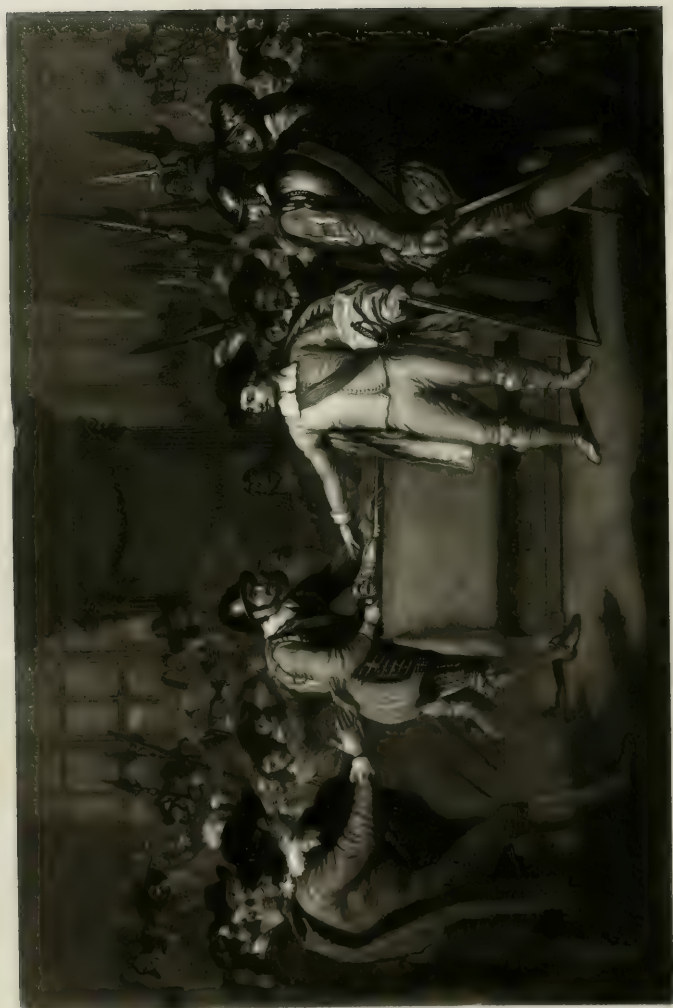
SCENE IN THE PRINT.

THE historian continues, and here follows the language which the print illustrates: "Richard then assailed the fidelity of Buckingham by all the arguments capable of swaying a vicious mind, which knew no motive of action but interest and ambition. He represented, that the execution of persons so nearly related to the king, whom that prince so openly professed to love, and whose fate he so much resented, would never pass unpunished; and all the actors in that scene were bound in prudence to prevent the effects of his future vengeance; that it would be impossible to keep the queen forever at a distance from her son, and equally impossible to prevent her from instilling into his tender mind the thoughts of retaliating, by like executions, the sanguinary insults committed on her family; that the only method of obviating these mischiefs was to put the sceptre in the hands of a man of whose friendship the Duke might be assured, and whose years and experience taught him to pay respect to merit, and to the rights of ancient nobility; and that the same necessity which had carried them so far in resisting the usurpation of these intruders, must justify them in attempting further innovations, and in making, by national consent, a new settlement of the succession. To these reasons he added the offers of great private advantages to the Duke of Buckingham; and he easily obtained from him a promise of supporting him in all his enterprises."

The thread of the narrative spins on. We have not room to recount it. In concert with Buckingham, the plot thickens alternately with farce and with tragedy, and then the historian thus describes the closing scene of the bloody drama: "This ridiculous farce was soon after followed by a scene truly tragical,—the murder of the two young princes. Richard gave orders to Sir Robert Brakenbury,

Constable of the Tower, to put his nephews to death; but this gentleman, who had sentiments of honor, refused to have any hand in the infamous office. The tyrant then sent for Sir James Tyrrel, who promised obedience; and he ordered Brakenbury to resign to this gentleman the keys and government of the Tower for one night. Tyrrel choosing three associates, Slater, Dighton, and Forest, came in the night-time to the door of the chamber where the princes were lodged; and sending in the assassins, he bade them execute their commission, while he himself staid without. They found the young princes in bed, and fallen into a profound sleep. After suffocating them with a bolster and pillows, they showed their naked bodies to Tyrrel, who ordered them to be buried at the foot of the stairs, deep in the ground, under a heap of stones. These circumstances were all confessed by the actors, in the following reign; and they were never punished for the crime; probably because Henry, whose maxims of government were extremely arbitrary, desired to establish it as a principle, that the commands of the reigning sovereign ought to justify every enormity in those who paid obedience to them. But there is one circumstance not so easy to be accounted for: it is pretended that Richard, displeased with the indecent manner of burying his nephews, whom he had murdered, gave his chaplain orders to dig up the bodies, and to inter them in consecrated ground; and as the man died soon after, the place of their burial remained unknown, and the bodies could never be found by any search which Henry could make for them. Yet in the reign of Charles II., when there was occasion to remove some stones, and to dig in the very spot which was mentioned as the place of their first interment, the bones of two persons were there found, which by their size exactly corresponded to the age of Edward and his brother; they were concluded with certainty to be the remains of those princes, and were interred under a marble monument, by

orders of King Charles. Perhaps Richard's chaplain had died before he found an opportunity of executing his master's commands; and the bodies being supposed to be already removed, a diligent search was not made for them by Henry in the place where they had been buried."



CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

(SEE THE PRINT.)

OLIVER CROMWELL was the son of Robert Cromwell, M. P. in the Parliament of 1593, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Stewart. He was born at Huntingdon, April 25, 1599, and named after his uncle and godfather Sir Oliver Cromwell. He entered Sidney College, Cambridge, April 23, 1616, where he remained a little more than a year. On the death of his father, June, 1617, he was removed from the University by his mother, who wished him to enter Lincoln's Inn, that he might follow the profession of the law. Having completed his twenty-first year, he was married, August 22, 1620, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier. In 1629, the House of Commons having resolved itself into a grand committee on religion, Cromwell made a speech calling attention to the "preaching of flat popery;" but, before steps could be taken to prevent it, the king dissolved the Parliament. Disgusted with the proceedings of the court, he had determined in 1637 to emigrate to America; and, having taken a passage to New England in a ship then lying in the Thames, embarked with his whole family. The vessel was, however, detained by a proclamation forbidding such embarkations. He returned therefore to Ely. The activity and vigor of his mind soon became generally known, and in such esteem was he held that he was elected representative of the town of Cambridge, both to the short-lived Parliament of 1640, and afterwards to the Long

Parliament, by which it was speedily followed. Cromwell was now in the middle age of life. His health was strong, and his judgment matured. Oliver Cromwell was soon a marked man in the great council of the nation; and he was one of the very first to contribute in pocket and person to the active resistance which soon was raised to the royal measures. The tyranny and maladministration of the weak and obstinate Charles had become the subject, in 1641, of a strong remonstrance from his Parliament, which at once insured their rupture with the king. Cromwell, now associated in the councils with Hampden, Pym, and the rest of the popular leaders, strenuously supported this remonstrance; and in 1642, when the civil war commenced, he eagerly raised a troop of horse, under the authority of the Parliament, with which he immediately took the field in their cause; and "Cromwell's Ironsides" were the first of the parliamentary horse who successfully withstood Rupert's cavalry. In numerous skirmishes in which he was engaged, he only once met with a serious misadventure. At the battle of Wincely, his horse being shot under him, on attempting to rise he was knocked down by a cavalier, and with difficulty rescued by his own party.

At the battle of Marston Moor, at Stamford, and at the second battle of Newbury, Cromwell was distinguished. At the battle of Naseby, June 16, 1645, Cromwell commanded the right wing, and Ireton, his son-in-law, the left. Cromwell and Fairfax, taking advantage of Prince Rupert's temerity, totally dispersed the king's infantry, and took his artillery and ammunition. At the storming of Bristol, Cromwell took the principal part. On his return to London, he received the thanks of the Parliament, and he was rewarded by a grant of twenty-five hundred pounds a year. After various changes, conflicts, battles, and victories, the king was left in custody in the Isle of Wight, and Cromwell again took the field against the Scots, and was again

victorious. In January, 1649, the king's trial commenced. Cromwell was appointed a member of the court, and attended every meeting of it but one; and when the sentence was passed, he was the third who signed the warrant for the execution. He was now beset with entreaties to spare the king's life, but his answer to all was an echo of that to his cousin, Colonel Cromwell: "Go to rest, and expect no answer to carry to the prince, for the council of officers have been seeking God, as I also have done, and it is resolved by them all that the king must die." The execution followed accordingly. The battle of Worcester placed Cromwell avowedly at the head of public affairs. He had made up his mind that there must be government by a single person, whatever was the title he took. At length, in 1653, perceiving that the remnant of the Parliament became daily more jealous of his power, he determined to put an end to their authority. He first sent them a remonstrance. His next movement was to enter the House, April 20, 1653. In the language of the historian, Hume, we have it as follows:—

"In the council of officers it was presently voted to frame a remonstrance to the Parliament. After complaining of the arrears due to the army, they there desired the Parliament to reflect how many years they had sitten, and what professions they had formerly made of their intentions to new-model the representative, and establish successive parliaments, who might bear the burden of national affairs, from which they themselves would gladly, after so much danger and fatigue, be at last relieved. They confessed that the Parliament had achieved great enterprises, and had surmounted mighty difficulties; yet was it an injury, they said, to the rest of the nation to be excluded from bearing any part in the service of their country. It was now full time for them to give place to others; and they therefore desired them, after settling a council who might execute the laws during the interval, to sum-

mon a new Parliament, and establish that free and equal government, which they had so long promised to the people.

"The Parliament took this remonstrance in ill part, and made a sharp reply to the council of officers. The officers insisted on their advice; and by mutual altercation and opposition the breach became still wider between the army and the Commonwealth. Cromwell, finding matters ripe for his purpose, called a council of officers (twentieth April), in order to come to a determination with regard to the public settlement. As he had here many friends, so had he also some opponents. Harrison having assured the council that the general sought only to pave the way for the government of Jesus and his saints, Major Streater briskly replied, that Jesus ought then to come quickly: for if he delayed it till after Christmas, he would come too late; he would find his place occupied. While the officers were in debate, Colonel Ingoldsby informed Cromwell, that the Parliament was sitting, and had come to a resolution not to dissolve themselves, but to fill up the House by new elections; and was at that very time engaged in deliberations with regard to this expedient. Cromwell in a rage immediately hastened to the house, and carried a body of three hundred soldiers along with him. Some of them he placed at the door, some in the lobby, some on the stairs. He first addressed himself to his friend St. John, and told him that he had come with a purpose of doing what grieved him to the very soul, and what he had earnestly with tears besought the Lord not to impose upon him: but there was a necessity, in order to the glory of God and good of the nation. He sat down for some time, and heard the debate. He beckoned Harrison, and told him that he now judged the Parliament ripe for a dissolution. 'Sir,' said Harrison, 'the work is very great and dangerous; I desire you seriously to consider, before you engage in it.' 'You say well,' replied the general; and thereupon

sat still about a quarter of an hour. When the question was ready to be put, he said again to Harrison, 'This is the time: I must do it.' And suddenly starting up, he loaded the Parliament with the vilest reproaches, for their tyranny, ambition, oppression, and robbery of the public. Then stamping with his foot, which was a signal for the soldiers to enter, 'For shame!' said he to the Parliament, 'get you gone! give place to honest men; to those who will more faithfully discharge their trust. You are no longer a Parliament,—I tell you, you are no longer a Parliament. The Lord has done with you; he has chosen other instruments for carrying on his work.' Sir Harry Vane exclaiming against this proceeding, he cried with a loud voice, 'O Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!' He commanded a soldier to seize the mace. 'What shall we do with this bauble? here, take it away. It is you,' said he, addressing himself to the House, 'that have forced me upon this. I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon this work.' Having commanded the soldiers to clear the hall, he himself went out the last, and ordering the doors to be locked, departed to his lodgings in Whitehall.

"In this manner, which so well denotes his genuine character, did Cromwell, without the least opposition, or even murmur, annihilate that famous assembly which had filled all Europe with the renown of its actions, and with astonishment at its crimes, and whose commencement was not more ardently desired by the people than was its final dissolution. All parties now reaped successively the melancholy pleasure of seeing the injuries which they had suffered revenged on their enemies; and that too by the same arts which had been practised against them. The king had, in some instances, stretched his prerogative beyond its just bounds; and, aided by the church, had well-nigh put an end to all the liberties and privileges of the

nation. By recent, as well as all ancient, example, it was become evident that illegal violence, with whatever pretences it may be covered, and whatever object it may pursue, must inevitably end at last in the arbitrary and despotic government of a single person."



ADMIRAL
1810-1870

THE COURT OF RUSSIA.

THE Court of this colossal empire dates back a thousand years. The monarchy was founded by Prince Rurik, in the year 862. The Court of Russia began with him. The continuous and particular history of that court for a long period is not well known. In 980 to 1015 Vladimir introduced Christianity, and founded cities and schools. From that period down to 1237, when the country was overrun by the Tartars, Russia, with few exceptions, was the theatre of civil war. In the year 1328, the court and the seat of government were removed to Moscow. In the year 1481, the Tartars were finally expelled from the country. In the year 1613, the house of Romanoff, from which the present Emperor of Russia is descended, was raised to the throne. Under the direction of this reigning family, the power and influence of Russia became greatly extended and established. At length, in 1696, Peter the Great ascended the throne, and the destinies of Russia and of the Northern world were immediately changed. This prince, who has, it is said, a better claim than any other to be called "Great" and "the Father of his country," gave to the arms of Russia a decided preponderance in the North of Europe. He built a fleet, and conquered large provinces on the Baltic. He laid the foundations of the noble city which bears his name, and introduced the arts and literature among his people, and advanced the civilization of his empire. Under Catharine II., an empress of extraordinary talent, Russia made vast acquisitions of territory in Poland and on the Black Sea, where she has now the same as-

cendancy as in the Baltic. A long line of monarchs have ascended the throne of Russia and held imperial sway over her vast dominions for longer or shorter periods, amid the troublous times and exciting scenes of her eventful history. In more modern years the history of the Court of Russia and her sovereigns, since the accession of Alexander I., are well known to the reading world. Historic annals record the life and times of Alexander I. and of Napoleon I., their wars, their battles, their friendships, and the terminations of their eventful careers. This brief and imperfect outline-sketch of the Court of Russia will suffice to introduce the portraits of her imperial sovereigns which are to be found in this volume and the several records of their personal history.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER I.

This illustrious personage acted a conspicuous part in the great historic scenes and events of the first quarter of the present century. The portrait from which this has been engraved was taken from life at St. Petersburg and is believed to be accurate.

The Emperor Alexander was born December 23, 1777. He was the son of the Emperor Paul and of Maria, daughter of Prince Eugene of Würtemberg. From his infancy he was distinguished for a gentle and affectionate disposition, and a superior capacity. His education was directed not by his parents, but by his grandmother, the reigning empress, Catharine II., who lived until he had attained his nineteenth year. Under her superintendence he was carefully instructed by La Harpe and other able tutors in the different branches of a liberal education, and in the accomplishments of a gentleman.

Catharine was succeeded, in 1796, by her son Paul, whose mad reign was put an end to by his assassination

on the twenty-fourth of March, 1801. No doubt can be entertained that Alexander, as well as his younger brother Constantine, was privy to the preparations which were made for the dethronement of his father, which had indeed become almost a measure of necessity; but all the facts tend to make it highly improbable that he contemplated the fatal issue of the attempt. The immediate sequel of this tragedy was a slight domestic dispute, occasioned by a claim being advanced by the widow of the murdered emperor to the vacant throne, who had not been admitted into the conspiracy. After a short altercation she was prevailed upon to relinquish her pretensions; and the Grand Duke Alexander was forthwith proclaimed Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias. This collision does not seem to have left any unpleasant traces on the mind either of Alexander or his mother, to whom during his life he always continued to show respect and attachment. The Empress Maria survived her son about three years.

The history of the reign of Alexander is the history of Europe for the first quarter of the present century. When Alexander came to the throne he found himself engaged in a war with England, which had broken out in the course of the preceding year. He immediately indicated the pacific character of his policy by taking steps to bring about a termination of this state of things, which was already seriously distressing the commerce of Russia; and a convention was accordingly concluded between the two powers, and signed at St. Petersburg on the seventeenth of June, 1801. The general peace followed on the first of October, and lasted till the declaration of war by England against France on the eighteenth of May, 1803.

Alexander did not immediately join England in the war against France; but even in the early part of 1804 symptoms began to appear of an approaching breach between Russia and the latter country. On the eleventh of April, 1805, a treaty of alliance with England was concluded at

St. Petersburg, to which Austria became a party on the ninth of August, and Sweden on the third of October following. This league, commonly called the third coalition, speedily led to actual hostilities. The campaign was eminently disastrous to the allied powers. A succession of battles, fought between the sixth and the eighteenth of October, almost annihilated the Austrian army before any of the Russian troops arrived. Alexander made his appearance at Berlin on the twenty-fifth, and there, in a few days after, concluded a secret convention with the King of Prussia, by which that prince, who had hitherto professed neutrality, bound himself to join the coalition. Before leaving the Prussian capital, Alexander, in company with the king and queen, visited at midnight the tomb* of the Great Frederick, and, after having kissed the coffin, is said to have solemnly joined hands with his brother sovereign, and pledged himself that nothing should ever break their friendship. He then hastened by way of Leipzig and Weimar to Dresden, from whence he proceeded to Olmutz, and there, on the eighteenth of November joined the Emperor of Austria. On the second of the following month, the Austrian and Russian troops, commanded by the two Emperors in person, were beaten in the memorable and decisive battle of Austerlitz. The immediate consequences of this great defeat were the conclusion of a convention between France and Austria, and Alexander's departure to Russia with the remains of his army.

Although Alexander did not accede either to the convention between France and Austria, or to the Treaty of Presburg, by which it was followed, he thought proper, after a short time, to profess a disposition to make peace with France, and negotiations were commenced at Paris for that object. But after a treaty had been signed on the twentieth of July, 1806, he refused to ratify it, on the

* The tomb or mausoleum is in the old church at Potsdam, twenty-one miles from Berlin.

pretence that his minister had departed from his instructions. The true motive of his refusal no doubt was, that by this time arrangements were completed with Prussia and England for a fourth coalition; and it is even far from improbable that the negotiations which led to the signature of the treaty had from the first no other object beyond gaining time for preparations. On the eighth of February hostilities recommenced, and the victory of Jena, gained by Bonaparte a few days after, laid the Prussian monarchy at his feet. When this great battle was fought, Alexander and his Russians had scarcely reached the frontiers of Germany; on receiving the news they immediately retreated across the Vistula. Hither they were pursued by Bonaparte, and having been joined by the remnant of the Prussian army, were beaten on the eighth of February, 1807, in the destructive battle of Eylau. Finally, on the fourteenth of June, the united armies were again defeated in the great battle of Friedland, and compelled to retreat behind the Niemen. This crowning disaster terminated the campaign. An armistice was arranged on the twenty-first; and five days after, Alexander and Napoleon met in a tent erected on a raft in the middle of the Niemen; and at that interview not only arranged their differences, but, if we may trust the subsequent professions of both, were converted from enemies into warmly-attached friends. A treaty of peace was signed between the two at Tilsit on the seventh of July, by a secret article of which Alexander engaged to join France against England. He accordingly declared war against his late ally, on the twenty-sixth of October following. The Treaty of Tilsit, indeed, converted the Russian Emperor into the enemy of almost all his former friends, and the friend of all his former enemies. Turkey, though supported by France, had for some time been hard pressed by the united military and naval operations of England and Russia; but upon Alexander's coalition with the French Emperor, a truce

was concluded between Turkey and Russia at Slobosia, August twenty-fourth, and the Turkish empire was saved from the ruin which threatened it. The meeting of the Emperors of France and Russia at Tilsit is an important event not only in the life of Alexander, but in the history of Europe. It produced a total change in the policy of Russia, as well as in the personal sentiments of the two Emperors, who from deadly enemies became to all appearance cordial friends. At their first interview, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1807, each left the banks of the Niemen in a boat attended by his suite. The boat of Napoleon cleared the distance first; and Napoleon, stepping on the raft appointed for the conference, passed over, and receiving Alexander on the opposite side, embraced him in the sight of both armies. The first words of Alexander were directed to flatter the ruling passion of Napoleon. "I hate the English," he exclaimed, "as much as you do; whatever you take in hand against them, I will be your second." "In that case," replied Napoleon, "everything can be easily settled, and peace is already made." In the first conference they remained together two hours; the next day they met again, and Alexander presented to Napoleon the King of Prussia, who was soon after joined by his Queen. During the remainder of the conferences, which lasted twenty days, the two Emperors were daily in the habit of meeting and conversing on terms of intimacy; while the King of Prussia was treated by Napoleon with haughtiness, and the Queen with rudeness, and Alexander appeared almost ashamed to make any exertion in their favor with his new friend. He even concluded a separate treaty with Napoleon, to the bitter mortification of Frederick William; the treaty made with whom soon after was of a very different character from that between the two Emperors.

On the twenty-fourth of February, 1808, Alexander, in obedience to the plan arranged with Napoleon, declared

war against Sweden; and followed up this declaration by despatching an army to Swedish Finland, which, after a great deal of fighting, succeeded in obtaining complete possession of that country. On the twenty-seventh of September the Russian and French Emperors met again at Erfurt. Many of the German princes, with representatives of the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, also attended the congress, which continued to sit till the fifteenth of October. On this occasion a proposal for peace was made to England in the united names of Napoleon and Alexander, but the negotiations were broken off after a few weeks.

The friendly relations of Alexander with France continued for nearly five years; but, notwithstanding fair appearances, various causes were in the mean while at work which could not fail at last to bring about a rupture. In the mean while, however, the Treaty of Vienna, signed on the fourteenth of October, 1809, which, following the battles of Essling and Wagram, dissolved the fifth coalition against France, increased the Russian dominion by the annexation of Eastern Galicia, ceded by Austria. The war with Turkey also, which had been recommenced, continued to be prosecuted with success. But by the end of the year 1811 the disputes with the court of Paris, which ostensibly arose out of the seizure by Bonaparte of the dominions of the Duke of Oldenburg, had assumed such a height as left it no longer doubtful that war would follow. A treaty of alliance having been previously signed with Sweden, on the nineteenth of March, 1812, Alexander declared war against France; and on the twenty-fourth of April he left St. Petersburg to join his army on the western frontier of Lithuania. On the twenty-eighth of May, peace was concluded at Bucharest on advantageous terms with Turkey, which relinquished everything to the left of the Pruth. The immense army of France, led by Napoleon, entered the Russian territory on the twenty-fifth of

June. As they advanced, the inhabitants fled as one man, and left the invaders to march through a silent desert. In this manner the French reached Wilna. On the fourteenth of July Alexander had repaired to Moscow, whence he proceeded to Finland, where he had an interview with Bernadotte, then crown-prince of Sweden. Here he learned the entry of the French into Smolensk. He immediately declared that he never would sign a treaty of peace with Napoleon while he was on Russian ground. "Should St. Petersburg be taken," he added, "I will retire into Siberia. I will then resume our ancient customs, and, like our long-bearded ancestors, will return anew to conquer the empire." "This resolution," exclaimed Bernadotte, "will liberate Europe!"

On the seventh of September took place the first serious encounter between the two armies, the battle of Borodino, in which twenty-five thousand men perished on each side. On the fourteenth the French entered Moscow. In a few hours the city was a smoking ruin. Napoleon's homeward march then commenced, and terminated in the destruction of his magnificent army. Not fewer than three hundred thousand Frenchmen perished in this campaign. The remnant, which was above one hundred and fifty thousand, passed the Niemen on the sixteenth of December.

In the early part of the following year Prussia and Austria successively became parties to the alliance against France. Alexander, who had joined his army while in pursuit of Bonaparte at Wilna, continued to accompany the allied troops throughout the campaign of this summer. On the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of August he was present at the battle of Dresden, and on the eighteenth of October at the still more sanguinary conflict of Leipzig. On the twenty-fourth of February, 1814, he met the King of Prussia at Chaumont, where the two sovereigns signed a treaty binding themselves to prosecute the war against France to a successful conclusion, even at the cost of all

the resources of their dominions. On the thirtieth of March, one hundred and fifty thousand of the troops of the allies were before the walls of Paris, and on the following day at noon, Alexander and William Frederick entered the capital.

Alexander, owing in a great measure to his engaging affability, as well as to the liberal sentiments which he made a practice of professing, was a great favorite with the Parisians. The conquerors having determined upon the deposition of Bonaparte, and the restoration of the Bourbons, Alexander spent the remainder of the time he stayed in inspecting the different objects of interest in the city and its vicinity, as if he had visited it in the course of a tour. He left the French capital about the first of June, and proceeding to Boulogne, was there, along with the King of Prussia, taken on board an English ship-of-war, commanded by the Duke of Clarence, and conveyed to Calais, from which port the royal yachts brought over the two sovereigns. They landed at Dover on the evening of the seventh, and next day came to London. They remained in this country for about three weeks, during which time they visited Oxford and Portsmouth, and wherever they went, as well as in the metropolis, were received with honors and festivities of unexampled magnificence, amidst the tumultuous rejoicings of the people. From England Alexander proceeded to Holland, and thence, after a short stay, to Carlsruhe, where he was joined by the Empress. On the twenty-fifth of July he arrived at his own capital, St. Petersburg, where his appearance was greeted by illuminations and other testimonies of popular joy.

The Congress of European sovereigns at Vienna opened on the third of November, 1814. In the political arrangements made by this assembly, Alexander obtained at least his fair share of advantages, having been recognized as King of Poland, which country was at the same time annexed to the Russian empire. Before the members of the

Congress separated, however, news arrived of Bonaparte's escape from Elba. They remained together till after the battle of Waterloo; when Alexander, with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, proceeded to Paris, where they arrived in the beginning of July, 1815. On the twenty-sixth of the following September, the three sovereigns signed an agreement, professedly for the preservation of universal peace on the principles of Christianity, to which, with some presumption, if not impiety, they gave the name of the Holy Alliance. On leaving Paris, Alexander proceeded to Brussels, to arrange the marriage of his sister, the Grand Duchess Anne, with the Prince of Orange; and thence, by the way of Dijon and Zurich, to Berlin, where he concluded another family alliance, by the marriage of his brother Nicholas, afterwards emperor, with the Princess Charlotte, daughter of the King of Prussia. On the twelfth of November he arrived at Warsaw, and after publishing the heads of a constitution for Poland, he left this city on the third of December, and on the thirteenth reached St. Petersburg.

No great events mark the next years of the reign of Alexander. On the twenty-seventh of March, 1818, he opened in person the first Polish diet at Warsaw, on the close of which he set out on a journey through the southern provinces of his empire, visiting Odessa, the Crimea, and Moscow. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, at which he was present with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, met in September, and on the fifteenth of the following month promulgated a declaration, threatening, in reference to the then state of Spain, the suppression of all insurrectionary movements wherever they might take place. The congresses held in 1820 and 1821 at Troppau and Laybach, on the affairs of Naples and Piedmont, and that of Verona in 1822, were also mainly directed by the Russian Autocrat.

In the beginning of the winter of 1825, Alexander left

St. Petersburg, on a journey to the southern provinces, and on the twenty-fifth of September arrived at Taganrog on the Sea of Azof. From this town he, some time after, set out on a tour to the Crimea, and returned to Taganrog about the middle of November. Up to nearly the close of this latter excursion, he had enjoyed the highest health and spirits. But he was then suddenly attacked by the common intermittent fever of the country, and when he arrived at Taganrog he was very ill. Trusting, however, to the strength of his constitution, he long refused to submit to the remedies which his physicians prescribed. When he at length consented to allow leeches to be applied, it was too late. During the last few days that he continued to breathe, he was insensible; and on the morning of the first of December he expired.

It was for some time rumored in foreign countries that Alexander had been carried off by poison; but it is now well ascertained that there is no ground whatever for this suspicion. It appears, however, that his last days were embittered by the information of an extensive conspiracy of many of the nobility and officers of the army to subvert the government, and even to take away his life; and it is not improbable that this news, which is said to have been brought to him by a courier during the middle of the night of the eighth, which he spent at Alupta, may have contributed to hasten the fever by which he was two or three days after attacked.

The death of Alexander took place exactly a century after that of Peter the Great, under whom the civilization of Russia may be said to have commenced. The state of the empire did not change so completely during Alexander's reign as it did during that of Peter; but still the advancement of almost every branch of the national prosperity, in the course of the quarter of a century during which Alexander filled the throne, was probably, with that one exception, greater than had ever been exhibited in

any other country. He founded or reorganized seven universities, and established two hundred and four gymnasia, and above two thousand schools of an inferior order. The literature of Russia was also greatly indebted to his liberal encouragement, although he continued the censorship of the press in a modified form. He greatly promoted among his subjects a knowledge of and taste for science and the fine arts by his munificent purchases of paintings, and anatomical and other collections. The agriculture, the manufactures, and the commerce of Russia were all immensely extended during his reign. Finally, to Alexander the people of Russia were indebted for many political reforms of great value. Under Alexander, also, both the extent and the population of the Russian dominions were greatly augmented; the military strength of the nation was developed and organized; and the country, from holding but a subordinate rank, took its place as one of the leading powers of Europe.

Alexander was married, on the ninth of October, 1793, to the Princess Louisa Maria Augusta of Baden, who, on becoming a member of the Imperial family, assumed the name of Elizabeth Alexiewna. By her, however, he had no issue. On his death, his next brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, was proclaimed king at Warsaw; but he immediately surrendered the throne to his younger brother, the late Emperor Nicholas, according to an agreement made with Alexander during his lifetime.



THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

NICHOLAS I., PAVLOVICH, Emperor of Russia, styled also Czar and Autocrat of all the Russias, was born in the city of St. Petersburg, July 7, 1796, June 25, old style. He was the third son of the Emperor Paul; Alexander I. having been the first son, and the Grand Duke Constantine the second son. His mother, Sophie Dorothea, a daughter of Friedrich Eugen, Duke of Württemberg, when she became the second wife of the Emperor Paul, became also a member of the Greek Church, and, as is the usage, changed her names to those of Maria Feodorowna.

The Emperor Paul having been assassinated March 23, 1801, Nicholas was left entirely to the care of his mother, who appointed General Lamsdorf his governor, and selected the Countess Lieven and the German philologist Adelung, as his principal teachers in languages and literature, and Councillor Storch as his instructor in general politics and other sciences and arts suitable to his rank and station. He acquired the power of speaking the French and German languages with as much facility as the Russian, and early manifested that preference for military display, military tactics, and the art of fortification, which distinguished him through life.

After the termination of the great European war in 1814, Nicholas was sent to travel, and visited some of the principal battle-fields. In 1816 he came to England, where he met with a cordial reception. He afterwards made a tour in the chief provinces of the Russian empire. On the thirteenth of July, 1817, he married Frederica Louisa Char-

lotte Wilhelmina, eldest daughter of Frederic William III., King of Prussia, and sister of Frederic William IV., the present king. She was born July 13, 1798, and her distinguishing name was Charlotte, but on her marriage and entering the Greek Church she assumed the names of Alexandra Feodorowna.

The Emperor Alexander I. having no issue, his next brother Constantine was the legitimate heir to the throne; but by a document signed August 28, 1823, Constantine renounced his right, reserving to himself the dignity of Viceroy of Poland; so that when Alexander died at Taganrog, December 1, 1825, Nicholas immediately succeeded him. He did not, however, become emperor without a struggle, attended with much danger. An extensive conspiracy had been organized a considerable time before the death of Alexander, among the officers of the Russian army and those of the nobility who were friendly to a constitutional government; and the soldiers and people were taught to believe that the abdication of the Grand Duke Constantine had been obtained by forcible means. When the troops were assembled in the great square fronting the Imperial Winter Palace of St. Petersburg, in order to make a manifestation of their allegiance to the new Emperor, the officers, just as the ceremony was about to commence, stepping forward out of the ranks, denounced Nicholas as a usurper, and proclaimed Constantine as their rightful czar. The soldiers followed their officers, with cries of "Constantine and the Constitution!" Milardowich, Governor of St. Petersburg, a veteran favorite of the army, and the archbishop, in his ecclesiastical robes, endeavored to suppress the hostile demonstration, but in vain, and the people showed signs of sympathizing with the troops. At this critical moment Nicholas came forward, and boldly confronting the officers and soldiers, called out with a loud voice, "Return to your ranks — obey — kneel!" The Czar's majestic form and undaunted bearing, his pale but

calm and stern countenance, and the reverence with which the Russians habitually regard their sovereign, caused most of the soldiers to kneel and ground their arms. The first outbreak was thus checked; but the conspiracy was not suppressed till artillery and musketry had poured freely their missiles of destruction among the gathering masses of the insurrectionists. Colonel Pestel and four other leaders of the conspiracy were executed. Others were sent to the mines of Siberia, where Nicholas continued their punishment with unappeasable severity. He was crowned at Moscow with great pomp and ceremony, September 3, 1826; and at Warsaw May 24, 1829.

Soon after his coronation, in 1826, the Emperor Nicholas commenced a war with the Shah of Persia, which lasted till the victory over the Persians by Field-Marshal Paskevich, February 28, 1828, led to the Treaty of Turkmanchai, by which the Shah, besides undertaking to pay about three millions sterling, ceded to Russia the provinces of Erivan and the countries situated on the lower Kour and the Aras. A war between Russia and Turkey ensued in 1828, during which the Russian army crossed the Danube and took the fortresses of Braila and Varna. In the campaign of 1829, General Diebitch took the fortress of Silistria, defeated the main army of the Turks at Shumla, crossed the Balkan, and advanced to Adrianople, where a treaty of peace was signed September 14, 1829. By this treaty, Nicholas obtained for Russia, besides a large sum as indemnification for the expenses of the war, liberty to trade in all parts of the Turkish Empire, trading navigation on the Danube, free passage of the Dardanelles, the fortress and pashalic of Anapa on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, and other additions of territory as well as of political power.

On the twenty-ninth of November, 1830, an insurrection broke out in Poland. The Polish troops having joined the insurrectionists, the Grand Duke Constantine, as command-

er-in-chief, was allowed to retire from Poland with 8000 Russians. In January, 1831, the Polish Diet declared the throne vacant, organized a national government under Prince Adam Czartoryski, and prepared for a vigorous defence of their country. They assembled about 60,000 troops; but the Russian armies which advanced against them numbered about 130,000, and had about 400 pieces of artillery. The Poles fought bravely, and were successful in several actions, but sustained an enormous loss at the battle of Ostrolenka, May 26, 1831. The Prussian government prevented the Poles getting supplies of arms and ammunition across their frontier, while the Russians were allowed to have magazines within the Prussian territory. General Diebitch died suddenly on the ninth of June, and was succeeded by Paskevich. Warsaw was besieged on the sixth of September, and surrendered on the eighth. The failure of this insurrection was disastrous to the Poles. The Emperor Nicholas treated them with rigorous severity: several were sent to the mines of Siberia, and many to serve as soldiers in the Caucasus; the Polish constitution was formally abrogated; the chief universities were suppressed, and the libraries removed to St. Petersburg; and on the seventeenth of March, 1832, by a decree of the Emperor, the kingdom of Poland was incorporated with the Russian empire.

In 1837 the Emperor Nicholas made a tour in his Trans-Caucasian provinces. He travelled with great rapidity, but remained at Tiflis from the twentieth to the twenty-fourth of October, reviewed the troops, gave dinners and a grand ball, and held a levee, which was attended by all persons of distinction in the provinces. He paid a visit of inspection to the fortress of Gumri, since named Alexandropol, near the frontier of Turkish Armenia, and about forty-five miles east by north from Kars. It was then in process of construction, and is now a fortified position of great strength either for defence or offence against the Turks in

Asia Minor. A desultory conflict was at this period carried on between the Russians and Circassians; but in 1839 war was formally declared by Russia against the Circassians, and has continued with little intermission ever since. In 1844 the Emperor Nicholas paid a second visit to England, and was entertained by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle from the first to the ninth of June. In 1849 he sent a Russian army into Hungary in aid of the Austrians, and the subjugation of that country was accomplished in the month of August of that year.

The last and most important event in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas was the recent war with Turkey and the Western Powers. It was the only unsuccessful and disastrous war in which he had engaged, and the reverses his army experienced probably occasioned a degree of excitement and irritation which shortened his life. It was commenced by the Emperor's minister, Menzikoff, in March, 1853, demanding a right of protectorate over those subjects of the Sultan who belong to the Greek Church. The claim was refused, and a Russian army occupied Moldavia and Wallachia as a "material guaranty" for enforcing it. In October the same year the Porte declared war against Russia, and applied to France and England for their promised aid. A Turkish army under Omar Pasha occupied Shumla and the fortresses on the Danube; in November he threw a body of troops across the river opposite Widin, and fortified a position at Oltenitza, on the left bank, which was retained till the termination of the war. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, in the same month, was followed by the advance of the French and English fleets into the Black Sea. The English and French armies were next landed and encamped near Constantinople, whence they removed to the vicinity of Varna. In March, 1854, the Russian army crossed the Danube, and besieged the fortress of Silistria, but after great efforts and an enormous loss of men was compelled to raise the siege

on the fifteenth of June, and to retreat across the Danube. The Anglo-French army landed in the Crimea September 14, 1854; won the battle of the Alma; by a flank march seized a position on the south side of Sebastopol, and commenced the siege, which, after a severe struggle, the facts of which are well known, was terminated on the eighth and ninth of September, 1855, by the capture of the town and all the forts on the southern side of the harbor of Sebastopol.

Nicholas was left alone to fight the combined armies of France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey. The repeated defeats and losses of his formidable armies and fleets produced a deep effect upon his powerful constitution, and hastened his death, the more immediate cause of which was atrophy of the lungs. For some time previously he had been violently affected with influenza. He became worse by degrees from want of sleep and increased cough; but, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his physicians, he continued to attend to his usual occupations; and on February second inspected some troops who were about to march into Lithuania. In the evening he was present at the prayers for the first week of Lent, but complained of being cold. From that evening he did not leave his little working room. On February twenty-third he sent for his adjutant, Colonel Tottenborn, and despatched him to Sebastopol. During the whole time he was ill, he lay on his camp-bed, consisting of a casing of Russian leather filled with hay, a bolster of the same kind, with a blanket and his cloak over him. It was not till February twenty-eighth that his state was looked upon as decidedly serious. From that time he became rapidly worse; the physicians apprehended a paralysis of the lungs, and despaired of his recovery on the evening of March first. He calmly received the report of the physician in regard to his critical condition, and took the last sacraments early on the morning of March second. He then took leave of the Empress,

their children and grandchildren, and blessed each one of them with a firm voice. He next sent for Counts Orloff and Alderberg and Prince Dolgoruki, thanking them for their fidelity, and bidding them farewell. Subsequently he took leave of the servants immediately about his person, on which occasion he is said to have been much affected. Last of all Madame Rohrbeck, the lady in waiting of the Empress, was sent for, whom he begged never to quit her mistress. While his father confessor was speaking to him, he took the Empress's hand and put it into the priest's. After this he lost his speech for a while, during which time he was engaged in prayer and crossed himself repeatedly. He subsequently regained his voice, and spoke from time to time up to his decease, which took place without a struggle, in the presence of the whole family, at ten minutes past noon.

The Emperor Nicholas died at St. Petersburg on the second of March, 1855, and was succeeded by the present Emperor, Alexander II. The Empress Alexandra survives him; and he has left issue four sons and two daughters: Alexander, born April 29, 1818; Maria, born August 18, 1819; Olga, born September 11, 1822; Constantine, born September 21, 1827; Nicholas, born August 8, 1831; and Michael, born October 25, 1832.

The Emperor Nicholas was upwards of six feet in height, muscular and well-proportioned, with handsome features. In his personal habits he was simple, abstemious, and indefatigably industrious. He had a taste for the fine arts, and for music, and is stated to have composed some military airs; but his favorite pursuits were connected with the military sciences and military operations. In his political principles he was professedly despotic. He had been heard to say, "Despotism is the very essence of my government, and it suits the genius of my land." The great objects of his public life were the increase of the power of Russia and the extension of her territories to the east, west, and

south, by unscrupulous diplomacy, and when that failed, by war. His grand purpose is now known to have been the possession of Constantinople. By means of that unrivalled military and political position, he trusted to have superseded the Sultan in his empire, and to have become the dominant power in Europe and Asia.



ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

ALEXANDER II., the present Emperor of all the Russias, was the eldest son of the late Emperor Nicholas and the Empress Alexandra Feodorowna. This name his mother assumed on her marriage, as it is the custom with females, on marrying into the Imperial family, to change their names with their religion, on being admitted into the Greek Church; before marriage she was the Princess Frederica Louisa Charlotte Wilhelmina, sister of Frederic William, King of Prussia. Alexander was born on the twenty-ninth of April, 1818. He was educated with great care, and entered very early into the military service, in which, of course, during his father's lifetime he was invested with a numerous variety of honorary commands, but is said not to have evinced any remarkable military aptitude, though by no means destitute of talent and intelligence. On the twenty-eighth of April, 1841, he married Maximilienne Wilhelmina Augusta Sophia Maria, daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse, by whom he has had four sons and a daughter; the eldest son, Nicholas Alexandrowitch, now the Czarowitch, or Crown-Prince, was born on September 20, 1843. On the death of the Emperor Nicholas, on March 2, 1855, Alexander succeeded to the throne, and to the conduct of the war against the united forces of Turkey, France, England, and Sardinia. As Crown-Prince, he has been represented as opposed to the warlike policy of the late emperor; but almost his first step after his accession was to issue a proclamation expressing his determination to carry out completely the plans and intentions of

his predecessor; and to this determination he has hitherto held with great firmness. On September 8, 1855, the allies obtained possession of Sebastopol, as they had somewhat earlier of Kertch and Yenicalé, and somewhat later of Kinburn. In October and November following, he in person visited the scene of the most active hostilities, Nicolaieff, Odessa, and the Crimea, encouraging the soldiery to renewed efforts; and at other times has made progresses through various parts of his dominions, endeavoring to lessen as much as possible the unpopularity of the contest with a great portion of his subjects, occasioned by the enormous conscriptions levied upon them in order to supply the terrible losses experienced by his armies.

During the ensuing winter, the neutral German Powers, especially Prussia and Saxony, finding Louis Napoleon not averse to peace, mediated officiously. An armistice was concluded between the belligerents in March, 1856; a conference convoked at Paris, and a final treaty there on the thirteenth of that month, put an end to the war. Russia lost by it a small slice of land in Bessarabia, and her naval preponderance in the Black Sea. The nation, as well as the Czar, thus learned by costly experience to know all the deficiencies of the system which his predecessor had pushed to the utmost extreme. Since the peace Alexander has devoted himself to putting Russia on a more healthy footing. In this career his actions have hitherto exhibited a humane, broad, elastic, and truly liberal spirit. Everywhere he has relaxed the lines drawn to the utmost tension by his predecessor. Above all, he is emancipating the nation from the military routine which permeates every branch of the administration. He has reorganized the army, and freed the people for the space of four years from military recruitment. He has also dissolved a greater part of the military colonies, freed public instruction from military discipline. He has given a new impulse to internal industry and trade; at the same time he seeks to

develop the national commercial marine and to induce native merchants to extend their relations to foreign countries. He has annulled the impediments which prevented Russians from visiting foreign lands, and has granted a general amnesty for political offenders, Poles and Russians; recalling the exiled from Siberia, and allowing fugitives to return; and is employing the whole energy of the government and nation in the work of covering his immense empire with nets of railroads. He is religious, and sincerely attached to the national church, but without fanaticism. He continues still engaged in the vast work of improvement, in all the departments of his empire and among all classes of his subjects of the different languages and conditions.

The coronation ceremonies of the Emperor Alexander and his Empress surpassed all pageants of modern times in imperial grandeur and magnificence. The extended account of this great occasion, which follows this sketch, will add interest both to the personalities of the Emperor and the Empress.



MISS MARY ELIZABETH BROWN.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE Emperor Alexander II., the present ruler of the colossal Empire of Russia, is consort to the original of the beautiful portrait which stands at the head of this brief biographical sketch. The portrait, in its artistic beauty, will speak for itself, even though the lips utter no sound. This portrait, with its expressive lineaments and imperial dignity and grace, is copied from a photograph of life. It will be readily acknowledged by all lovers of art that the engraver has exerted almost inimitable skill in its execution, deserving high praise. The delicacy and artistic perfection in the outline and finish of the face, and the accurate drawing of the dress and drapery, with the ornaments which adorn the person of the Empress, combine in presenting an object upon which the eye must dwell with pleasure. The perusal of the coronation ceremonies will bring to view, by graphic description, the person of the Empress as she appeared in her imperial robes on that august occasion.

Maximilienne Wilhelmina Augusta Sophia Maria — now Marié Alexandrowna — the present Empress of Russia, is the daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. She was born in 1824; her husband, the Emperor, April 29, 1818. Alexander, then a prince, made his choice among a host of German princesses. He fixed his choice on the Grand Duchess Marié. It is said to have been altogether a love-match. They were married April 28, 1841. They have four sons and a daughter. The eldest son, Nicholas Alexandrowitch, Crown-Prince, was born September

20, 1843. On the death of the Emperor Nicholas, March 2, 1855, Alexander II. ascended the throne, and the two became Emperor and Empress of Russia. They were crowned at Moscow, amid the most august scenes and splendor the world has ever beheld. As the Emperor and Empress passed down the Cathedral of Moscow, all eyes were turned to the beauty and majesty of the Empress, surrounded by her ladies of honor and a vast multitude of admiring spectators.

IMPERIAL CORONATION AT MOSCOW.

THE Emperor Alexander II. and the Empress were crowned at Moscow with the most august ceremonies, on the twenty-ninth of August, 1856, in the presence of many distinguished personages from most of the governments of the world. This great occasion formed a most interesting chapter in the history of the Court of Russia. The following account of the various ceremonies is from the pen of William Howard Russell, Esq., who was an eye-witness of the scenes described:—

It was a magnificent wonder, surpassing all precedent in modern times, costing the Russian government five millions of dollars in its various ceremonies and gorgeous spectacles. The vast gathering of military and tributary chieftains and other celebrities from various lands and governments, as well as an innumerable crowd of other personages of less note, must have added greatly to the scene of imposing grandeur.

It would be as difficult to describe this dazzling pageant as it would be to give an accurate account of a grand spectacle at the theatre. In all its component parts it was magnificent and effective. The wealth of a vast empire was poured out with a profuseness almost barbaric, and displayed with a taste founded on Oriental traditions, and modified by European civilization. Instead of a narrow stage, the scene was laid in the ancient metropolis of the largest empire the world has ever seen; instead of tinsel and mock finery, gold and silver and diamonds flashed in the real sunlight. He who played the part of an Emperor was indeed an Emperor; and those who appeared as em-

presses, marshals, and soldiers, were what they seemed to be; but after all, when amid the blare of trumpets, the clanging of bells, and the roar of the populace, the glorious pageant had passed away in a parti-colored blaze of light, what was left but the recollection of the transitory pleasure of the eye, and of the indescribable excitement which the memory in vain endeavored to recall of all that had at the moment produced such irresistible effects?

It may fairly be asserted that no stranger who was present ever beheld the like of the ceremonial of to-day. It was quite *sui generis*,—the devotion and highly-excited religious feeling of the sovereign and his people, and their acts of public prostration, recalled the faith, or, at all events, the practices, of past ages, and offered a strange contrast to the actuality of the military power combined with this national faith which menaces the future rather than the present. The gorgeousness of the carriages and uniforms, liveries and horse-trappings, was worthy of the Cæsars, or some of the great Oriental conquerors; and it is said that the coronation will cost Russia no less than six million roubles, or one million pounds sterling.

THE EMPEROR'S APPROACH.

At last the men stand to their arms for the third time, and a hum of many suppressed voices runs along the streets. A dull heavy noise, like the single beat of a deep drum, is heard a long way off. It is the first *coup de canon* of the nine which announces that the Emperor is on his way to the entrance of his ancient capital. In a moment, far and wide, the chimes of some four hundred churches, scattered, as it were, broadcast all over the great city, ring out their stupendous clamor, which is musical in the depth of its tumult, and the crowd settles into an attitude of profound expectation and repose.

In a few moments more the flourishing of trumpets and

the strains of martial music rise above all this tumult, and the trumpet band of the Rifles of the Guard, close at hand, commence with a wild *alerte*, which is subdued after a time to the measure of a quick march. A few moments of suspense pass heavily, and at length there appears on the red path of sand which looks like a carpet spread in the roadway, a small party of Gendarmes-à-Cheval, preceded by a *maître de police* in full uniform. He is a soldier every inch, from plumed casque to spur, mounted on a prancing war-horse, and clad in a rich uniform; two and two, one at each side of the way, his gendarmes follow him in light blue uniform with white facings, and with helmets and plumes also. They are fine-looking dragoons, and ride splendid horses. Behind them—but who shall describe these warlike figures which come on to their own music of clinking steel and jingling of armor? They fill up the whole roadway with a flood of color. Such might have been the Crusaders, or rather such might have been the Knights of Saladin, when the Cross and the Crescent met in battle. Mounted on high-bred, spirited horses, which are covered with rich trappings of an antique character, the escort of the Emperor comes by, and calls us at once back to the days of Ivan the Terrible. Their heads are covered with a fine chain-armor,—so fine, indeed, that some of them wear it as a veil before their faces. This mail falls over the neck and covers the back and chest, and beneath it glisten rich doublets of yellow silk. Some of the escort carry lances with bright pennons. All armed with antique carabines, pistols, and curved swords. Their saddles are crested with silver, and rich scarfs and sashes decorate their waists. Their handsome faces and slight, sinewy frames indicate their origin. These are of that Circassian race, which, mingling its blood with the Turks, have removed from them that stigma of excessive ugliness that once, according to old historians, affrighted Europe. Their influence on the old Muscovite type is said to be equally

great; and the families which are allied with the Circassians, Mingrelians, or Georgians, exhibit, we are told, a marked difference from the pure and unmixed breed of Russian origin.

The whole breadth of the street was now occupied by a glittering mass of pennons, armor, plumes, steel, and bright colors; the air was filled with the sounds of popular delight, the champing of bits and clinking of weapons, the flourishing of trumpets, and, above all, the loud voices of the bells. Close behind the Circassian escort and the wild Bashkirs comes a squadron of the Division of the Black-Sea Cossacks of the Guard, in large, flat, black sheepskin caps, with red skull-pieces, long lances, the shafts painted red, and the pennons colored blue, white, and red; their jackets of scarlet; their horses small, handsome, and full of spirit.

The forest of red lance-shafts through which one looked gave a most curious aspect to the gay cavalcade. A squadron of the Regiment of Cossacks of the Guard, in blue, follows. Except in the shape of the head-dress, which is like one of our shakos in the olden time, and the color of their uniform, these men resemble the Black-Sea Cossacks.

There follows after these four hundred Cossacks a large body of the *haute noblesse* on horseback and in uniform, two and two, headed by the Marshal of the Nobility for the District of Moscow. Nearly all of these nobles are in military uniforms; those who are not, wear the old Russian boyard's dress,—a tunic glistening with precious stones, golden belts studded with diamonds, and high caps with *aigrettes* of brilliants. On their breasts are orders, stars, crosses, ribbons, innumerable. Menschikoffs, Rostopchins, Galitzins, Woronzoffs, Gortschakoffs, Strogonoffs, Cheremetieffs, Platoffs, Tolstoy, and the bearers of many other names unknown in Western Europe before the last century, are there carrying whole fortunes on their backs, the

rulers and masters of millions of their fellow-men; but, brilliant as they are, the interest they excite soon passes away when the next gorgeous cavalcade approaches.

THE ASIATIC DEPUTIES.

THIS consists of the deputies of the various Asiatic *peuplades*, or races which have submitted to Russia, all on horseback, two by two. Here may be seen the costume of every age at one view, and all as rich as wealth, old family treasures, hoarded plunder, and modern taste, can make it. Bashkirs and Circassians, Tcherkess, Abassians, in coats of mail and surcoats of fine chain-armor, Calmucks, Tartars of Kazan and the Crimea, Mingrelians, Karapapaks, Daghistanhis, Armenians, the people of Gouriel and Georgia, the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian, Kurds, people of Astrakhan, Samoiedes, wild mountaineers from distant ranges to which the speculations of even the "Hertfordshire Incumbent" have never wandered, Chinese from the Siberian frontiers, Mongols, and strange beings like Caliban in court-dress. Some of them had their uncovered hair plaited curiously with gold coins; others wore on the head only a small flat plate of precious metal just over the forehead; others sheepskin head-dresses studded with jewels; old matchlocks that might have rung on the battle-fields of Ivan Veliki, battle-axes, lances, cimeters, and daggers of every form, were borne by this gaudy throng; whose mode of riding offered every possible variety of the way in which a man can sit on a horse. Some rode without stirrups, loose and graceful as the Greek warriors who live on the friezes of the Parthenon; others sat in a sort of legless arm-chair, with their knees drawn up after the manner of sartorial equestrians. Every sort of bit, bridle, saddle, and horse-trapping which has been used since horses were subjugated to man, could be seen here. Some of the saddle-cloths and holsters were of surpassing rich-

ness and splendor. In the midst of all these cavaliers, two attracted particular notice. One was a majestic-looking Turk, with an enormous beard and a towering turban, whose garments were of such a rich material and strange cut, that one was reminded immediately of the high priest in Rembrandt's picture, or of the old engravings of the sultan in old books of travel. The other was a young deputy from Gouriel, with clustering hair flowing down in curls from beneath a small patch of gold and jewels fixed on the top of the head, whose face and figure were strikingly handsome, and who was dressed in a magnificent suit of blue velvet *cramoisi*, flashing with precious stones. He was a veritable Eastern Antinous, and was well matched with his beautiful horse. This cavalcade of the "*peuplades soumises à la Russie*," was to strangers the most interesting part of the procession; but it passed too quickly by for the eye to decompose its ingredients. What stories of the greatness and magnificence of Russia did those people take back to their remote tribes! They went by, bright, shifting, and indistinct as a dream of the Arabian Nights.

THE EMPEROR'S HOUSEHOLD.

THE ceremony is now becoming most exciting, for the carriages come in view round the turn of the street. They are preceded, however, by the *piqueur* of the Emperor on horseback, and twenty huntsmen in full livery, after whom rides in great grandeur, the Head Huntsman,—the master of the Emperor's hounds, or the *Chef de la Vénérerie Impériale*. The first vehicle is an open phaeton gilt richly from stem to stern, and lined with crimson velvet, drawn by six noble horses with the richest trappings; at the head of each horse there is a footman in cocked-hat, green and gold livery, buckskins, and patent-leather jack-boots, who holds his charge by a richly-embossed rein; the driver, barring his livery, seems to have been abstracted from Bucking-

ham Palace. In this gay vehicle are seated, in uniforms of green and gold, two Masters of the Ceremonies of the Court, with huge wands of office. This description, poor as it is, must suffice for the next open phaeton and its paraphernalia, in which is seated the Grand Master of the Ceremonies. After this carriage comes a Master of the Ceremonies, on horseback, followed by twenty-four Gentlemen of the Chamber, mounted on richly caparisoned horses, riding two and two. Another Master of the Ceremonies is next seen, preceding a cavalcade of twelve mounted chamberlains, who are stiff with gold lace, and covered with orders and ribbons. Having got rid of an officer of the Imperial stables, who looks very like a field-marshal, and two Palefreniers in uniforms too rich for an English General, we turn our attention to the following objects: The second "*Charges de la Cour*," in gilt carriages, four and four, crimson velvet linings, green and gold footmen, and fine horses. Next the Marshal of the Court, in an open phaeton, gilt all over, with his grand baton of office flashing with gems. Next, the Grand "*Charges de la Cour*," by four, in gilt and crimson carriages, all and each drawn like the first, with running footmen and rich trappings, —

"All clinquant — all in gold like heathen gods;
Every man that walked showed like a mine."

The members of the Imperial Council, in gilt carriages, followed the Grand "*Charges*," — all that is esteemed wise in Russia, skilful in diplomacy, and venerated for past services, grave, astute, and polished nobles and gentlemen, whose lives have been spent in devoted efforts for the aggrandizement of their country, and the promotion of the interests of their Imperial master — their breasts bear witness to the favor with which they have been regarded. It is with strange feelings one gazes on the representatives of a policy so crafty and so ambitious as that which is

attributed to the Russian Court, and which in this nineteenth century is supported by no inconsiderable part of the learning and logic of the statesmen of Europe.

THE EMPEROR'S BODY GUARDS.

As the last of the train of carriages passes, a noise like distant thunder rolling along the street announces the approach of the Czar. But his presence is grandly heralded. Immediately after the members of the Council of the Empire, the Grand Marshal of the Court rides in an open phaeton, gilt like the rest; but, bright as is he and all about him, there comes after that compared with the lustre of which he is as a mote in the sun. In gilt casques of beautiful form and workmanship, surmounted by crest eagles of silver or gold, in milk-white coats and gilded cuirasses and back-plates, approach the giants of the first squadron of the Chevaliers Gardes of his Majesty the Emperor, each on a charger fit for a commander in battle. These are the picked men of sixty millions of the human race; and in stature they certainly exceed any troops I have ever seen. All their appointments are splendid; but it is said that they looked better in the days of the late Emperor, when they wore white buckskins and jack-boots, than they do now in their long trousers. The squadron was probably two hundred strong, and the effect of the polished helmets, crests, and armor, was dazzling. Their officers could scarcely be distinguished, except by their position and the extraordinary beauty and training of some of their horses, which slowly beat time, as it were, with their hoofs to the strains of the march. The First Squadron of the *Garde à Cheval* follows:—

“ All furnished — all in arms,
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bathed,
Glittering in golden coats like images.”

So bright, so fine, that one is puzzled to decide which, they or the Chevaliers, are the bravest.

THE CZAR.

THE tremendous cheering of the people and the measured hurrahs of the soldiers, the doffed hats and the reverences of the crowd, the waving of handkerchiefs and the clash of presenting arms, warn us that the "Czar of all the Russias, of the Kingdom of Poland, and of the Grand Duchy of Finland, which are inseparable from them," is at hand, and Alexander Nicolaievitch is before us. His Majesty is tall and well formed, although he does not in stature, or in grandeur of person, come near to his father. His face bears a resemblance to the portraits of the Emperor Nicholas; but the worshippers of his deceased Majesty declare that it is wanting in that wonderful power of eye and dignity and intelligence of expression which characterized the father. His Majesty is dressed in the uniform of a general officer, and seems quite simply attired after all the splendor which has gone past. He wears a burnished casque with a long plume of white, orange, and dark cock's feathers, a close fitting green tunic, with aguillettes and orders, and red trousers, and he guides his charger—a perfect model of symmetry—with ease and gracefulness. His features are full of emotion as he returns with a military salute on all sides the mad congratulations of his people, who really act as though the Deity were incarnate before them. It is said that several times his eyes ran over with tears. To all he gives the same acknowledgment,—raising his extended hand to the side of his casque, so that the forefinger rises vertically by the rim in front of the ear. The effect of his presence is considerably marred by the proximity of his suite, who have gradually and perhaps unwittingly closed up till they are immediately behind his horse, instead of leaving him iso-

lated, as he was when he quitted the palace of Petrovsky. Thus it happens that, before he reaches the spot where the spectator is placed, he is nearly lost amid the crowd behind him; and that the moment he passes, his figure is swallowed up in the plumed suite who follow at his heels.

Amid this crowd of great people we all search out the Grand Duke Constantine, whose keen, stern eyes are piercing each window as he rides along. A countenance with more iron will, resolution, and energy stamped upon it, one rarely sees; and the Russians are not unjustifiably proud of the ability and activity he displayed when the allied squadron was expected at Cronstadt. His features and form are cast in the Romanoff mould, which the portraits of Alexander and Nicholas have made pretty well known among us.

THE WIDOWED EMPRESS.

THE Empress Alexandra Feodorowna, whose appearance excited the liveliest acclamations of the people, now passed before us, her feeble frame sustained by the part she had to play, so that she surprises those who know how weak and suffering she is, when they see her *porte* and the graceful and animated bearing with which she acknowledges the cheers of the multitude. "Ah!" say they who think of the old court, "who would ever imagine that she, who was as a feather in the air suspended by a breath, should live to see this day, and that he — *son Dieu* — should have died before her!" Her Majesty was right royally and imperially attired, but how I cannot say. A cloud of light drapery, through which diamonds shone like stars, floated around her, and on her head was a tiara of brilliants. The carriage in which she sat was a triumph of splendor, — all gold and crimson velvet; and on the roof, which was composed of similar materials, was the likeness of an Imperial crown. The eight horses, which were attached to the car-

riage by trappings and cords of gold, were the most beautiful in the Imperial stables, and each was led with a golden bridle by a palefrenier in grand livery. To hide from her the coachman's back, perforce turned towards her Majesty's face, there was an array of little pages who sat outside the coach on the rail with their backs towards the coachman's, and their round visages *vis-à-vis* that of the Empress.

THE KREMLIN.

THE Czar is now the Lord's anointed. The great ceremony which has consecrated his power in the eyes of so many millions of his subjects has been performed with rare precision and success, and with a magnificence to which no historical pageant known to me can claim superiority. The day—how much of our grandest efforts depend on that which we cannot control—was beautiful. At sunrise all Moscow was up and stirring, and ere it was day the hum of voices and the tramp of feet rose from the streets. At six o'clock the Kremlin was assaulted by a sea of human beings, who lashed themselves angrily against the gates, and surged in like waves through the portals. This is to the Russians what the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the cathedrals, and the universities, all in one, would be to an Englishman: "It is the heart and the soul of Moscow, as Moscow is the heart and the soul of Russia." It is her historical monument and the temple of her faith. Against these walls have been broken the hordes which for so many centuries sought to destroy in its cradle the Hercules which was born to crush them; and within them have passed most of the great events which are the landmarks in Russian history. Here is all that is most precious and most sacred to the Russian race,—the tombs of the kings, dukes, and czars, the palaces, the cathedrals, the treasures, the tribunals, the holy images, the miraculous relics, so dear to this giant of the Slavonic race. In form

it is an irregular polygon with a tower at each angle of the walls. It is bounded by the river on one side, and by boulevards marking the course of an ancient stream, now as dry as Cephissus, on the other, and its walls define accurately the size of the whole city of Moscow in the days of the early czars.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

FROM the Salle d'Alexandre we pass on to the Hall of St. Andrew, at the end of which is the Imperial throne in purple and gold, with seven steps ascending to it. Above is emblazoned "*L'Œil de Dieu*," surrounded by a golden glory. The walls are covered with blue, the color of St. Andrew ribbon, with the armorial bearings of all the kingdoms, principalities, duchies, and provinces of the Russian Empire; and between the windows are represented in gilt relief the chain and cross of the Apostle. At the upper end of the hall, on the left-hand side, there is a great crowd of persons at one side of a small table. They are feasting their eyes on the crown, the sceptre, and the globe, which will be used presently in the great ceremony of the day. The only praise that can be given to diamonds belongs to those in the crown: they are very big and very bright. The crown is a cluster of Koh-i-noors, and there is a wreath of diamonds in the form of oak leaves around it which is dazzling as the sun himself. Many of these brilliants are the size of pistol-balls of the good old duelling diameter. As to the sceptre, there is a tip to it formed of a famous diamond, which one is almost afraid to talk about. I really would not venture to state how large it seems to be, and shall content myself by saying that this is the precious stone for which Catherine II. gave nearly £80,000 and a large pension for life to a runaway slave. (*Vide* every story-book.) Turning away from those important ingredients in the ceremonial of to-day, let

us look at what is curious or worthy of notice in the hall itself. The diamonds will remain forever, and will be just regarded with the same feeling of traditionary admiration as they are now, till some chemist fashion them, like Prince Rupert's drops, by the dozen. There are objects here which will not last so long.

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT AGAINST NAPOLEON I.

In two long lines, from door to door of the Hall of St. Andrew and of the Hall of St. George, are drawn up the Grenadiers of the Palace, the veterans of the last war. To me those fine old soldiers were more interesting and attractive than all the display of riches and the blaze of gold and silver around and above us. Their dress recalled the days of those Titanic struggles which shook all Europe. The huge bear-skin cap, with white tassels, and gilt cords, the ample, broad-chested coat and cross-belts, and the white pantaloons with many buttons at the outer side from the knee to the foot, reminded one of the time when Kutusoff and Blücher and Murat and Wellington were the heroes of fast-recurring battles. These men are picked from various regiments, with some regard perhaps to size, but certainly with undoubted claims on the score of service, for there is not one of them who does not bear five or six ribbons and crosses or medals on his breast. As you walk along that wall of soldiers, it is difficult to believe that they have lived under three Emperors, and have fought against the great Napoleon. They are all in perfect preservation. The only thing to betray old age is a certain stiffness about the knee, and those implacable and invincible and inevitable wrinkles which will come upon us as records of so many lustres. The hair is jet black, the moustache is lustrous and dark as the boot which was wont to affright the *feline* of our boyhood, and the whiskers—for old Russia wore whiskers—are of the same fine

polish. The surprise into which you may be thrown at such evidences of juvenility on the part of men who have seen the horrors of the Beresina, and who beheld Murat turn his back at Yaroslavitz, is removed, however, when you see that the veteran who touches his moustache blackens the fingers of his glove: he has had his hair dyed, just as his boots have been polished,—for effect. Some of these veterans are historical monuments—some have served under Suwaroff at Ismail and in Italy—others have marched triumphantly into Paris—others have crossed the Balkans with Diebitch. Of all their numerous decorations these veterans seem to prize the Paris medal and ribbon the most, and they point to it with great pride, though it hangs amid memorials of tremendous battle-fields. How these rugged old warriors, the relics of Austerlitz, Friedland, Eylau, Pultowsk, and the Borodino, must smile in their hearts at the medal which has this day been given away to nearly all Russia on account of the late war. The line in which the soldiers were dressed was perfect; the men were six paces apart, and from time to time the general on duty for the day moved up and down the ranks, took bearings with his eye from breast to breast, and dressed them with his own hands. They were of different height, being selected for merit and service; but on an average they were six feet high.

In a quiet group, beside a golden pillar, stands Gortschakoff, whose name will be ever associated with that masterly retreat which deprived France and England of half their triumph. When last the writer saw that gaunt, great figure it was stalking up the aisle of St. Paul's at the funeral of the great Duke. Since then years—and a few months which brought with them such cares as years seldom know—have bowed down his figure, and have wrinkled that broad, high brow. The Prince is covered with orders, crosses, and ribbons; stars of diamonds glitter

on his breast; but there is an air of gravity and care about him which shows that these honors have not been lightly bought. His eyes are dim, and the use of a pair of black-mounted spectacles adds to the severity of the expression of his face.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

In another spot Prince Menschikoff, who is still a favorite with the Russians, is speaking with his usual dryness of manner to an attentive little audience. The Prince is very sore respecting the criticism to which he has been exposed for his plan of defence at the Alma; and the letters which have appeared in the public papers from him and his accusers are a new feature in Russian journalism. The Prince's friends say that his plan was frustrated by the neglect of the general who commanded the left wing to carry out his instructions; these were, to allow five or six battalions of the French to get up to the edge of the plateau, and then to attack them, and hurl them down on the columns ascending from below; but instead of doing so, the general permitted nine or ten battalions and a battery of artillery to crown the heights ere he assailed them with all his force; and then they were too strong to be dislodged. However this may be, it is certain that the Russians regard Prince Menschikoff as the most accomplished general they possess, so far as regards the theory of war. He is extremely well-read in many branches of learning, and is said to be as various and versatile as our own Achitophel — chemist, doctor, naturalist, geologist, lawyer, diplomatist, soldier, sailor, etc. His manner is imperious and harsh, albeit he is given to theory and reverie rather than action, and he never "receives" at his house, or studies the arts of popularity.

Amid these warriors and statesmen, ladies in full court dress are pressing towards the inner apartments of the palace, radiant with diamonds, for the display of which the

Muscovite head-dress now in vogue is peculiarly adapted. This consists of a high circlet or coronet of satin velvet, or cloth, which encompasses the top of the head, and is studded with precious stones. Persians, in high black sheepskin caps, and rich loose dresses of finest silk, and gossamer shawls, — flat-faced Tartar deputies, wild delegates from the further Caspian littoral, Georgians, Circassians, Abasses, Tcherkesses, Mingrelians, Ourelians, Moguls, Gourians, Daghestantees, Koords, Lapps, Kalmucks, Khirgesses, Cossacks, — mingling with Russians, French, English, Spaniards, Romans, Greeks, Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Danes, — here was an epitome of the Asiatic and European races, all in their finest bravery, mingling together in the narrow compass of two grand halls.

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

THE foreign ambassadors and ministers who assembled at the palace of M. de Morny, at eight o'clock, descended from their carriages at the northern angle of this outer estrade. Just a minute or two before nine o'clock there was a great commotion among the people, who were closely packed in this outer court, and the *gendarmes* riding gently through them made a lane for the first carriage of the French Embassy. It came up right gorgeously, — running footmen, bewigged coachman, grand chasseur, — a regular glass coach, all gold hanging; the horses and harness were unexceptionable, but it was rather startling to hear in the Kremlin a vigorous interpellation addressed from the dignitary on the box to the leading palefrenier, "Now then, Bill! why the — don't you leave the 'osses' 'eds alone?" The reply was lost in the Russian cries of attention along the line as Count de Morny descended from his carriage and stepped on the estrade, where he was received by a High Chamberlain in waiting. His Excellency is dressed *de rigueur*, and is really a well-appointed "fine-looking gen-

tleman," as our great Pendennis would say. Some of his suite had arrived on horseback, and the other carriages of the embassy were rather put into the shade by the splendor of their chief's.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

THE next carriage, which was not so showy, but was in other respects at least as good as the Count's coach, was that of the English Ambassador, who, with the Countess Granville, descend, were received by the Chamberlain, and in a like manner entered the Cathedral. Lord Granville was dressed in the Windsor uniform; and his wife, who, to all our eyes, was dressed with great richness and taste, was quite glorious with diamonds. The horses were worthy of the best turn-out in "the park." May it be said we were all proud of our fair countrywoman, who might have well dared comparison, had there been any to institute, with the ladies of other embassies? The fact is, that there were none, for ours was the only embassy with "ladies" attached; and, as for the legations, there are only two — that of the United States (to which Mrs. Colt and Miss Jarvis are attached) and of Saxony (which was represented by the Baron and Baroness de Seebach) — which are gallant enough to come with their wives to Moscow.

DIAMONDED ESTERHAZY.

AND now, amid a little battalion of bareheaded, running footmen, a very fine old coach drove up, and from it descends — What is this? A very fine old gentleman, indeed, somewhat gone in years, but right royal and splendid in air and attire. It was Prince Paul Esterhazy, ambassador of Austria. He was dressed in pure silk or velvet, with a huzzar jacket of the same material, braided all over with pearls. Diamonds flash forth from all the folds of his

clothing. His maroon-colored boots, which came up to the knee, were crusted with pearls and diamonds; and on his heels were spurs of brilliants which glittered finely in the sunshine. One would almost be proud to be kicked by such a boot; but perhaps such an honor is only reserved for the great and noble. His Excellency has a very brilliant suite.

From the Salle Ste. André the doors on one side lead to the fine promenade which is formed on the top of the first story of the façade of the Imperial Palace. As we stepped out on this esplanade, a sight such as can neither be described nor forgotten met the eye. It was yet early—about half-past six o'clock; the sun shining from the left lighted up the gilt domes and vanes of the Kremlin, and of the churches on the right of the picture, with a rich orange flame, that seemed to die away or gather fresh vividness as the rolling vapors of the morning rolled up more densely from the river, or thinned away before the fickle breeze. The view is bounded by the Kremlin on the left, and on the right by the buildings of the palace, at the end of the façade. Below the spectator there is the carriage-way, outside the palace, already thronged with spectators of the lower classes and masses of soldiery. This way is on the verge of the plateau on which the Kremlin stands, over the course of the Moskwa. Nearer to the river there is another broad path, close to the outer wall which surrounds the ancient fortress and overlooks the stream, and already the artillerymen are standing by the guns mounted on one of the old Gothic forts which break the lines of the crenellated wall. The people are here also—their faces turned up to the white walls of the palace. At the other side of the river, which is about two hundred yards across, there is another walk lined with houses,—a veritable quay, on which men and women and children are standing in groups, looking towards the Kremlin. Behind

this line of houses opens out the city like some great sea; the houses are hidden almost by the thick haze of Russian autumn, but above it for many miles, in every possible shape, cupola, turret, dome, spire, cross, minaret, rise to greet the sun, and reflect his rays upon their gilded surfaces. It is impossible to imagine this scene. It is in vain, indeed, that the eye which gazes on it seeks, as it were, to seize the details of the world of clock-towers, palaces, churches, and public buildings, which seems to extend as far as the horizon itself, springing up amid, and separated by, boulevards, meadows, gardens, and small plantations.

All the architectures, as all the nations, of the globe are represented here. Here a strange-looking dome reminds you of Calcutta or some Indian city; beside it is the mural tower and Gothic battlement of the Crusade; the sentries on the fire-towers seem gigantic in the haze, and just as you begin to fancy they are warders on the donjon keep, you make out that the tower is not Norman, but very modern Byzantine, and that the man wears the long coat and flat cap of active service. There you see Chinese willow-pattern edifices beside Gothic churches, next to a green dome fantastically carved like a prodigious pine-apple. The fog, half smoke, half vapor, is tinged with many colors, as it rolls amid this forest of glittering spires and domes, and the vast mosaic of variegated cloud-roofs and house-tops.

As one gazed upon this scene he could not help being startled if he remembered that forty-four years ago Napoleon looked down on a similar scene from the walls of the old Kremlin. But hark! There once again is the old familiar voice of the Russian cannon,—a flash of fire spirts from an embrasure below, and the thick white smoke rushes into the air. Thank Heaven, the dull roar of the iron messenger of death is not heard again, but instead of that angry voice the bells of the Church of the Assumption

ring out merrily, and at the signal the thousand bells of Moscow take up the chorus, and at the same time ten thousand voices of the people mingle together in a deep murmur. It is seven o'clock. The echoes of cannon shake the old Kremlin twenty-one times in rapid succession. This is the signal for the various persons engaged in the ceremonial to repair to the places indicated in the programme and *ordre du jour*.

Let us now enter the banqueting-hall. Surely, here are the riches of the world! Such a glare of gold plate, such a wild profusion of goblets, vases, cups, salvers, heaped on tables, massed on sideboards or carved stands along the walls of this glittering room! This is the Granovitaya Palata, the Hall of the Ancient Tsars, (for so the Russians spell the word in French.) Can it be described? Assuredly not by the pen, nor by the pencil of any artist but one who can dip his brush in the hues of the rainbow. The low, many-arched roof of the hall is sustained by a huge square pillar in the centre, round which is placed a platform with receding ledges, to the height of nine or ten feet, each ledge groaning with ancient vase and dishes in gold and silver. Some of these are of the quaintest form and curious workmanship,—models of old castles and palaces, strange animals, battle-pieces, birds,—craftily worked in past centuries by forgotten descendants of Tubal-Cain, and each a museum in itself. On the right hand of the hall, on entering, there is a buffet which seems crushed beneath the masses of gold vessels upon it, each a study, but enriched above all by the grand cup from Benvenuto's own hand, for which Russia paid the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling. On the left there is an estrade for the orchestra and for the singers, among whom are Lablache, Dumeric, Bosio, Calzolari, and Tagliacico. It is covered with cramoisied purple velvet, with gold fringes and borders. . . . On the left of the pillar are placed two tables, extending

the whole length of the room, for the guests. These are weighed down likewise with gold and silver plates, goblets, plateaux, epergnes, and salvers. The chairs, of white and gold, with crimson velvet seats, are placed at the left sides of the tables only, so that all the guests will have their faces turned towards their Majesties. Such are glories of the banquet-room of the Czar.

THE IMPERIAL COUPLE.—ENTRY INTO THE CATHEDRAL.

Now the Imperial dais comes in sight, and the Emperor himself presents himself to the people, not amid cheers, but loud, shrill cries which overpower the tolling of the bells, the crash of arms, and the loud flourish of drums and trumpets, which rise all around us. Before him marched two priests with a gold basin full of holy water, which an archbishop sprinkles profusely on the scarlet cloth. The Emperor, who possesses the personal advantages of the Romanoff family,—a fine, erect, and stately figure,—marched with a measured stride, and bowed right and left as he passed down to the estrade. The Empress followed behind him, under the same dais, with thirteen ladies of honor around her, and her appearance was the signal for repeated outbursts of cheering. Her Majesty was dressed with the utmost simplicity, and presented a most charming contrast to the glare by which she was surrounded. There was a gracefulness in her movements,—a quiet dignity and gentleness which touched every heart, and turned every eye even from the person of her Imperial husband. As the dais was borne down the steps amid the sheen of glittering sword-blades flourished at the presence of the Emperor, the picture offered by the Court of the Kremlin was such as one seldom sees,—the splendor of the pageant, the steady lines of the soldiery, the waving masses of the galleries as they rocked to and fro in their homage

and ecstasy. A platoon of the Chevalier Gardes followed the dais, and after them came a member of each family of the High Russian nobility, three and three, behind whom again, in strange juxtaposition, marched a band of artisans and manufacturers; after them followed the corps of 1st Guild of Merchants, by threes; and the procession was closed by another platoon of the Chevalier Gardes. The flourishing of trumpets, the strains of the numerous bands, the cheers of the people, the measured hurrahs of the soldiery, the roll of drums, the clang of bells, deafened the ears, and almost overwhelmed the senses. The Metropolitans of Moscow and of Novgorod, who had previously blessed and watered the Imperial Ensign, stood at the door of the Cathedral of the Assumption, and as their Majesties approached, the former presented them the Holy Hood to kiss, which they did most reverently, and the latter sprinkled them with holy water.

EFFECT ON THE RUSSIAN SPECTATORS.

WE are now inside the Cathedral with them, and we are about to witness a ceremony instinct with meaning, and full of sacred solemnity to the mind of the unsophisticated Russian. The eye uninformed by the spirit cannot rightly interpret a great symbolical representation, and we must for the moment put aside our modern-day, constitutional, and essentially English ideas, if we would rightly appreciate the effect of what we are about to witness. Some notion of its significance will be conveyed to the English mind by the thought that it is in the eyes of the Russian people the sacrament and visible consecration of the absolute power of one man over 60,000,000 of his fellow beings. Something of the terror inspired by such an idea is modified by the fact generally and heartily believed, that, in the present instance, the Prince who is to be invested

with such awful power is mild in disposition, upright in character, and sincerely desirous that his reign should conduce to the happiness and welfare of his people.

Let us for the moment try to identify ourselves in thought with one of his people. The Russian finds himself in the centre of the magnificent church, every inch of whose walls glitters with gold, and whose pictorial sides offer to his eyes allegorical representations of his faith. On the one hand he sees the saints under the altar of the Apocalypse, looking up to heaven with the agonized cry, "How long, O Lord?" On the other he views the avenging flames glaring out of the pit of the wicked; while from the top of the gorgeous ceiling a gigantic head of the Saviour looks down in peace, and gives consolation to his soul. All around him are the sacred relics and images of the saints, and before him, raised on a platform, and under a canopy of velvet and gold, are the thrones of the Czars John III. and Michael Feodorowitch, prepared now for the Emperor and Empress, the inauguration of whose heaven-bestowed power he is about to witness.

THE CEREMONY.

THE Empress Dowager and the Imperial family have already entered the church and taken their places on the platform around the thrones. Amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of the populace the young Emperor and his bride reach the entrance of the church. And now they detach themselves from the crowd of officials about them, and passing along the gorgeous screen that separates the chancel from the church, they fall on their knees before the images of the saints, kiss with fervent reverence the sacred relics, and offer up silent prayers to heaven. Let the perfect grace and earnestness with which the young Empress performs these acts be noted. She is richly attired in a white robe, studded with the finest jewels; but

her head is adorned only by her own luxuriant hair, without a single ornament. Her right hand is ungloved, and with this she repeatedly crosses herself as she performs her religious offices, not mechanically, as if going through part of a prescribed ceremony, but fervently, religiously, and with the grace of perfect womanhood. And now the Emperor, followed by his bride, mounts the platform of the throne, and repeats from a book delivered to him by the Archbishop of Moscow, the confession of his Christian faith. He then receives the benediction of the Archbishop; and suddenly the choir, which has hitherto preserved silence, bursts out in psalms and praise to God, and the holy building vibrates with the ring of their harmonious voices. There is no note of organ nor sound of other instrument. The singers, admirably organized, and chanting with astonishing power and precision, need no support; the plaintive soprano voices of the boys rise clear and distinct above the deep tones of the rich basses, and the sustained harmony, solemn and affecting, throbs through the holy building. But already the Imperial mantle of silver and ermine, richly studded with gems, is in the hands of the Archbishop, who proceeds to clasp it round the shoulders of his Majesty. Next follows the great crown, which is placed by the same hands on the Imperial head, reverently bent to receive it; and the sceptre and globe are then delivered to his Majesty, who, invested with these royal insignia, seats himself on the throne. The Empress now approaches with a meek yet dignified air, and falls on her knees before the Emperor. His Majesty lifting the crown from his own head, touches with it that of the Empress, and again seats it on his own brows. A lesser crown is then brought, which the Emperor places on the head of the Empress, where it is properly adjusted by the Mistress of the Robes, and his Majesty, having invested his bride with the Imperial mantle, draws her towards him and tenderly embraces her.

This is the signal for the whole Imperial family, with the foreign princes, to approach and congratulate their Majesties; and nothing can be more touching than the spectacle, from the evident earnestness with which embraces (which are indeed the expression of the deep and cordial love which binds in one common bond of tenderness all the members of the Imperial family) are received and returned. Oh! for that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. How electric is its effect! Here, in the midst of a ceremony necessarily stiff and formal, there is suddenly on the part of the principal performers a genuine outburst of natural feeling; and mark its effect: there is scarcely a dry eye among the masses crowded in the church, while the feeble frame of the Empress-Mother totters with outstretched arms towards the Imperial son, and passionately clasps and holds him in a long embrace; and tears and smiles mingle together as the little Grand Dukes are seen to clamber up to the side of their father and uncle, who has to stoop low in order to reach the little faces which ask to be kissed.

But the most important and solemn part of the ceremony has now to be performed; and there is a general stillness in the church, as the Emperor descends from his throne and proceeds to the entrance of the chancel. He is met there by the Archbishop of Moscow, who holds in his hands the sacred vessel which contains the holy oil. Stretching forth his right hand, the venerable father takes a golden branch, with which, having dipped it in the consecrated oil, he anoints the forehead, eyelids, nostrils, ears, hands, and breast of the Emperor, pronouncing the solemn words, "*Impressio domi Spiritus Sancti.*"

The act is done, and Russian eyes look with awe upon the Anointed of God, the Delegate of his power, the High Priest of his Church, at once Emperor and Patriarch, consecrated and installed in his high temporal and spiritual office. A salvo of canons, the bray of trumpets, the roll

of drums, announce the completion of the sacred act to the ears of those who are without the church and cannot witness it.

THE CELEBRITIES AGAIN.

As the brilliant procession passes out of the church, the Russians, with eager eyes, seek out and distinguish their illustrious fellow-countrymen. There in the rear of the Emperor walks the man now famous throughout Europe, the young and gallant soldier, the defender of Sebastopol, the intrepid Todtleben. His carriage is noble, and full of hero-like decision, but his step falters, and he limps on with the aid of a cane, which tells how sorely he still suffers from a wound received in the trenches before the town which his genius so long defended. His countenance is full of intelligence, yet mild and modest; his chin, the most remarkable feature in his face, is finely developed, and bespeaks the iron will which belongs to the great soldier. All eyes are upon him. There, too, walks the friend of the Emperor Nicholas, the guardian of his son, the negotiator of the Treaty of Paris, the upright and gallant Orloff; and there also is desried the world-famous Menschikoff, who was selected for that disastrous mission to Constantinople, out of which grew the war,—the “Menschikoff *au patelôt*” as some foreigner irreverently whispers. But the foreigner, too, is engaged in looking among foreigners for distinguished individuals and distinguished things, among which latter must not be omitted the famous pearl-embroidered coat of the Hungarian noble, Prince Esterhazy, the Ambassador of Austria. There, too, stands the Ambassador of France, and beside him that of England, wearing the *distinction* (as Prince Metternich called it) of a diplomatic coat unadorned with a single star or order.

THE CROWNED CZAR; IDOLATROUS HOMAGE.

PRESENTLY forth stalks the Emperor. But now he wears an Imperial robe, and on his head there is a crown of dazzling splendor. The sun's rays seem to seek congenial light in those flashing diamonds. The eye cannot bear the brilliancy, and the mujik and the prostrate Russian may well be pardoned, if, with his imagination heated by all that he has seen and heard,—the chanting of the choirs, the carillons of bells, the strains of music, and the clamor of voices,—he thinks he sees a halo of heavenly glory around the Imperial head. Such homage to a man can only be pardoned on the ground that he is the elect and anointed of the Lord; and, indeed, had one come from the skies with all the power and glory of a celestial messenger, he could scarce have excited more fervor of adoration than did the Czar, as, with his figure drawn up to the highest, his eye flashing, and his cheek flushed, but his tread as firm as a lion's, he came forth from the church and stood, with globe and sceptre in his hands, in the blaze of the sun, before his people. In how many wild tongues, with what frantic gesticulations, did they call on Heaven to bless him! Many a tear rolled down the rugged cheeks of the rude Cossacks; and in many a strange dialect did the descendants of distant races implore their common father to pour down every blessing on him who represented their forgotten conquest, bondage, and thralldom, and the influence of whose name alone bound them up with the Russian people. What might not be done with such subjects, and with such devotion and such faith? The flourishing of trumpets, the crash of bands, the noble swell of the national anthem, "God preserve the Czar," which nearly equals our own, the roll and tuck of drums, the bells, the voices of the people—all these formed a strange *mélange* of sound, and stunned the ear; but when the Czar, passing out by the archway on our right, made

his appearance to the larger crowd, there was a noise like a roar of thunder, or the waves of the sea, which swallowed up all else. The people on the terraces below, on the banks of the river, and in the streets outside the Kremlin, took up the cry and shouted like the rest; and some, I am told, went on their knees in the dust and prayed for the Czar.

In a few minutes the procession began to wind through the archway on our left, and to pass before the Cathedral of Michael. The priests in golden state surplice were waiting at the gates, and as the Emperor and Empress came up, to sprinkle them with holy water, and give them the cross to kiss. On entering, the Czar and Czarina kiss the holy relics, and kneel down to pray before the tombs of their ancestors; after which the *Domine salvum fac* is chanted, and the Emperor and Empress continue their short march for a few yards to the Church of the Annunciation, where the same ritual is observed.

On their way, the cheers, the music, the bells, the cannon never cease. It is just one o'clock as the procession begins to ascend the *perron rouge*. The enthusiasm is boundless as his Majesty turns, and with outraised arm seems to return the blessings of his people. He bows to all around as he reaches the landing, and, standing forth from under the dais, looks down upon the scene below. In a few moments more he turns, and is lost to sight in the interior of the magnificent palace, through the walls of which, however, those sounds must follow him.



COUNT ORLOFF.

ORLOFF is the name of a family remarkable in Russian history. Its founder was a certain Ivan, Orel, or Eagle, who in the reign of Peter the Great was a private soldier among the Strelitzes, or Archers, who formed a body in the Russian, analogous to the Janissaries in the Turkish, empire. At the time their destruction was accomplished, Peter the Great employed himself in beheading many of them with his own hand on a long beam of wood, which served as a block for several at a time. It is a current story in Russia that Ivan was one of those doomed to death, and that, on being called on to kneel down to receive the blow, he kicked away a head which was still remaining on the beam, with the observation, "If this is my place it ought to be clear." Struck with his coolness, Peter spared the intended victim's life, and placed him in a regiment of the line, where by his bravery he won his way to the rank of officer, which brought with it that of noble. His son, Gregory Ivanovich, rose to be Governor of Novgorod, and had five sons, of whom two were especially remarkable. Gregory Orloff, born in 1734, entered the army, was engaged in the Seven Years War, and was sent to St. Petersburg with Count Schwerin at the time the Count was taken prisoner. The Grand Duchess Catharine, at that time the wife of the heir to the throne, saw Orloff, who was distinguished for the manly beauty of his person, and he became her favorite. The two Orloffs took part in the sudden revolution of the ninth of July, 1762, which put an end to the short reign of Peter III., and

raised his wife — soon to become his widow — to the throne as the Empress Catharine. After that event, honors were showered upon Orloff, who was the father of the Empress's child, the Count Brobinski. He aspired to become her acknowledged husband and share the throne, but was prevented by her council. Alexis Orloff, his brother, was, like himself, remarkable for his handsome and athletic person. He proved his unlimited devotion to Catharine the Great. In the war with the Turks, which broke out in 1768, Alexis Orloff was appointed to the command over the two squadrons. The Russian success at the battle of Chesme on the fifth of July, 1770, and the burning of the Turkish fleet with fire-ships in the bay of Chesme, four days later, are attributed to Orloff, who enjoys the undivided credit of having furnished to Phillip Hackert, the German painter, the most expensive model recorded in history. Hackert, who was engaged to paint a series of representations of the battles at Chesme could not delineate to Orloff's satisfaction the blowing up of the Turkish ships, and alleged as a reason for his want of success, that he had never witnessed anything similar to such a spectacle. To furnish him with the requisite experience, a Russian frigate was by Orloff's orders, in the month of May, 1772, blown up in the roads of Leghorn, in the presence, not only of the painter, but of assembled thousands, and the painting was then completed entirely to Orloff's satisfaction.

Such are some of the antecedents of the Orloff family. Count Alexis Orloff, nephew of the Orloff last mentioned, and the original of the portrait in this volume, was born in 1787. He served with distinction in the great war against the French as adjutant of the Grand Duke Constantine. On the memorable day of the twenty-sixth of December, 1825, when he was in command of one of the regiments of the guard at St. Petersburg, he not only preserved it for the Emperor, when the others burst into revolt, but hastened to the Emperor's aid. He took up his

position opposite the Imperial Palace, and when, after all the attempts at pacification had failed, the contest was decided by arms, it was Orloff's regiment that most powerfully contributed to fix the victory on the side of the government. The Emperor Nicholas never forgot the assistance he rendered at a moment so critical to the house of Romanoff. From that time onward, Count Orloff was the confidential and trusted friend and adviser of the Emperor Nicholas, and he is well known to the statesmen and diplomatists of Europe. He belongs to an illustrious family, as families go in Russia. He is now about seventy-five years of age, but continues still brisk, healthy, and active; Aide-de-Camp-General, General of Cavalry, Commander of Cavalry, Commander of the Military Household of the King, and Member of the Council of the Empire. He took part in almost all the wars which signalized the commencement of this century, was wounded at Austerlitz, and seven times at Borodino. He was a general when Nicholas mounted the throne.

In 1828 he commanded in Turkey the division of horse chasseurs. In 1829 he was named plenipotentiary, and signed the Treaty of Adrianople. He was sent to the conferences concerning Belgium and the Netherlands; he invariably accompanied the Czar Nicholas on his visits to foreign courts,—to London, Olmütz, and Berlin. In 1845 he succeeded Count de Benckendorff as chief of the third section of the Private Chancellery of the Emperor, and of the gendarmerie of the empire, the colonels of which, distributed over all the governments, have less a mission of police, properly so called, than a general inspection of all the administration of the country, and also of control over the governors as well as the governed. This post, full of trust, gave to Count Orloff free access at all hours of the day to the Emperor, and the right to speak to him of any and everything.

He represented Russia at the Peace Congress of Paris in

1856. He was then described as a man of quiet manners and moderate views, and to have disapproved of Menschikoff's mission and style of execution. The following remark is attributed to him: "Menschikoff demanded much, to receive little; I demand little, to receive much." No Russian diplomatist could come to Paris more fully possessed of his master's confidence, more familiar with the policy of the empire, or better qualified to meet the other plenipotentiaries on equal terms.

It appears that of all the distinguished foreigners then present in Paris, Count Orloff was the one about whom the most curiosity was manifested by the Parisians. At the magnificent *fête* which was given by Count Walewski, at the hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in honor of the representatives of the European Powers, Count Orloff was the object of considerable attention. He was then said to be seventy years of age, but appeared fifteen years younger, and was a wonderful-looking man for his age. He was of large size, very erect, and his countenance denoted robust health and great resolution. He has a very large head, covered with iron-gray hair, cropped close, and is, altogether, what may be called a portly-looking person, of a military aspect, and, whether from associations connected with his name or not, people remarked something like an expression of sternness on his countenance. He was in a plain evening dress, and wore two stars composed of brilliants on his left breast, with a broad blue ribbon *en écharpe*. His deportment was extremely quiet, his whole manner one of repose; and with the ease of a grand Russian nobleman, and with that elegance of manner which seems so charming when allied with military bearing, he conversed readily with the various groups which in succession collected round him.

Count Orloff, in fact, was the "lion" of the day; the fairer portion of humankind, whose taste is as little likely to be disputed in Paris as an ukase in Russia, spoke most

favorably of him. Though far beyond that mediæval term which awakes a feeling more partaking of veneration than of sentiment, the Parisian ladies admired him much, and, as has been observed, evidently looked upon him as something between "Abelard and old Blücher."

Count Orloff, on encountering Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers in the *salons* of the Tuileries, is said to have observed smilingly: "Ah! M. le Marshal, it is you, I think, who lately visited our country." "Yes, Count," replied the Marshal, "It is I who had the pleasure of leaving a card at Bomarsund."

THE COURT OF PRUSSIA.

It is little more than a century and a half since Prussia became a kingdom. She cannot, like England, with whom she is now by ties of royal relationship so closely allied, trace her sovereignties back to the ages of Norman, Danish, Saxon, and British races. But she has, in her brief time of being, had a succession of kings who have enlarged her sea territory, united her people, and governed her destiny, with, on the whole, an amazing amount of felicity and success.

The "Great" Elector of Brandenburg, Frederic William I., was the founder of the Prussian power. He succeeded his father, the Elector George William, in 1640, and in 1642 received the investiture of Prussia from the then King of Poland. He is called the "Great," and not without exemplifying some claims to the distinction. To be sure, although he made war, he did not conquer with the facility of an Alexander the Great, or the brilliancy of a Napoleon I.; but there are other roads to greatness than through the middle of an ensanguined field. He gave protection to the French Protestant refugees, greatly extended the arts of agriculture throughout his dominions, and added twenty thousand manufacturers to the industrial resources of his kingdom. This is something. He also founded libraries and universities, enlarged the boundaries of his dominions, and in 1688 bequeathed a well-supplied treasury to his son. Wise as these acts show him to have been in the art of governing his people, still wiser does he seem to have been in the art of governing himself. An

instance of this is worth relating. When at the Hague, and yet a young man, he felt himself in the greatest danger of forming one, amongst many other individuals, who went to make up the aggregate of an exceedingly corrupt state of society, for which that place was then notorious. The dread of this induced him to seek his moral safety in physical flight. Accordingly, he fled to the camp of the Prince of Orange, then at Breda. This signal instance of virtue struck the Prince of Orange with surprise, whilst at the same time it called forth his marked approbation. "Cousin," said he, on receiving him, "your flight is a greater proof of heroism than would be the taking of Breda. He who knows so early how to command himself, will always succeed in great deeds." The philosophical remark was not misapplied, nor was it ever forgotten by the "Great" Elector of Brandenburg.

The son of this sovereign was Frederic III., Elector of Brandenburg, who in 1701 became the recognized King of Prussia, as Frederic I. Of this prince we have not much to say. He was ambitious, and put the crown on his own head—an act subsequently imitated by Napoleon I. of France—and also on that of his royal consort, on the occasion of their being acknowledged King and Queen of Prussia. He instituted military orders, extended his dominions, founded universities, royal societies and academies, and married Sophia Charlotte of Hanover, sister of George I. of England. He died in 1713, and was succeeded by his son, Frederic William I., who married a daughter of George I. of England, and who inherited all the military tastes of his ancestors, to which he added something peculiarly his own. This was an extraordinary fancy for tall soldiers. His ideal of a warrior seemed to have concentrated itself in gigantic height. A small military man was his utter abhorrence. The consequence of this was, that he had agents employed in all parts of Europe, collecting and enlisting for the Prussian service every

son of Anak they could find within the limits of a continent. The pursuits of science and literature were, in his estimation, the occupations of fools, idiots, imbeciles, or madmen. Money, however, he worshipped as an omnipotent power; and when we add to that the adoration with which Titanic proportions became invested in his eyes when clothed in regimentals, we have, perhaps, one instance of the most perfect *materiel* cast of mind that ever was encased within the cranium of a European sovereign. He died in 1740, bequeathing, as might be expected, a well-supplied treasury, and a well-appointed army of nearly seventy thousand men to his son, historically known as Frederic the Great.

Frederic II., King of Prussia, as might be supposed, was but indifferently educated, and was the subject of much bad treatment from his father, because his natural tastes, in perfect contradistinction to those of that sovereign, led him to love music and literature. He was, through parental *affection*, confined in the castle of Custrin, because he attempted to escape, with his youthful companion Katte, from the inhumanities of a government as despotic as it was destructive to all the softening influences of civilization, social refinement, and polite enjoyment. Poor Katte was barbarously put to death before his eyes; and it appears to be historically authenticated that his father had determined to remove the prince also from this sublunary sphere, had the intercession of Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, not prevented it. In 1740 he came to the crown, and commenced to carry out the traditions of his family, by making war upon his neighbors. To follow the story of his wars is not our intention. Let it suffice, that in danger he was undaunted, in difficulty full of resources, in combat brave, in politics sagacious, and in government wise. Mr. Carlyle, in his "Life of Frederic," has thus sketched the portrait of this extraordinary man:—

"About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen,

sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner, on the open roads, or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate, amphibious Potsdam region, a highly-interesting little old man, of alert, though slightly-stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King Frederic II., or Frederic the Great of Prussia, and at home, among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was Vater Fritz,—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity, which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king, every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king; presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture,—no crown, but an old military cocked hat,—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into an absolute softness, if new; no sceptre, but one like Agamemnon's,—a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick, (with which he hits the horse between the ears, say authors,) and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat, with red facings,—coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed, and, I hope, kept safe with an underhand suspicion of oil, but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished: Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach. This man is not of god-like physiognomy any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth, with thin lips, prominent jaws, and nose receding; brow by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it: not what is called a beautiful man, nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy man. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many omens, as they are termed, of much hard labor in this world, and seems to anticipate nothing but still more coming. Quiet stoicism, capable

enough of what joy there was, but not expecting any worth mentioning; great unconscious, and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch, and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that country have elsewhere, according to the testimony of all we have. Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun, gray, we said, of the azure gray color, large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of the vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth, which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance, springing from some greater inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he spoke to you, is of similar physiognomy — clear, melodious, sonorous, — all tones are in it, from that of ingenious inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter, (rather prickly, for most part,) up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation. — a voice the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard, says witty Dr. Moore." This "heroic" character reigned forty-seven years, encouraged literature, and wrote much himself, besides framing the "Frederician Code of Laws," for the internal administration of his kingdom. He added Silesia to his dominions, and in 1772 shared in the first partition of Poland.

Frederic the "Great" was succeeded by his nephew, Frederic William II., in 1786. He, however, possessed none of the iron qualities of his ancestors, but was given to such effeminate delights that his kingdom began rapidly to lose place amongst the advancing nations of Europe — so true is it, that whether men be taken separately as individuals, or collectively as in a nation, they will lose caste if they devote themselves to Sybaritic pleasures in prefer-

ence to those more manly pursuits for which they are by nature designed, and forget to keep shadowing forth, as far as possible, those loftier attributes of virtue and excellence by which their daily conduct should be regulated and characterized. The pleasures of Capua are by no means localized, however fatal these were to the soldiers of Hannibal. This prince died in 1797, but not until he had, with the aid of Russia, shared in the second division of Poland, effected in 1793.

Frederic William III. now ascended the throne. He was the son of the preceding sovereign, but was cast in a somewhat different mould. At this period the star of Napoleon I. of France was in the ascendant, and although for some time the Prussian monarch contrived to maintain a neutrality between contending nations, in 1805 he allied himself with the Czar of Russia against the French Emperor. In the following year he was defeated at Jena, and the gates of Berlin were opened to the enemy, in whose hands the Prussian capital remained till 1809. In 1807, the battle of Friedland had brought about the Treaty of Tilsit, by which Frederic lost half of his dominions. After 1809, he was restored to his capital; but reverse after reverse, humiliation after humiliation, followed him, until the height of his misfortunes seemed to culminate in 1813. The defeat of the French, however, at Leipsic, in 1814, enabled him, with the Russian Emperor Alexander, to enter Paris, and to visit England, where he was hospitably received and sumptuously entertained. After the battle of Waterloo, in which Prussia played an important part, he gradually recovered his possessions, and by the subsequent wisdom and moderation with which he conducted the government of his country, Prussia rose into prosperity. He died in 1840, an ardent supporter of the Protestant religion, and a patron of education, but a man of great indecision of purpose, and a sovereign who never redeemed his promise of bestowing a representative government on his people.

In 1840, Frederic William IV., son of the preceding monarch, ascended the throne. That he inherited some of the military tendencies or dispositions of his ancestors is unquestionable; but it is also unquestionable that he inherited some of their failings. He had all the absolutism of Frederic William I., and all the irresolution of Frederic William II. He was a great lover of the arts, however, and cultivated them with success. "His education," says a contemporary, "was carefully attended to, and he had the advantage of studying under the most celebrated instructors in the different branches of literature, science, and art. Although too young at the time to be intrusted with any command, he nevertheless took part in the celebrated campaigns of 1813 and 1814, in which Prussia in a great measure avenged the indignities heaped upon her by Napoleon I. He was afterwards admitted into the Council of State, and shared in the direction of public affairs. On the decease of his father he ascended the throne, and commenced his reign by ameliorating the repressive system of government of his predecessor. In 1848, when the revolutionary mania extended to the Berlineses, he attempted to lead and direct the movement, placing himself at the head of the National party, and proposing to fuse all the German States into a great federal union under a single monarch. His scheme, however, was not successful, and he finally entered on a career of reaction, which exposed him to much ill-will, but fortunately to no worse consequences. His vacillating conduct during the Crimean war is well known, and lowered his character in the eyes both of princes and people. In the year 1857 he first exhibited symptoms of failure of mind, and in October, 1858, his brother, Prince Frederic William Louis, was created Regent, to the general satisfaction of the people."

Frederic William IV. married a daughter of the stern and commanding Nicholas of the North, who, when earnestly soliciting his assistance against the Western Powers

during the Crimean war, received a reply not uncharacteristic of Prussian sovereignty. "There is hardly anything I will not do for the Emperor Nicholas, whom I love," said he; "but if I remember that he is my father-in-law, neither do I forget that Prussia is *not* the sister-in-law of Russia." This sovereign closed his earthly career on the third of January, 1861, at the palace of Sans Souci, leaving his throne to his brother, who, since 1858, had been fulfilling the functions of Regent of the kingdom.



FREDERIC WILLIAM LOUIS.

FREDERIC WILLIAM LOUIS, the present King of Prussia, whose portrait we give, is the second son of Frederic William III. and of that Prussian Queen whose name is encircled with a halo of romance from the severities with which she was treated by Napoleon I. He was born in 1797, and before he was called upon to take the conduct of affairs of his brother's kingdom, filled the posts of Military Governor of Rhenish Prussia and King's Lieutenant in Pomerania. Until he became Regent he held aloof from all uninvited interference with the affairs of the general government; but whenever his opinions were invited by the King, he gave them at once and without reserve, showing at the same time that they were very different from such as were entertained by his royal brother. He evinced no ambition to be a patron of learning, a pietist, or a philosopher. If he exhibited any latent predominating inclination, it was perhaps to be a Prince of Prussia of the school of Frederic the Great. He was crowned at Königsberg on the eighteenth of October, 1861. "The ceremonies connected with the coronation," says a chronicler of this important Prussian event, "commenced on Monday, with the entrance of the King and Queen into Königsberg. Their Majesties arrived at the gates at twelve o'clock, where they were received by the royal princes, the generals, the presidents, and the civic authorities. The King was on horseback, surrounded by the princes of the royal house; the Queen rode in a state carriage drawn by eight horses. Their Majesties were cheered by the crowds on

the King on horseback, in the uniform of a General of the Guard, with a helmet bearing a white plume. Close behind him came the Crown-Prince, followed by the other Princes. When the King reached the stands, one of the young ladies, Mdle. Bigork, daughter of the second burgomaster, addressed to his Majesty a compliment in verse, very neatly turned, and then presented on a cushion a copy of it, which was printed on satin and elegantly bound in black velvet with silver ornaments. The King, after thanking the young lady, took the copy, and handed it to his aide-de-camp, and the *cortége* resumed its march. Next came the Queen, in a carriage drawn by eight horses, two equerries preceding it, and General de Willisen, Grand Equerry, riding by the side. The carriage was surmounted by silver eagles, and the horses had crimson harness picked with silver. The Queen, who was in mourning costume, was accompanied by the Grand Mistress of the Palace. When her Majesty reached the stands, another young lady, Mdle. Rosenkranz, daughter of a celebrated professor of the University, delivered an address in verse, and then presented a copy of it, which was bound in the Saxe-Weimar colors of green and gold. The Queen, who appeared delighted with the enthusiastic reception given to her, affectionately pressed the hands of Mdles. Rosenkranz and Bigork, and said that she would see them again before her departure. The rest of the *cortége* consisted of several court-carriages, of a number of generals on horseback, and of the carriages of the members of the municipality. During the entrance a salute of one hundred and one guns was fired from the cannon of the ramparts.

The castle church, where the coronation ceremonies were gone through, was resplendent with gilded decorations and velvet drapery; and at ten o'clock the royal procession, being duly marshalled, proceeded from the castle to the church, heralded by the Coronation March, composed by Meyerbeer expressly in honor of the event. Included in

the procession were the chief officers of the court and royal household, the representatives of the various districts of the kingdom, the bearers of the royal insignia, and all the recognized "trappings of monarchy." Next came his Prussian Majesty, King William I., gorgeously apparelled in the robes of the Order of the Black Eagle, followed by the Crown-Prince and the other members of the royal family, together with the Queen, the Crown-Princess, and their attendant suites. The graver features of the ceremonial comprised a sermon and prayer by Doctor Smethlage, courtly, yet earnest in tone. Then came that portion of the coronation drama in which his Prussian Majesty was the chief actor. The crown, sceptre, orb, and sword being duly arranged on the altar, the King, having offered up a silent prayer, placed the crown on his head. More prayers succeeded, after which his Majesty put the crown on the head of his royal spouse. A series of congratulations and salutes among the members of the royal family then took place.

After the coronation ceremony the processions proceeded to the throne-room, where Cardinal Geissel (in the name of the Catholic clergy) and Prince Solms Lych (in the name of the nobility) addressed the King.

His Majesty then proceeded down the grand staircase to the court-yard, and, surrounded by the whole court, his ministers, and the invited witnesses of the coronation, received the addresses of the Presidents of the Prussian Chambers, and of Count Dohnna-Lauck, representative of the Estates.

The King, when the ceremonies had been concluded, lowered his sceptre three times, and reëntered the castle amid the hearty and enthusiastic cheers of the people.

In the portrait any one may read the general character of Frederic William Louis, the present King of Prussia. Hard, firm, unbending, sternly upright, but also sternly obstinate, he carries the air of a ruler formed by habits of

military discipline rather than of courtly policy. "King, by the grace of God" he rightly feels himself, but with a tendency to forget that other rights equally exist by the grace of God, whose overruling providence arranges all worldly relationships. Let us hope that the King may have wisdom given to him, so as not to assert theoretical claims of official authority at the expense of and in opposition to the just rights and safe privileges of constitutional government.

His Majesty was married in June, 1829, to the Princess Marie Louise Auguste Catherine, (daughter of Charles Frederic, late Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, and sister of the reigning Grand Duke), born on the thirtieth of September, 1811. He has had issue Prince Frederic William Nicholas Charles, Prince of Prussia, married in January, 1858, to the Princess Royal of England, and the Princess Louise Marie Elizabeth, married to the reigning Grand Duke of Baden.



THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

THIS royal personage, who now shares the throne of Prussia with her husband, King Frederic William, was, before her marriage, the Princess Marie Louise Auguste Catherine. She is the daughter of Charles Frederic, late Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, and sister of the reigning Grand Duke. She was born September 30, 1811, and married June 11, 1829. She is the mother of Prince Frederic William of Prussia, who is married to the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England. She is the mother also of the Princess Louise Marie Elizabeth, who is married to the reigning Grand Duke of Baden. She was crowned at Königsberg in October, 1861, with great ceremonies, of which an account is given in a previous sketch, and which precludes the necessity of repeating it here. The Queen of Prussia bears an illustrious character as a lady of noble disposition, a lover of freedom, the friend of letters, and patroness of every liberal art. The portrait-plate engraving which accompanies this brief sketch will aid the reader in judging of the lineaments of the face of this royal and queenly personage.





PRINCE FREDERIC WILLIAM AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.

THE fine portraits of the Prince and Princess represent them in the position and costume as they appeared on the occasion of their royal wedding. Much of their personal history is given in the narrative of the ceremonies of that august occasion.

The marriage of Prince Frederic William of Prussia with the Princess Royal of England, named Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, after her august mother and the Queen Dowager, was celebrated with imperial splendor on Monday, January 25, 1858, in St. James's Palace. It was no ordinary occasion. The programme, as a whole, formed an interesting chapter in the history of the royal family of England. It caused the great heart of England to quicken its pulsations with unwonted interest and pleasure.

Prince Frederic William Nicholas Charles was born on the eighteenth of October, 1831. His father, the Prince of Prussia, is brother and heir to the reigning King, and at present actually rules in Prussia as Regent, during the declining health of the monarch. Prince Frederic is the only son of the Prince of Prussia, and, of course, heir presumptive to the crown. The mother of Prince Frederic, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar, bears an illustrious character as a lady of noble disposition, a lover of freedom, the friend of letters, and patroness of every liberal art. The Prince, her son, is said to be a fine-looking young man; in height about five feet nine inches, with graceful and dignified manners, blue eyes, a German face, and ami-

able disposition. The Princess Royal, the eldest child and daughter of Victoria, was born in the year of the Queen's marriage, November 21, 1840, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by the English public, who regarded her at the time as a new heir to the throne. Her christening was celebrated with signal grandeur in the Throne-Room of Buckingham Palace, and many eminent persons were present, who have since passed from mortal scenes. Foremost of these were the Queen Dowager, the Duke of Wellington, Viscount Melbourne, and the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge. The Princess is fair and delicately formed, and has grown up as charming in person as she is accomplished in mind and manners. Her eyes are blue and of an arched expression; and her movements are full of grace, dignity, and ease. At the date of her marriage she had seen seventeen years and sixty-five days. A few years hence may see her Queen of Prussia, and her next brother King of England, on the decease of her excellent Queen-mother, Victoria.

BETROTHAL OF THE ROYAL BRIDE.

It was in the autumn of 1855, and in the midst of the public rejoicing at the news of the fall of Sebastopol, that Prince Frederic William of Prussia, nephew of the reigning King, and heir presumptive to the crown, without much previous public announcement, came to pay a visit to her Majesty, who, with the royal family, was at Balmoral, where the Court had arrived from the south the week before. His Royal Highness entered Aberdeen on Friday, September fourteenth, and proceeded by the Dundee Railway towards the royal residence, being met at Banchoory by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who, accompanied by General Sir George Grey, had posted thirty miles to greet his arrival. The Prussian Prince, who was attended by Colonel Heintze, was received by the Queen,

attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, on his arrival at Balmoral.

On the twenty-eighth of September, the ordinary calm routine of rural enjoyment which marked the sojourn of the Court in her Majesty's favorite Highland home, was diversified by a dance to the tenantry on the Balmoral property, at which were present some non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the seventy-ninth and ninety-third regiments who had served in the Crimea, and who happened to be quartered at Ballater. At this joyous and interesting gathering the Prince of Prussia was present. On the Monday following, his Royal Highness took his departure for London, accompanied as far as Braemar by the Queen and Prince Albert. He arrived in London on the following day, and on the Tuesday following his Royal Highness took his departure from London for Berlin.

A few weeks after Prince Frederic William's return home, the "Cross," a Berlin newspaper, announced, apparently on authority, the betrothal. The bridegroom elect made frequent visits, from time to time, to England, and took part with the Court in many interesting ceremonials.

On June 6, 1856, her Majesty and the Prince Consort went to a grand fancy dress ball at Hanover Square Rooms, given in aid of the funds of the Royal Academy of Music. The Princess Royal and Prince Frederic of Prussia were also of the august party—the former simply attired in a white robe and a wreath of flowers.

Prince Frederic of Prussia paid a visit to England in May, 1857, and was present, with the Princess Royal and others of the Royal family, at the christening of her Majesty's youngest child, the Princess Beatrice. Meantime the official announcement of the betrothal of Prince Frederic William with the Princess Royal of England was published in the "Staats Anzeiger."

On the eighteenth of May her Majesty communicated the gratifying intelligence to the House of Commons, in

a gracious message, which was brought up by Lord Palmerston, asking for the concurrence and assistance of this House in enabling her to make such provision for her eldest daughter, with a view to the said marriage, as may be suitable to the dignity of the Crown and the honor of the country.

A provision was made for her Royal Highness of forty thousand pounds as an outfit, and an annuity of eight thousand pounds a year for life from the date of her intended marriage.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

THE marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederic William of Prussia was celebrated on Monday, January 25, 1858, in the Chapel of St. James's Palace, with all the splendor of modern state ceremonial. The day was even more generally kept as a holiday by all classes in the metropolis than had been expected, and the crowds that collected in the Park and the vicinity of the Palace were immense, though the place did not allow of much out-door pageantry. A transient glimpse of the royal party and foreign guests was all that could be obtained; yet the event excited interest enough to keep those thousands together for many hours. It was a good and hearty popular feeling, and the unmistakable manner in which it was displayed must have been very gratifying.

Among those who attended the ceremony were representatives of an eventful past, and those in whom repose the hopes of the future. By the side of the young Princess was Leopold of Belgium, with his spare and wiry form and historical figure, whom time has lightly touched. Did not his thoughts go back forty years, to another scene, with what changes and chances since? A few steps in advance of our Queen walked Lord Palmerston, bearing the sword of state, and looking quite able to do much more

with the emblematic weapon than carry it, if need were; he also can recur to political and official memories of nearly two generations. These are the veterans who connect the present with the past; but, on the whole, the chief characteristic of the scene was the youth of the principal persons in it. The august parents of the bride were then in the noon of life; the princely bridegroom had but just arrived at manhood, and his beautiful and royal bride was in the very bloom of youth. There was something even touching in the glance she threw round her as she passed, so confiding in its simple hopefulness; many a heart whispered, God bless her! and long defer the day when that fair young brow will have to bear the weight of a crown.

Although the morning was raw and cold, the crowd began to gather at a very early hour; every moment added to its numbers, and in an incredibly short time the space between Buckingham Palace and St. James's, with the exception of the avenue reserved for the passage of the royal carriages, was completely filled. Towards noon, when the royal party were expected to leave Buckingham Palace, the concourse of spectators was immense. The route to be followed by the royal party was kept by a detachment of Life Guards, aided by a numerous body of police; and although their temper was occasionally sorely tried, they contrived to maintain effective order. Shortly before noon the bridal procession left Buckingham Palace. It consisted of upwards of twenty carriages.

First came the Princess of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Princes Frederic Charles, Frederic Albert, and Adalbert of Prussia, the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, and their respective suites in coaches drawn each by two horses. After a short interval followed the bridegroom in a state carriage drawn by black horses. His Royal Highness was escorted by a detachment of Life Guards, and

attended by the gentlemen of his suite. His reception by the multitude was most enthusiastic. The remaining coaches were occupied by her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the Bride, the Prince of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family. Her Majesty and the Princess Royal rode together in a carriage drawn by cream-colored horses, and the cheers which greeted their appearance were vehement and prolonged. A strong detachment of the Life Guards closed the procession.

Upon arriving at St. James's the royal party alighted under a covered way erected at the private entrance from the garden. The passage of the processions through Queen Anne's Room, the Tapestry-Room, and the Armory, was a scene splendid and impressive. The ladies who occupied the seats prepared for the occasion, and the greater part of whom were in the bloom of youth, were all in full court-dress, and the dazzling effect of their jewels and feathers, their silks and laces, but above all, their natural charms, may easily be imagined. They rose as each procession passed before them, and did homage to it by a deep obeisance, which was graciously acknowledged by her Majesty and the other principal personages.

Most of the gentlemen present wore a military or a naval uniform, and the flashing of swords and the glitter of gold lace added yet another feature of brilliancy to the scene. At the top of the great staircase leading to the Color Court were the initials of the bride and bridegroom, formed of white flowers upon a background of evergreens, plaited so as to compose a rich natural tapestry, the whole supported by palm branches, displaying the colors of England and Prussia. The railings and balustrades were richly gilded and decorated with flowers, and on the landings of the stairs were immense draped mirrors, which reflected and multiplied the processions as they passed, still further increasing the magnificence of the spectacle.

THE COLONNADE.

THE greatest portion of the spectators who were admitted by tickets within the Palace were accommodated in the Colonnade, along which the three processions passed from the state-rooms to the chapel. The entrance to these seats was from the lower end of St James's Street, and before the hour of opening the doors, a crowd, chiefly of ladies, had gathered round them. The arrangements were carried out very punctually. At ten precisely, the ticket-holders were admitted; and though there was something of a rush, yet, as access to the top tier of seats that rose from the pillar side of the colonnade upwards was given by three separate stairways, there was no confusion. The first-comers chose the best seats, and the lower tiers were speedily occupied.

The seats were covered with scarlet cloth, crossed by blue lines marking the space for each person. But as the majority were ladies, it required some polite interference on the part of the attendants, and much compression of voluminous skirts, before the seats could be made to hold the appointed number. In half an hour the whole space was filled. Then began the period of waiting, incident to all such occasions; it was enlivened by the frequent passing of uniforms up and down the Colonnade, the heralds and pursuivants being especially active; now and then a Minister, a Gold Stick, or some well-known military name was noted. There were some errors of course; Clarence, King at Arms, was mistaken for a Yeoman of the Guard, and a party of diplomatists were generally supposed to be Prussian footmen. Random speculations of this kind, and criticisms of each other's toilets by the ladies, filled up the time very agreeably.

The prevailing style of dress was befitting a bridal; there were so many white bonnets and gauzy veils that it might have been supposed a large number of brides had

been dispersed among the spectators. There were singularly few gentlemen; parties had evidently been made up with only the indispensable amount of male escort. The scene, therefore, was all color, tier on tier, like a brilliant slope of flowers. The spaces between the pillars of the Colonnade were hung with wreaths of ivy, holly, and other evergreens, fastened with rosettes and streamers of white satin; the opposite wall was similarly decorated, with the addition of bouquets of palm leaves and flowers. Beneath every rosette was the plume and helmet of a tall guardsman, also his cuirass, and finally, his boots; the red coat being all but merged in the scarlet drapery behind him.

Shortly before twelve, an order to these statue-like warriors to "carry swords," produced a clash and glancing of steel for a salute, and the Princess of Prussia and her attendants passed into the chapel.

Soon after twelve, the sound of trumpets advancing from the inner apartments, gave notice of the approach of her Majesty; as the head of the procession entered the Colonnade, the spectators rose, and the line passed to the chapel.

Her Royal Highness looked pale, but returned the greeting with which she was welcomed very gracefully, and with perfect self-possession. A more beautiful sight can scarcely be imagined than that presented by these groups while passing; but beautiful even as a spectacle, the general feeling it awakened was something better than admiration. The sincerest wishes for the happiness of the young and royal bride accompanied her on her way.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

THE entrance to the Chapel Royal was in the Ambassadors' Court, fronting the windows from which her Majesty was proclaimed in June, 1837. It was the usual narrow doorway, almost close under the apartments where Mar-

shal Blücher was lodged in 1815, and out of the windows of which he used to lean and return the greetings of the crowds that assembled in the court to gaze upon him.

Among all the alterations which the Chapel Royal has undergone, those which were made for this ceremonial are by no means among the least. Holbein himself would not have known his work amid the improvements; and that they were great improvements may be judged from the fact that the interior of the building looked not only rich but almost spacious, and as if it really was meant to accommodate a number of visitors. The old high pews had been entirely swept away, and a sufficiently broad path left up the centre of the building from the doorway to the altar. On either side of this, rising one above the other, are four rows of seats, covered with crimson and bordered with gold lace. These accommodate one hundred and fifty persons,—the gentlemen being allowed a space of twenty inches and the ladies no more than two feet. The latter indulgence, however, as it turned out, was a most feeble and inadequate concession to the fashions of the day, and great was the struggling and grievous the injury to robes of state before the ladies could reduce themselves to the required standard.

Above these seats and along the walls at each side, at about eight feet from the ground, two galleries had been erected, which were intended to be temporary, but which were so massively constructed, so richly adorned, and effected such a great improvement in the interior, that it was to be hoped they would be suffered to remain. The cornice of the galleries was ornamented with a handsome scroll-work of carved oak in keeping with the rest of the chapel; light blue and gold columns supported them in the front, and from the spandrels of the arches sprung gold beadings, marking the outline of the whole in the most tasteful manner. Over each column was a shield with the royal cypher surmounted with the crown, and a light hand-

some railing of blue and gold closed the whole in front. These galleries hold, when full, rather less than one hundred and fifty peers and peeresses, making the total number of seated visitors who could witness the ceremony from all parts of the chapel not quite three hundred.

There were other places than these, however, in which many peers and peeresses were placed, but angels' visits are frequent compared with the number of glimpses which they could have had of what was passing. We presume, however, the privilege of being under the same roof when the ceremonial took place was considered all-sufficient. The seats provided for the representatives of the public press were really excellent and well placed, affording ample accommodation for all the journalists present. They were on the basement floor, on the left-hand side, and corresponded with the seats occupied by most of her Majesty's Ministers on the right of the chapel. According to a popular court fiction, however, no reporters were supposed to be present.

At the upper end of the chapel, round the *haut-pas* and altar, all the walls had been hung with the richest crimson silk velvet with a deep and massive bullion fringe. The effect of this was rather too heavy, and in the shadows and corners of the sacred building it seemed so dark in tone as to have almost the appearance of black drapery. But for the extra window which had been added to that end of the chapel, this would have been a most serious error. The altar was draped in the same style, and a beautiful semi-circular communion-rail runs round the whole. The communion-table was heightened to bear the gold plate, which showed gorgeously upon the crimson velvet. The plate here was most massive, though not so antique as is generally supposed, the saints of the Commonwealth having manifested a most carnal weakness for the beautiful service which was given to the church by Charles I.

One noble flagon of this set, however, still remains, though the history of the hair-breadth 'scapes from the grasp of the fifth-monarchy men would almost fill a volume. The rest of the service, including the noble and lofty candelabra and the large salver of the Last Supper, was mostly of the time of Anne and the first George. It includes a massive gold service of Anne's reign,—the only one of the kind in the possession of the crown. Round the altar, on the right and left, forty or fifty magnificent settees in crimson and gold were carefully arranged. The low chair of state on the left, with five little stools, two at one side and three at the other, showed at once where her Majesty would sit, surrounded by her royal children. Her Majesty's pew, over the entrance, was richly dressed and decorated anew for the accommodation of the Corps Diplomatique, all the chief members of which were, of course, to be present on such an occasion.

The first visitors who arrived at the chapel were Lord Campbell and Lady Stratheden. His lordship wore his rich collar of office, fastened at each shoulder with white favors. Following in rapid succession came the Countess of Mulgrave, the Hon. Mrs. Grey, the Countess of Bessborough, Viscountess Sydney, Viscountess Combermere, Lady Ernest Bruce, Lady Foley, Lady Alfred Paget, etc. All these ladies wore full court dress, with plumes and jewels, and their arrival enabled one to form a fair idea of the matchless brilliancy the appearance of the chapel would present when filled. A group of heralds in their tabards, emblazoned with all the heraldic devices of the British Empire,—Clarencieux King of Arms, Norroy King of Arms, and Garter Principal King of Arms,—were the next gorgeous additions to the general tableaux.

The Right Hon. M. T. Baines and Mrs. Baines were the first of the Ministerial visitors. Mr. Baines wore the Ministerial uniform, but no wedding favor, neither did Mr.

Vernon Smith, nor Mr. Labouchere. These, however, were the only exceptions.

It was now near eleven o'clock, and the visitors began to pour in rapidly. The Marchioness of Clanricarde came, then Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood, Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderly, Lord and Lady Ebury, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Lord and Lady Panmure, Sir George and Lady Grey. The Duke of Atholl came in full Highland costume. The Duke of Richmond wore the uniform of the Sussex Militia, of which he is the Colonel; the Duke of Buccleuch, the uniform of Militia Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; the Duke of Manchester, the uniform of Major of the Hunts Militia.

The Dukes of Newcastle and Argyll both wore the Ministerial uniform, as did also the Earl of Derby. The Duchess of Richmond, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Derby, and Countess Mountedgecumbe, all sat together, the first three ladies being particularly conspicuous for the richness of their dresses and the brilliancy of their jewels. Sir George and Lady Cornwall Lewis, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marchioness of Abercorn, Marchioness of Breadalbane, and Duchess of Wellington were among the late comers, as was also the Countess of Granville.

The names we have mentioned are merely those of the visitors who were most conspicuously placed, and though a fair average selection as to rank, they were in number but a tithe of the distinguished assemblage which crowded the building.

It was now twelve o'clock, and every place was filled save those reserved for the royal actors in the ceremonial, and their suites. The busy hum of subdued laughter and constant conversation arose from every part of the little building; feathers waved and diamonds glittered, and the whole scene was one of indescribable animation and brilliancy. The dresses of the peeresses who occupied all the

front seats of the galleries, though crushed and crumpled so that even the most penetrating of court milliners could not have recognized them, were in themselves a pageant, and one which for variety in effect and color is seldom seen.

It was now past twelve o'clock, and the excitement of expectation increased every moment. Ladies who were driven near the door intrigued successfully to change their places with lords who were nearer to the altar. A noble countess drops her cloak and shawl over the gallery rail on to the floor with a heavy "flop," and a general titter ensues. It was increased as another peeress, looking over, moulted the feathers from her head-dress, and they came sailing slowly down, and every one looked up much as people do at the theatre when a playbill goes eddying over into the pit. Suddenly there was a little stir, and the Princess of Prussia entered the chapel magnificently attired in a robe of white satin, and with her train borne by the youthful Countess Hacke.

With her Royal Highness came their Highnesses Prince Adalbert and Prince Frederic Charles, and a most brilliant suite of Prussian officers. The whole brilliant audience of the chapel rose *en masse* and bowed as the Princess Royal's mother-in-law elect passed on to the altar. Hardly were they seated there, on the left-hand side, when faintly in the distance the long-blown, clear, defiant notes of the trumpeters were heard. They came nearer and nearer, and the last arrivals among the visitors hastened to arrange themselves, while the officers of the household fell into brilliant line along the pathway up the chapel at either side. Step by step the advance of the trumpeters was followed; now they were descending the staircase, the regular roll and beat of the silver kettle-drums became audible, and the prolonged triumphant flourish proclaimed the approach of Majesty.

The trumpeters, pursuivants, clerks, and equerries filed off outside the chapel, but the Lord Steward, Norroy,

Clarencieux, Garter, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Marshal of England, and others of high note and rank, all entered. But they entered almost unobserved, for from behind them came the Princess Mary of Cambridge, her train borne by Lady Arabella Sackville West. A murmur of admiration, which neither time nor place could altogether subdue, greeted her as she entered the chapel, bowing with stately elegance in return for the homage rendered. After her Royal Highness came the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Tyrwhitt; and to the Duke also a tribute of cordial respect was paid.

The Duchess of Cambridge was received in the same manner, but a deeper reverence awaited the Duchess of Kent, who smilingly, and as to friends, returned the greeting. The next great notability was the veteran Premier, who bore before the Queen the Sword of State in ponderous solemnity. After this even the Royal Princes are unnoticed, and every one bows slowly and deeply as her Majesty, leading in either hand Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, enters the chapel. Of course, on these occasions there is no applause, and nothing but the prolonged obeisances denotes the depth of loyal welcome with which the royal mother of the bride is welcomed.

The Queen looks, as she always looks, kindly and amiable, but self-possessed and stately. On her head is a crown of jewels such as relieves all apprehensions as to the effect which the late Hanoverian "raid" upon the royal caskets might have had upon her Majesty's toilet. Courtesying in acknowledgment of the profound homage with which she is welcomed, her Majesty passes at once to her chair of state on the left of the altar, and which is placed between the five embroidered settees occupied by the youngest Royal children. From this time all remain standing in the presence of Majesty, even the Princess of Prussia, who stands on the opposite side of the altar.

Lord Palmerston, on the Queen's right hand, bears the Sword of State, while the Duchess of Sutherland, herself attired in almost royal magnificence, stands on the left by right of office as Mistress of the Robes. Again there is another pause of intense interest, and again the drums and trumpets are heard, and ushered in with the same imposing ceremonies, comes the procession of the bridegroom. On the right walks his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, his father, and on his left his brother, Prince Albert. All eyes, however, are fixed upon the royal bridegroom, as he walks slowly, but with the most perfect ease and elegance of action, up the centre of the chapel. He wears the uniform of Prussian General, with the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia.

The uniform shows his tall figure to advantage, and sets off his frank, open countenance and prepossessing bearing. Near the altar he stops before her Majesty's chair of state, and slowly bows with the most profound reverence, and turning to his royal mother, he bows again with equal respect, but less deeply than to the Queen, and then, kneeling in the centre of the chapel, prays with earnest devotion for a few minutes. His prayers ended, he rises, and stands at the right hand of the altar, waiting his bride, and likewise submitting to such a scrutiny from the hundreds of brilliant eyes as never bachelor withstood alone before.

Again a pause ensues,—a pause of impressive solemnity, for expectation seems wrought to the highest pitch, and no one speaks, and few even move to disturb the stately solemnity that reigns over the whole interior, while even the most illustrious of the royal guests seem struck, and gaze with open admiration on the scene around. It is, indeed, one which might well rivet the attention of princes, one of those gorgeous visions seldom seen and never forgotten, for within the precincts of that little chapel sits the throned Sovereign of the British Empire, with her

court and princely guests, and surrounded by the greatest and most influential members of the greatest and most influential aristocracy in the whole world. The very building, so small, and yet so rich in its contents, almost suggests the idea of a grand jewel-casket, in which all that the nation most values and reverences is put away for greater safety.

After a while, the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain again quit the chapel to usher in the procession of the bride. The trumpets were again heard nearer and nearer, till again they die away in subdued cadence, which has an inexpressibly soft and beautiful effect.

The great officers of State enter the chapel, but no one heeds them, for there is a peculiar movement without, and a soft rustling of silk is clearly audible. In another second the bride is at the door, and stands "Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls," that bloom in fair array behind her.

The illustrious personage on whom her right hand gently rests was the Prince Consort; on her left stands his Majesty the King of the Belgians; both are in full uniform, and wear the collars and insignia of the great European Order of Knighthood to which each belongs. All-absorbing is the interest excited by the appearance of the bride herself. The gorgeous veil she wears depending from her head-dress is thrown off, and hanging in massive folds behind, leaving the expression of her face completely visible as she walks slowly, her head slightly stooped in bashfulness, and her eyes cast down upon the ground. Thus all can see distinctly the mild, amiable expression of her face, so replete with kindness and deep feeling, and that peculiarly touching aspect of sensitiveness, to attempt to portray which would "only prove how vainly words essay to fix the spark of beauty's heavenly ray." Her bright bloom of color has completely deserted her; and even when compared with her snowy dress, her cheeks

seem pale, and her whole appearance denotes tremulousness and agitation.

In these ceremonies we believe the dress of the bride ranks only next in importance to the celebration of the service; but on this occasion the Princess Royal wore one so thoroughly in good taste that it is difficult to remark anything, save that it is exquisitely becoming, beautiful, and white. In fact, its unity only recalls to mind the belle of the French Court, who is said to dress with such a perfection of good taste that one can never observe what she wears. While, however, we mention this as the actual effect of the costume, we may state, for the further information of our readers, that it was manufactured by Mrs. Darvill, designed by Miss Janet Fife, and composed of a rich robe of white moire antique, ornamented with three flounces of Honiton lace.

The design of the lace consists of bouquets in open work of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in three medallions. At the top of each flounce in front of the dress are wreaths of orange and myrtle blossoms,—the latter being the bridal flower of Germany,—every wreath terminating with bouquets of the same flowers, and the length of each being so graduated as to give the appearance of a robe defined by flowers. The apex of this floral pyramid is formed by a large bouquet worn on the girdle. The train, which is of the unusual length of more than three yards, is of white moire antique, trimmed with two rows of Honiton lace, surmounted by wreaths similar to those on the flounces of the dress, with bouquets at short intervals.

Next to the interest excited by the appearance of the bride herself is the feeling created by the fair bridesmaids, who, “in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,” follow in stately array, bearing up the rich train of the Princess Royal between them. The ladies honored with this distinguished mark of royal favor are among the personal friends of the young bride, and, what is singular, are

every one lineally descended from the great royal houses of England and Scotland. They follow the bride two by two — Lady Susan Charlotte Catherine Pelham Clinton, daughter of the Duke of Newcastle; Lady Cecelia Catherine Gordon Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Katherine Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn; Lady Emma Charlotte Smith Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby; Lady Susan Catherine Mary Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore; Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Victoria Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough; and Lady Cecelia Maria Charlotte Molyneux, daughter of the Earl of Sefton.

The dresses worn by this fair train are from a design furnished by the illustrious bride herself. They consist of a white glaze petticoat, entirely covered by six deep tulle flounces, over which falls a tunic of tulle trimmed with ruches of tulle, looped up on one side with a bouquet of pink roses and white heather. The body is trimmed with draperies of tulle, with hanging sleeves of the same material trimmed with ruches. A bouquet of the same flowers is worn in the girdle and upon each shoulder.

As the bride passes up to the altar, she stops and makes a deep reverence to her mother, though with evident agitation, and her face flushes like crimson; then, again turning, she renders the same homage to the Prince of Prussia. As she does so the bridegroom elect advances; and, kneeling on one knee, presses her hand with an expression of fervent admiration that moved the august audience. Taking their places then at the altar, and with their illustrious relatives standing round in a group of unequalled brilliancy, the service commences with the chorale, which peals through the little building with the most solemn effect. The words are particularly appropriate, full of feeling and piety, and the audience follow them in a whisped cadence as the choir sing:—

"This day, with glad-ome voice and heart,
 We praise thy name, O Lord! who art
 Of all good things the giver!
 For England's first-born Hope we pray!
 Be near her now, and ever!
 King of kings, Lord of lords,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Hear us, while we kneel before thee!"

The hymn over, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury took his place in the centre of the altar, and assisted by the Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Bishop of Oxford, as Lord High Almoner, the Bishop of Chester, as Clerk of the Closet, the Dean of Windsor, as Domestic Chaplain, and the Rev. Dr. Wesley, as Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, the marriage service is commenced at exactly ten minutes to one.

The usual prayer was then offered, and the Primate, joining their hands together, said: "Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder." A psalm and the Hallelujah Chorus followed.

Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn echoes, when the ceremonial, as arranged by chamberlains and heralds, ended; and the bride, giving vent to her evidently long pent-up feelings, turned and flung herself upon her mother's bosom with a suddenness and depth of feeling that thrilled through every heart. Again and again her Majesty strained her to her heart and kissed her, and tried to conceal her emotion, but it was both needless and in vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it.

We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her, and how, as she quitted him, with the tears now plainly stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia in a manner that evinced all that only a mother's love can show. The most affecting

recognition, however, took place between the bridegroom and his royal father; for the latter seemed overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him twice to his heart, knelt and kissed his parent's hand.

The Queen then rose, hurrying across the *haut-pas* with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia as one sister would another after long parting, and turning to the Prince of Prussia gave him her hand, which, as he stooped to kiss, she stopped him, and declined the condescension by offering her cheek in stead.

But words will feebly convey the effect of the warmth, the abandonment of affection and friendship with which these greetings passed, the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted her Majesty, the manly heartiness with which he wrung the Prince Consort's hand, for by the working of his face it was evident he could not trust his tongue to speak.

After a few minutes had been allowed for the illustrious personages to recover their composure, during which the bride again lost hers, while she received, with all the affecting warmth of a young and attached family, the congratulations of her brothers and sisters, the procession prepared to leave the church. There was some little hurry as the various personages fell into their places, but at last the bride and bridegroom left.

There was no mistake about the expression of the bride's face as she quitted the sacred building. Her delicate color returned, her eyes sparkled with emotion, and there was such a light of happiness upon her features as she turned upon her royal husband a look of the most supreme affection, that even the most reserved felt moved, and an audible "God bless her!" passing from mouth to mouth accompanied her on her way.

The procession of her Majesty then passed to the throne-room in the same order in which it entered the chapel. There on a splendid table lay the register, in which the

ceremony was entered, and duly attested, by an immense number of those present and by the members of the royal families in the following order: Victoria, Albert, (Prince Consort,) Prince of Prussia, Augusta, (Princess of Prussia and Duchess of Saxony,) Leopold, Victoria, Albert, Edward, Alfred, Alice, Augusta, George, Mary Adelaide.

In the evening the illumination of the city of London was general, including the residences of the several foreign Ambassadors and Ministers. "A simple gas star shone outside the house of the Ambassador of the United States."

Various demonstrations of rejoicing and loyalty took place in different parts of the country. In most places the day was observed as a holiday. At Manchester and the vicinity dinners were given to the poor. At Liverpool flags were exhibited, the shipping was gayly dressed, and the church bells were rung.

The history of the Prince and Princess since the date of their nuptials is well known. Their home is at Berlin, at the capital of Prussia, waiting, perhaps anticipating, the time when they will become King and Queen of Prussia.



GENERAL J. B. B. B. B.

1811

THE COURT OF SARDINIA.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.

THE House of Savoy, of which King Victor Emmanuel is the present head, is one of the most ancient sovereign families in Europe. It descended from the old Counts of Sardinia, of remote ages. Although it is one of the most ancient and most illustrious in Europe, there are few reigning families in existence on the origin of which so many contradictory versions have been given. All authors agree in carrying back its genealogy to the ninth or tenth century; but while some of them with much appearance of probability derive it from the ancient Kings of Arles, the Princes of the House of Savoy themselves appear to accredit a statement according to which the famous Saxon Chief Witikind is the founder of the royal House of Sardinia. However this may be, Bertold, and his son Humbert, the White-handed, were Counts of Savoy in the first half of the eleventh century, and one branch possessed the Principality of Piedmont. It became extinct in 1418, and that principality was reunited by Amédée VIII., chief of the second branch, whom the Emperor Sigismund created Duke of Savoy. In 1631 the house acquired the Duchy of Montferrat. Victor Amédée II., Duke of Savoy, was in 1713 made King of Sicily, and in 1720 he exchanged that kingdom for that of Sardinia. His son, Charles Emmanuel III., acquired a considerable part of the Milanais. In 1815 the territory of the ancient republic of Genoa was united to the Sardinian

monarchy, which is now composed as follows: The island of Sardinia, 430 geographical miles in extent; Duchy of Savoy, 176; Principality of Piedmont, 369; Duchy of Montferrat, 49; part of the Duchy of Milan, 147; and the Duchy of Genoa, 110; in all 1,277 geographical miles, with a population amounting at the last census to 4,300,000 inhabitants. The House of Savoy has contracted several alliances with the old royal house of France. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. married the two daughters of Victor Amédée III., King of Sardinia, but both these princesses died before their husbands had ascended the throne of France.

King Victor Emmanuel is son of Charles Amédée Albert, of Savoy-Carignan, and the Princess Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was born on the fourteenth of March, 1820, and is at present in his forty-second year.

At the time of his accession the flame of insurrection, never in a more righteous cause, had spread through Italy, and Lombardy had risen against Austria. The King of Sardinia and Piedmont well knew the strength of the power thus braved—too well for success. He delayed his military movements until he appeared to have been forced to adopt them; and this caution, justifiable on narrow views of policy, caused terrible reverses to his arms.

On the twenty-third of March, 1848, one month after the downfall of Louis Philippe, Carlo Alberto issued the proclamation by which he raised the Piedmontese flag as the "standard of Italian unity." His force consisted of two *corps d'armée* and a reserve, which last was under the command of the Duke of Savoy, the subject of our memoir; it numbered about twenty thousand men. The artillery was commanded by the Duke of Genoa, the second son, since deceased. A series of strategic manœuvres, which appear to be universally condemned, resulted in an engagement before the walls of Verona. The success was about

equal on either side. The Sardinians had hoped for a rising within the city; they therefore retired without being beaten; while Radetzky considered that he had gained the day, inasmuch as the Piedmontese failed in their object. All accounts agree that the Duke of Savoy behaved with great gallantry, and fully sustained the military honor of his house. The King of Sardinia next took the fortress of Peschiera, and here, too, the Duke of Savoy distinguished himself; but his principal exploits were in the engagement at Goito, whence, after a whole day's fighting, he dislodged the Austrians, and drove them along the right bank of the Mincio back on Mantua. Then came the long, tedious, and fruitless attack on Mantua, which furnished Radetzky with the time necessary to concentrate his forces. Then came a series of disasters to the Piedmontese arms. The lines of Carlo Alberto were forced in several places; but his army fought with a gallantry which promised victory, when, the Austrians suddenly receiving reinforcements to the number of twenty thousand men, the flank of the Piedmontese army was turned, and Carlo Alberto was forced to recross the Mincio. The present King took part in these transactions, and displayed all the qualities of a gallant soldier. On the third of August, the Piedmontese, pursued by the Austrians, entered Milan, which, however, they soon quitted, as the citizens capitulated. This was followed by a truce, and finally led to the evacuation of Lombardy by the Piedmontese. It was during the progress of these events that the throne of Sicily was offered by the insurrectionary party to the Duke of Genoa, the second son of Carlo Alberto, and, after some coy hesitation, refused.

The year 1849 was destined to witness new efforts on the part of Carlo Alberto, and still greater reverses. The King opened the Parliament on the first of February, with a speech wherein he spoke warmly of Italian unity, and called on the nation to aid in the sacrifices necessary to

continue the war. In adopting this course, he was rather forced than otherwise by the miscalculating enthusiasm of his people.

The liberal institutions granted by the late King Charles Albert in 1848 have been maintained by his son and successor, the present King Victor Emmanuel; and during the last ten years the country, under a wise and enlightened administration, has made great progress in agricultural improvements, in commerce, in general wealth, and in education.

Such was the state of Sardinia in January, 1859. Since that time important events have happened, which, for a time, seemed to endanger her liberties, if not her existence as an independent power. In the summer of 1859 a gigantic struggle was waged between powerful armies, and strewn the plains of Northern Italy with human bodies. The causes which brought on this terrible conflict are full of historic interest. The events and their results are a part of the life and times of Victor Emmanuel. After the conclusion of the disastrous war with Austria in 1848 and 1849, the relations between Sardinia and that country, far from being on a friendly footing, had been such as to lead at last to an interruption of diplomatic relations. For years previous to the war, whenever any attempt was made by any of the Italian States for freedom, the iron hand of Austria interposed to reëstablish the stringent despotisms of the former governments. The constitutional charters, granted in 1848, were, in the course of 1849 and 1850, suppressed, and a despotic and reactionary policy resorted to.

Sardinia alone, after 1848, preserved her liberal institutions, and fairly worked out a regular constitutional government. Hence her very position as a free State, in direct antagonism to the military despotism by which the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was swayed, became a standing menace to Austria.

Under such circumstances it was evident that Austria

would never have a peaceful supremacy in Italy, so long as a constitutional government existed in Sardinia. This state of things had been growing worse, when a few significant words of menace offered by the French Emperor to the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, on New Year's Day, 1859, accelerated a crisis, which otherwise would have been only delayed, not avoided. Austria, suspecting the existence of an accord against her between France and Sardinia, poured a formidable force into Italy, and assumed a threatening attitude towards the latter power, by bringing a division of her army up to the frontier, on the Ticino. Sardinia, under the able ministry of Count Cavour, protested against the Austrian movements. At the same time she made preparations for defence, and applied to England and France for assistance in case of an attack. The relations between France and Sardinia grew at this time closer, by means of a marriage between Princess Clotilde, a daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, and Prince Louis Napoleon.

Whilst arrangements for a peaceful solution of the difficulties were going on by some of the powers, Austria addressed to Sardinia a peremptory summons to disarm within three days. The Sardinian government having answered that though it was unreasonable for the strong to ask the weak to disarm, yet they would abide by the decision of France and England. After a few days, at the end of April, the Austrian army in three bodies crossed the Ticino, and invaded the Sardinian territory. Meanwhile a large French force, which was sent on at the first news of the Austrian summons, began to pour its columns into Italy, across the Mont Cenis and the Mont Genève, and by Genoa, in aid of the Sardinians; and on the twelfth of May the French Emperor himself landed at the latter place, and assumed the command-in-chief of the French and Sardinian armies.

An Imperial manifesto promised the independence of

Italy, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic Sea, and for a time it seemed as if the promise was to be fulfilled. In less than two months from the commencement of hostilities, the Austrians, beaten in every encounter, were driven back from the Sesia and the Po, beyond the Mincio. The main body of the French army, assembled at first around Alessandria in large forces, were afterwards concentrated on the right, and seemed to aim at Piacenza, and forcing a passage of the Po, between that fortress and Pavia; an endeavor of the Austrians to dislodge them from their position led, on the twentieth of May, to the battle of Montabello. The French were reposing within their lines, when, at eleven o'clock A.M. the Piedmontese outposts gave the alarm. A Sardinian cavalier, covered with blood and dust, galloped into the French camp calling out "To arms! The Austrians!" After a sanguinary contest for six hours the Austrians were repulsed, driven out of Montabello, and fairly beaten. By a number of strategetic movements the allies out-flanked the right wing of the Austrian army. On the second of June, General McMahon, with his division, threw a bridge over and crossed the Ticino, and marched towards Magenta, on the road to Milan, whilst the Emperor, with other army corps, advanced towards the bridge of Buffalora.

The Austrians having learned, on the night of the second, the passage of the Ticino, rapidly sent across that river three army corps, and on the fourth opposed at once the passage at Buffalora and attacked McMahon's division at Magenta. A fearful struggle took place, in which the troops on each side engaged in the action exceeded 100,000 men. After a sanguinary conflict, which lasted more than eight hours, during which the Imperial and Sardinian Guards took and retook the position six times, at half-past four o'clock P.M., the allies remained masters of the field of battle. The Austrians, having had 15,000 killed and wounded, withdrew, leaving four guns, two flags,

5,000 prisoners, 12,000 muskets, and 30,000 knapsacks. The loss of the allies was put down at 4,000. This victory was followed up by another signal success at Melegnano, at which the Austrian loss was 2,000 and the French 943, including sixty-nine officers.

On the eighth of June,—the day of the battle of Melegnano,—Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel entered Milan, amid the enthusiastic greetings of the inhabitants. On the same day, by a proclamation to the Italians, Napoleon III., after disclaiming any view of personal ambition, or enlargement of the territory of France, and only claiming the moral influence of contributing to render free one of the most beautiful parts of Europe, invited them all to unite in one sole object, the enfranchisement of their own country. “Form a military organization,” he continued, “hasten all of you, to place yourselves under the flag of King Victor Emmanuel, who has already so nobly shown you the path of honor.”

On the twenty-second of June, the hostile armies, after various changes of position, had come so nearly face to face as to make it evident that a great battle was imminent. The allies were encamped between the Chiese and the Mincio. The Austrian forces were on the left bank of the Mincio, resting with their right on Peschiera and Verona and with their left wing on Mantua. On the twenty-third the Austrians poured out their numbers from Mantua, Verona, and Peschiera, and led by their young Emperor, Francis Joseph, who had assumed the command-in-chief, in the course of the evening, crossed the Mincio at four different places, confident of defeating the allies, and driving them beyond the Chiese.

On the twenty-fourth, one of the bloodiest battles on record took place. The Austrians began the attack at daylight, and at ten o'clock A. M. the whole of the two armies had come into collision. The battle lasted fifteen hours, and extended along a line of nearly eighteen miles

from the neighborhood of Brescia down towards Mantua. The right wing of the Austrians occupied Pozzolengo, where they met the Sardinians, and their centre was at Solferino. The day was decided by a concentrated attack, made about three o'clock P.M. by the French Emperor on Solferino, a village in a commanding position, where the Austrians had fortified themselves. After several hours of desperate fighting, the place was carried by the French, who, thereby breaking the Austrians' centre, moved large masses against their left wing; which being pushed on almost to Chiese, was in danger of being surrounded and cut out. Late in the evening, the young Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, with tears in his eyes, saw that the day was irrecoverably lost, and gave the order for the retreat beyond the Mincio, which was accomplished under the protection of a violent storm that had begun to rage since three o'clock in the afternoon.

Few battles in modern history have been marked with more slaughter and horror. More than 300,000 human beings were brought into a close fight, and at night 35,000 of them, at least, were dead or dying. The French had 12,720 killed and wounded, and the Sardinians 5,525. The Austrian loss was about 18,000. Numerous prisoners, thirteen pieces of cannon, and large quantities of arms and ammunition, fell into the hands of the allies; and Napoleon III. slept at Solferino in the very apartment which the previous night had been occupied by Francis Joseph. On the first of July the allies received a reinforcement of 35,000 men brought by Prince Napoleon through Florence and Modena. Whilst the Sardinians were investing Peschiera, and the French Emperor with the main body of his army was approaching Verona, the startling news was received that Napoleon had sent an aide-de-camp to ask for an armistice. On the seventh of July, an armistice was concluded between him and Francis Joseph, and commissioners were appointed to agree upon its terms. On

the eleventh, the two Emperors met at Villafranca and signed articles of peace. The intelligence of the peace and its terms were received with bitter disappointment in Italy. Several of the states of Italy had expressed a wish to unite themselves with Sardinia against Austria, and place themselves under Victor Emmanuel. On the third of September a Tuscan deputation presented to Victor Emmanuel, at Turin, an address from the Tuscan Assembly to form part of an Italian Kingdom. Soon afterwards Parma and Modena and the Æmilian provinces of the Papal States decided by an overwhelming majority to be annexed to the Constitutional Monarchy of Victor Emmanuel II. This led to a change of title from Kingdom of Sardinia to the Kingdom of Italy. Following these events and changes, an insurrection broke out in Sicily, of which Garibaldi soon became the successful leader, which extended to the mainland, till on the eleventh of September Garibaldi entered Naples. October twenty-first, the people of the Two Sicilies, almost by a unanimous vote, declared for annexation to the Kingdom of Italy and the government of Victor Emmanuel. Meanwhile the divisions of the Sardinian army had marched into the Abruzzi, and Victor Emmanuel had advanced towards Naples. On the twenty-sixth of October he met Garibaldi at Teano, and entered Naples on the seventh of November in company with the Liberator, amid great popular rejoicings of the people. By the annexation of Umbria, and Ancona, King Victor Emmanuel soon found himself the sovereign of a kingdom of 22,000,000 of inhabitants. The wishes of the people and the efforts of Victor Emmanuel and his government to achieve the entire possession of Italy, including the city of Rome for the future capital, are too recent and well known to need recounting here. The delay of the Emperor Napoleon III. to withdraw his troops from Rome, the lamented death of Count Cavour, the great statesman of Italy, the more recent and renewed efforts of the brave and noble hero, Garibaldi, to

achieve the complete unity of Italy, and his unfortunate wound and capture, have excited the deep interest, and the sympathy of nations and the world.

This brief sketch will serve to present not only King Victor Emmanuel in his character and relations to Italy and the nations; but also to bring into view two other imperial personages, who have acted and are still acting important parts on the great theatre of Europe.



— 1788 —

COUNT DE CAVOUR,

THE GREAT STATESMAN OF ITALY AND OF EUROPE.

“THOSE whom the gods love, die young,” said the ancients: how fortunate would they have esteemed one who had carried through, with uniform success, an enterprise of such unparalleled audacity that, to borrow the words of Clarendon, speaking of the great patriot statesman Hampden, he alone had “a heart to conceive, a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute it;” and who then died just as he had set his seal on the undertaking which, from being the dream of his youth, became the labor of his manhood, and finally, his claim to the grateful homage of all future generations, sinking down into his grave in the full glory of his intellect, at the very pinnacle of power and fame, amid the tears of friends and relations, mourned for by millions of his own nation who had never even seen his face, while neighboring peoples echoed back the note of woe, and his very enemies bowed their heads in respectful awe. Such fortune would have seemed too much for any one child of earth; yet this was in very truth the lot of Camillo Benso, Count de Cavour, so lately removed from amongst us. Posterity will probably record as its verdict that, though too soon for Italy, for himself his death was the crowning fortune of his life; so high had he climbed, that even fresh successes could scarcely have seemed other than a descent after those that had gone before. In some sense, indeed, his work may be called incomplete, since he sank, like Moses, on the thresh-

old of the promised land; yet so clearly had he marked out the road to be pursued, that the Joshua who caught the emblems of command as they dropped from his dying hand, can scarcely win greater glory than by steadily executing his plans, the triumph of the living being itself a new tribute to the memory of the dead. It was the singular characteristic of Count de Cavour to inspire attachment, no less than admiration; and as all earthly affection is proverbially selfish, those who at any time had the privilege of approaching him, cannot but share in the passionate, and, as it were, personal grief of the Italian people, at the loss of their "Papa Camillo," as the great statesman was affectionately termed, and feel that they would fain have seen his days prolonged, albeit at the expense of dramatic propriety. But he is gone to the bourn whence none ever return; and, that lamentation may not be altogether in vain, it is well, before the rapid current of passing events sweeps us too far away, to cast a tributary flower of respect on the lowly tomb of Sant'èna, and seek to garner up the moral lesson which we cannot fail to derive from considering the life and character of one in whom a great state recognizes a founder and a creator.

Camillo Benso, Count de Cavour, was born at Turin on the tenth of August, 1810, the second son of an ancient and illustrious race, tracing back its pedigree far into the Dark Ages, when we find it already in possession of the fiefs of Chieri, which, acquired about 1150, are still owned by the family; and accordingly its then head, the Marquis Michael Joseph, was a thorough representative of the haughty and bigoted aristocracy of Piedmont (so much so that the memory of the father for a long while cast a doubtful shadow over the liberal opinions of the son); while his wife sprang from the no less noble Genevese house of Sellon. Though born at the very zenith of the first French Empire, the future statesman was scarcely more than an infant when the sudden extinction of that splendid meteor

brought back from the island of Sardinia Victor Emmanuel I., with all the antiquated religious, political, and legislative institutions of old Piedmont in his train; and therefore, after having received the first rudiments of education at the hands of the Jesuits, he was consigned, in 1820, to the military college of Turin, whence he issued after some years as the page of King Carlo Felice, the last prince of the elder line of the House of Savoy. He, however, found the position of a courtier so uncongenial, that at the age of eighteen he was glad to exchange it for that of a lieutenant in a regiment of engineers quartered at Genoa.

Though so young, he had already attained such proficiency in his professional studies, that he was soon employed in making surveys of the passes of the Alps and Apennines; and it is a singular coincidence that one of the earliest public employments of the statesman who, toward the close of his career, was destined to fix the political frontiers of his country at the natural mountain boundary, should have been the drawing up of plans for the construction of a fort intended to guard the road from Genoa to Nice. But neither military pursuits, nor the pleasures of his age and society, which Count de Cavour never ceased to enjoy with the keenest relish, sufficed to absorb all the activity of his restless mind. French had been the language of his infancy, and to his death was more familiar to him than even Italian. While still a youth he made himself master of English, which he both spoke and wrote with remarkable facility, and became deeply engaged in the study of Adam Smith and other works bearing on political economy, finance, or the political institutions of England; so that it is no exaggeration if we date from this early period his deep-rooted admiration and attachment for that country. The politics of the day also excited his earnest attention, and while he watched the progress of the English Reform Bill with the liveliest interest, he was already beginning to meditate on the fortunes of Italy. His liberal

opinions were too manifest for him not to incur the displeasure of the authorities; and, in 1832, some unguarded expressions consigned him as a punishment to the gloomy garrison of Fort du Bard, in the valley of Aosta.

In 1835, Count de Cavour left Italy for the first time, and during the seven years he spent abroad, resided alternately in Switzerland, France, and England. The last was the country of his preference; and had the future been unveiled before him, he could scarcely have prepared himself for his great destiny as parliamentary leader and constitutional minister more judiciously, than by the assiduity and eagerness with which he followed the debates of the House of Commons, and studied every social, agricultural, and financial subject that his quick spirit of observation brought under his notice. His views on all these points formed the matter of various pamphlets, in which he first developed his talents as a writer;—that on the state and prospects of Ireland, in which we may trace the germination of his ideas on legal resistance to oppression and parliamentary warfare, may be especially cited as one of the most appreciative and remarkable productions on English affairs which ever flowed from a foreign pen;—and when Count de Cavour returned home in 1842. it was to apply practically the lessons he had learned abroad.

Times had changed for the better in the course of ten years; and though the field of political action was still closed, the activity of a thoughtful lover of his country might find vent in other directions. The death of his father having by this time put him in possession of a considerable fortune and large landed estates, he began practically to essay the theories he propounded at Turin, employing as much eloquence and earnestness to persuade his bailiff of the merits of an improved plow, or a new breed of pigs, as he afterward devoted to inducing the Chambers to adopt some political plan of unparalleled boldness; for it was characteristic of the man to throw himself heart

and soul into the prosecution of any idea that seized hold of him, and while no scheme was too vast for his intelligence, no detail seemed too small to engross his whole attention.

Five years thus passed away; till, toward the end of 1847, deeming that the time for more direct efforts had at length come, he set up the "*Risorgimento*," a paper of moderate and constitutional liberal views, destined to exert no inconsiderable influence, in conjunction with his friends, Counts Balbo and Santa Rosa, Buoncompagni, and Azeglio, himself assuming the office of chief writer and responsible editor. Events were now rapidly maturing to a crisis; the liberalism displayed by Pius IX. at the commencement of his reign, had acted like a spark igniting a train of gunpowder; the Italian party everywhere raised its head; and in the first days of 1848 the liberals of Piedmont met to consider the course they should pursue. The majority, including the most violent democrats, were in favor of asking for reforms, when Count de Cavour suddenly advocated the demand for a constitution. "Give us but the liberty of speech and writing," he exclaimed, "and all else will speedily follow." A petition was drawn up in accordance with this view, which, though never formally presented to the King, and now long since forgotten, then weighed heavily in the scale favorable to the grant of the *Statuto*, and when, a few weeks later, a commission was appointed to frame an electoral law, Count de Cavour became one of its principal members.

We may pass rapidly over the events of the next two years, important though they were, as foreign to our subject, for Count de Cavour exercised no direct influence upon them. Nevertheless he speedily made himself remarked by the singularly independent and original attitude he assumed in the first Sardinian chamber, where he sat as deputy for the college of Turin, which, save for one short interval, he continued to represent till his death, and took his place in the centre.

On the death of Count Santa Rosa, Minister of Commerce, Massimo d'Azeglio, the then Premier, proposed to the King his nomination to the vacant post. "Take care," observed Victor Emmanuel, "if Cavour once enter the Cabinet, he will soon be master of you all." Never was prophecy more literally fulfilled.

Had Piedmont been a great state, the acts of Count de Cavour, during the time he remained a member of the Azeglio Cabinet, would have sufficed to secure to him a lasting European reputation. From the moment he entered the government, intrusted with the departments of commerce and agriculture, and of marine, to which the portfolio of finance was added early in 1851, he practically commenced the peculiar work of his life,—the organization of the conservative forces of his country, and their direction to the achievement of the ends of revolutions; for the characteristic which, more than any other, sets him apart from all contemporary statesmen, is, that with aspirations no less ardent and entire than those of Mazzini himself, his chosen instruments were the upper and middle classes—in Italy, even more than elsewhere, imbued with the constitutional timidity of men who have a large stake to risk. The position was a most difficult one. Piedmont was so microscopic a state, that her progress remained totally unperceived save by those whom fortuitous circumstances led to take a special interest in the affairs of Italy; and even in the peninsula itself, few, if any, appreciated the skill which, in the treaties of commerce, foreshadowed the system of alliances to culminate in the Crimea; or when, in May, 1852, Count de Cavour broke with Azeglio and the majority of his colleagues, on the express grounds that they were tampering with interests which admitted of no compromise,—even divined that the foundations of a great Italian monarchy were already laid.

At the end of the session, Count de Cavour paid a flying visit to England and France; and it was on this occa-

sion, we believe, that he first met, face to face, the man with whom his destiny was to be so intimately connected, Napoleon III., who at once received him with the utmost cordiality. Soon, however, he was called home by the approaching opening of the Chambers, to see his calculations of the previous spring verified by the resignation of the Azeglio Cabinet, which, weakened by its failure to obtain a favorable concordat from Rome, did not feel equal to encountering a fresh parliamentary campaign deprived of its best champion. The King first summoned Cavour, but he having made it an absolute condition that every thought of further negotiation with the Papal court should be abandoned, various other combinations were essayed by Marquis Alfieri and Count Balbo; and it was not until all had failed, that Cavour received *carte blanche*, and, in the beginning of November, composed a government, in which he himself assumed the presidency of the council and the ministry of finance, to which, later, he added foreign affairs, one department never seeming enough for his insatiable activity. Henceforth first or rather sole minister,—for his colleagues were but pawns to be moved or set aside according to the exigencies of his game, secretaries whom he changed without exciting even the passing curiosity of the public, so certain was it that he would stamp upon all the potent impress of his own genius,—he advanced toward his aim with longer and bolder strides; and we, too, must now take a wider range, for from this time, Sardinia was wedded to the Cavourian policy, by it to stand or fall, and the biography of one man becomes the history of Italy.

At first, however, Count de Cavour seemed disposed to devote himself to the completion of the internal reforms. He was preparing the dwarf Piedmont for a life and death struggle with the giant Austria, and he felt the necessity of providing armor of proof, and of carefully testing every plate of the cuirass; so the internal administration, the

code, the tariff, finances, public works, and education, the material resources of the country, were all reformed and developed in such a way as to bring them into harmony with one another and with the general design. Count de Cavour was now taking measures calculated to excite to the utmost the hostility of Austria, by strengthening the defences of Casale and Alessandria, and in proposing to transfer the naval arsenal from Genoa to La Spezia, an act which, though defensible on commercial grounds, was certainly prompted by deep motives of policy. These three measures, especially the first and third, encountered unusual opposition in the Chamber; and it was in the debate on the last, that allowing himself to be carried away by the heat of discussion, in answer to the reproach that he was risking the very existence of the navy by placing its arsenal within a few miles of a hostile frontier, Count de Cavour suddenly, and for one moment, raised the veil which still shrouded his dearest thoughts, by exclaiming: "Who assures the honorable deputy that La Spezia will not one day be rather in the centre than at the extreme point of our territory?" He said no more, but this cry of his heart, backed by the more cogent reasons adduced by his intellect, satisfied the Chamber, and the project of law was voted.

The poet sings, —

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

And equally are there crises in the life of nations, which, as they are improved or neglected, make or mar the destiny of generations. Such a moment was now approaching for Italy. Early in 1854, France and England concluded their offensive alliance against Russia; and the courteous intimation of the event, usual in diplomatic intercourse, was followed up in December by a formal invitation to Sardinia to join in the league. It would be hard to prove, though we are inclined to believe, that Count de Cavour

provoked the invitation; but however that may be, he eagerly grasped the opportunity thus held out to him of at once rousing the army from the depression caused by the crushing defeat of Novara, and of placing the third-rate state he governed on a line with the great powers, and a treaty was speedily concluded, followed by a military and financial convention, in which, by scornfully rejecting any advantage to be obtained at the sacrifice of independence, and above all, the tempting prospect of a subsidy, Piedmont assumed a footing of equality with her colossal allies.

The reader may still remember the cry of astonishment, almost of derision, that rang through Europe at the news. Such audacity seemed incredible: it was David returned to life, again to defy Goliath; and nowhere was surprise and even dismay stronger than in Piedmont itself. The army, indeed, rejoiced at the prospect opened to it; but the politicians were loud and almost unanimous in their remonstrances.

The very idea of squandering the resources of the country for interests that only indirectly concerned her, in face of a yearly deficit, when every penny was required for objects of vital importance, and of shedding Italian blood in a foreign and distant quarrel, when the army might any day be called upon to defend its own homesteads, was represented as insanity, while running the risk that the banner of Piedmont might one day find itself floating beside that of Austria, was stigmatized as treason to the memory of Charles Albert; the abandonment of every dearest aim, and the ruin of Piedmont and of liberty was confidently prognosticated if the Chamber consented to the treaty; but all this torrent of opposition was powerless to make Camillo de Cavour swerve from his conviction that, to cite his own words, "The independence of Italy must be conquered in the Crimea." Two noble soldiers alone fully shared his views and his hopes, their big hearts bounding at the con-

ception of his vast intellect; and well was it for Italy that those hearts beat in the breasts of the King and of the dying Duke of Genoa. Both were so earnest in their approval, that the latter claimed for himself the chief command of the expedition, hoping thus to forestall his fatal malady by dying, as he lived, for Italy; and when death cut short that design, Victor Emmanuel, broken in spirit by the successive loss of wife, mother, and brother, even proposed to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Piedmont, and go to the Crimea as his general. Strong in such support, Cavour declared he would change every one of his colleagues and dissolve parliament, rather than give up one iota of his plan. Then, and then only, after a long and spirited debate, in the course of which the great statesman defended himself in one of the finest speeches ever heard from his lips, the Chamber yielded, though with fear and gloomy forebodings, and ratified the treaty by a small majority, in the spirit of self-sacrificing loyalty which is so peculiarly characteristic of the Piedmontese.

The issue is well known; and within a few short months the foremost opponents of the treaty were fain to rejoice at their own defeat, while the members of the majority congratulated themselves on the unbending allegiance to their sovereign and his representative which had stood them in lieu of conviction.

The battle of Traktir (sixteenth of August, 1855) restored the reputation of the Sardinian army and its generals, and though untoward circumstances prevented the brigade under Cialdini from taking its destined part in the storming of Malakoff, condemning it to remain all day in the trenches under the galling fire of the fortress, enough had been done to prove that the Italian tricolor might worthily wave by that of France; and Della Marmora was admitted to the councils of war on equal terms with the leaders of the mightier hosts. When the subalpine parliament met at the end of autumn, many doubts and preju-

dices had already been dispelled, and supplies were voted with unusual readiness. But now it was for the diplomatists of Piedmont to continue in the cabinet the work that her generals had so well begun in the field. Negotiations opened during the winter. Count de Cavour, having already secured all the advantages he had promised himself from war, was now foremost in wishing for peace; and we believe the arguments he urged, while accompanying his sovereign on a visit to the courts of Windsor and the Tuileries, to have been by no means uninfluential in promoting the congress of the following year. At all events, it was at this time that Napoleon III. first inquired of him, "What can be done for Italy?" a question which called forth in reply the celebrated memorandum known as that of the twenty-seventh March, 1856.

When the conferences were first appointed, it had been intended to send Massimo d'Azeglio to Paris as the Sardinian plenipotentiary; but the difficulty of giving him precise instructions was so great, that he speedily withdrew his acceptance of the office, and Count de Cavour, seeing no other worthy to be intrusted with a mission at once so delicate and important, resolved to take it upon himself. As the representative of a belligerent power, he was able to assume a tone most provoking to Austria, and in spite of her protests, took an active part in every discussion, signing the final treaty on equal terms with the other plenipotentiaries. Returned to Turin, Count de Cavour, on the sixth of May, rendered an account of his mission, and after reading his note of the sixteenth of April, was enabled, in proud consciousness of his triumph, to announce to the deputies, and through them to the whole country, that the Italian question was now fairly launched on the sea of diplomacy, England and France, by recording the opinion that its present state must be remedied in the general interest of Europe, having virtually pledged themselves to seek its solution, and that, far from the relations

of Austria and Piedmont having been drawn closer by the almost daily meetings of their envoys at the same council-board, the gulf separating the political systems of the two states had never been more clearly defined than since the Imperial ambassadors were forced to sit in the position of culprits at the bar, and had not even dared to put forward a defence, when the wrongs and woes of Italy were denounced before the judgment-seat of Europe and of public opinion.

A great step had evidently been made. All Italy rang with acclamations: addresses of congratulation, medals of honor, poured from all sides on "him who defended her with raised vizor." The noblest of the Italian exiles, Manin, abdicated his republican doctrines, declaring that Italy must be one, with Victor Emmanuel as her King, and made himself the chief promoter of a scheme for arming the new fortifications of Alessandria by national subscription, thus recognizing them as works of general utility, and Piedmont as the bulwark of the peninsula. The idea became so popular that the original number of one hundred guns was considerably increased, and they may now be seen on the walls of the fortress of the old Lombard League, inscribed with the names of the cities or provinces that offered them; and when the Sardinian regiments returned from the Crimea, their entry into Turin was everywhere celebrated as a national festivity. A vulgar observer would have thought that Cavour might now have rubbed his hands, (his constant gesture when pleased,) congratulating himself in unalloyed delight on his progress toward realizing the dream of his youth; but he was one whom no triumph could dazzle, and while a nation applauded, never had the obstacles to final success seemed to him more numerous or more formidable. Yet he shrank not from his purpose, and though he was once observed walking up and down his cabinet, in an hour of vexation, gloomily communing with his own heart as to whether it would not

be wise in him, decorated with the highest honors his sovereign could bestow, and possessed of all the gifts of fortune, to retire from the game rather than again set upon the die the European reputation for statesmanship he had just conquered, the fit of despondency soon passed away, and, striking his hand upon the table, he vehemently exclaimed, "But no; at all hazards Italy must be made, shall be made, and made by me!" This was indeed his one and true ambition; for this he sought power, not as an object, but as a means; and standing alone as he did in the grandeur of his own soul, without wife or child to smile upon his solitary hearth, Italy was as mother, and mistress, and daughter are to other and lesser men.

As compared with the years that succeeded, 1857 and 1858 seem tame and barren of events; but if we examine them more closely, we shall see that, as a ship of war does not sail forth upon the open sea without long preparation and toil in the dock-yards, so those years were the necessary forerunners of the more exciting ones to follow, and that without the previous coördination of parts, the great Italian drama could never have been played. The war of notes and protocols must precede that of shells and bullets, while the Italian populations must be disciplined to act unanimously, and take advantage of any opportunity that might present itself. Cavour steadily pursued both objects. In January, 1857, the Emperor Francis Joseph visited Milan, but no envoy of Victor Emmanuel complimented him on his arrival; and when, furious at the coldness of the Lombards, he ordered his diplomatic agents and paid press violently to denounce Piedmont, as if her free government and journals were the sole causes, insisting on the modification of the one and the suppression of the other, the dignified language of the notes and articles that appeared at Turin, upholding the independence of the state, and defending the liberties granted by the statute,

made this vituperation recoil upon the heads of its authors; and all Europe applauded when diplomatic intercourse, tamely carried on by *chargés d'affaires* for the last four years, was entirely broken off. The enthusiasm and affection of Italy for the King and minister of Sardinia daily increased; and, to train these feelings into engines of practical applicability, the "National Society" now formed itself at Turin, with the tacit consent of the government. This association, organized, though for a political purpose, after the model of the Manchester Corn-Law League, comprised all sections of Liberals, and, by its sub-committees, soon spread its ramifications through every city and village of Northern and Central Italy.

The crisis was gradually drifting nearer. Count de Cavour was well aware that open war with Austria must break out sooner or later. He also knew that the material resources of Piedmont could not indefinitely resist the strain put upon them for so many years, and that her army of sixty thousand men, however excellent, even though reinforced by the volunteers of all Italy, could not adequately encounter the imperial forces; and he anxiously looked around him for allies. He was too well acquainted with England, the country of his predilections, to hope active aid from her; France was his only resource. When and how negotiations were opened and carried on, whether the first overtures came from Paris or Turin, are questions which will probably not be fully answered until every individual interested in them shall sleep in the grave, and which we will not even attempt to solve. This much we know. In September, 1858, Count de Cavour visited Napoleon III. at the baths of Plombières, and, after long and frequent conferences, succeeded in convincing him that the state of Italy had in no respect improved during the two years that had elapsed since the Congress of Paris, and that there was no hope of amelioration arising from any diplomatic remonstrances that could be addressed to Aus-

tria, or to the smaller sovereigns so long as they could count upon her coöperation in forcibly suppressing the discontent of their subjects. These points once proved to his satisfaction, the Emperor clearly saw that the supremacy of Austria over the whole peninsula, not contemplated even by the treaties of 1815, must one day become fatal to the European balance of power; and we believe it to have been agreed, that France should aid Sardinia in expelling Austria from Lombardy and Venetia, and annexing those provinces, receiving Savoy and Nice in return. The marriage of Prince Napoleon was also discussed; and the fate of the secondary Italian princes was left to be decided by events.

Had Austria strictly confined herself to the limits assigned by the final settlement of Vienna, her position would have been diplomatically unassailable, since her Italian provinces were secured to her by the same title-deed which gave Genoa to Piedmont; fortunately, however, for the designs of Count de Cavour, her tenure was incompatible with good government in any part of the peninsula, and between treaties, family alliances, and armed occupations, she had for forty-four years maintained a supremacy contrary to the public law of Europe; and having obtained a guarantee against brute force, the Sardinian premier was not slow to take advantage of this flaw in her case. On either side the Alps the war of words began toward the close of 1858; and while the singular address of the Emperor Napoleon to the Austrian ambassador on the first of January intimated to the world in general the dissension which had arisen between the two empires, and the warlike speech of Victor Emmanuel, ten days later, roused the enthusiasm and hopes of the Italians,—demonstrations the homogeneity of which was soon made manifest by the hastily concluded matrimonial alliance between the reigning houses of France and Piedmont,—Austria found no better argument than the strengthening of her garrisons, the

massing of her troops on the frontier, and the taking up of a large loan.—evident preparations for war, which Count de Cavour lost no time in putting in the strongest light both in his circulars to the diplomatic agents abroad, and in his speeches to the parliament at home.

Count de Cavour was too certain of the justice of his cause not to found his chief hopes of success on the verdict of public opinion; and when the English government, alarmed at the turn events were taking, called upon him to state the grievances of Italy, he drew up his memorandum of the first of March, 1859, an act of accusation against Austria and her satellites no less striking and conclusive than the one aimed at the Papal Court three years previously. Compared with such a document, the complaints of the Austrian Cabinet seemed those of the wolf against the lamb in the old fable; yet we may fairly admit that the alarm of the huge empire was far from being groundless, for despotism is only secure so long as its power is unquestioned. The smallest concession is the necessary forerunner of a fall, and the practical working of a constitution in any part of Italy was the logical condemnation of the imperial system; so that the mere allowing it to exist was, in fact, a tacit acknowledgment of impotency, the consequences of which could only be avoided by successful war.

This was the universal conviction on either bank of the Ticino and the Po; and while Austria poured down her frontier battalions, never moved save in case of imminent hostilities, the committees of the National Society, secretly at work in every town, assisted the youth of all the Italian provinces in their escape to join the royal army. It was a strange sight to behold the noblest and wealthiest rushing to enlist in the ranks; and Count de Cavour, as he received the young volunteers, hailed their arrival as the best proof of the approaching triumph of his ideas, for he well knew how indissoluble is the bond between those who have

fought side by side. Piedmont was now virtually Italy, and this gave the Italians and their leader courage and patience to look calmly on all the diplomatic efforts of England and Russia to avert war. They knew their hour was at hand, and in his certainty that it must strike, Count de Cavour showed himself willing to enter into negotiations, to accept a congress, even to disarm, provided that condition were made common to both parties; in short, to make every concession compatible with the independence of his native country which the neutral powers could reasonably demand.

Nor was he deceived in his belief that Austria would deem this moderation more fatal to her interests than all the risks of war. On the twenty-third of April, Baron Kellersberg appeared at Turin with the Austrian ultimatum, which was of course peremptorily rejected. All doubt being now at an end, the Sardinian army was concentrated on the second line of defence of Casale, Valenza, and Alessandria, so providently prepared for it. Victor Emmanuel, in a spirited proclamation, called the Italians to arms; the Sardinian Chambers, with a trust never before accorded either to king or minister, suspended the constitution during the continuance of hostilities, that no formal obstacle might delay the taking of any measure dictated by the urgency of the case; and Count de Cavour,—who though the greatest of revolutionists, not only in spirit but in fact, never admitted violent change save as a last resource when every other had been exhausted,—called upon the *soi disant* independent princes of Central Italy to make their election between a national policy, which might have saved their thrones, and open adherence to Austria, a summons to which they successively answered,—the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena by repairing to the Imperial camp, the Duchess of Parma by a more politic retreat into Switzerland.

Few passages in modern history are better known than

the Italian campaign of 1859. The Austrian invasion, the stoical patriotism of the Piedmontese peasantry, the arrival of the French, the marches and battles which led to the rapid liberation of Lombardy, have all been described over and over again; be it rather our task to tell what was the life of Count de Cavour during those busy ten weeks. Charged with the four ministries of war, marine, foreign affairs, and the interior, in addition to the presidency of the council, he seemed to multiply himself to accomplish all the duties thus heaped upon him. For years it had been his habit to rise at five, or even four, in the morning, and only allowing himself the occasional refreshment of a cigar, or a single cup of black coffee, to work uninterruptedly till six, the hour of his one daily meal, devoting the evening to rest, in society; but dinner was now often delayed till nine and ten o'clock, or else he returned to labor till past midnight. By this incessant toil, only diversified by flying visits to the camp, to confer with his own sovereign or the French Emperor, he contrived to discharge every task so efficiently that those brought in contact with him in each capacity almost refused to believe he had any other department to preside over. All the wants of the army seemed known to him, and were instantly provided for; he superintended the equipment of the ships destined to join the French fleet in the Adriatic; as Minister of Foreign Affairs he kept the Sardinian envoys abroad in a position to explain every step in his game to the courts to which they were accredited, and on the death of Ferdinand II. despatched an extraordinary ambassador to Naples, to endeavor to induce the young King, the son of a princess of Savoy, to embrace a constitutional system and the Piedmontese alliance; while in the Home Department he extended the benefits of the statute to Lombardy and the Duchies, which, as having voted their union with Sardinia in 1848, were provisionally incorporated with the monarchy, while, through the royal

commissioners sent to facilitate their participation in the war, he less directly influenced the government of Tuscany and Romagna.

Such activity would seem incredible, were it not a matter of contemporary history; and even thus, it may be a subject of medical doubt how long the health and faculties of any human being could have withstood such a strain. Yet harder still to bear than even this herculean labor was the shock that awaited Count de Cavour, when, in compliance with a telegraphic summons, he hastened to headquarters at Desenzano, and learned the tidings of the Convention of Villafranca. What he then endured no tongue can tell, for he himself never fully described his feelings, though they might be guessed from the expression of agony which would cross his expressive countenance at any allusion to the hour in which his dearest schemes seemed broken in the midst. But whatever his grief, his resolution was promptly taken; he could not set his hand to any treaty consecrating the servitude of the Venetians, and the presence of Austria in Italy; and as it would have been madness for Piedmont to attempt to carry on the war single-handed, he threw up all his offices, in spite of the passionate entreaties and reproaches of Victor Emmanuel, — entreaties and reproaches hard to resist, for his sovereign was also his friend; but his sense of right was stronger even than affection, and he only consented to hold the seals till his successors should be appointed.

The resignation of Cavour left the fate of the peninsula dependent on the firmness of the central Italians; but would populations so long oppressed prove equal to encountering such a crisis, deprived of their trusted leader? The first consolation that reached the fallen statesman was a letter from Farini, then Governor of Modena, proposing resistance, and the creation of a dictatorship for that province in his own person. Count de Cavour promptly replied by telegraph: "The minister is dead — the friend

approves and encourages you." Next came the news that Baron Ricasoli, who, on the departure of the Sardinian commissioner, had assumed the presidency of the Tuscan provisional government, was resolute to oppose the return of the Grand Duke, and had summoned an elective assembly to decide on the propriety of union with Piedmont; and henceforth sure that his principle was right, and reposing as it did on the basis of eternal truth, had imbued the minds, not only of the thinking men, but of the masses in Italy, and thus founded, might defy the caprices even of so powerful a potentate as Napoleon III., Count de Cavour retired to his country-seat of Leri, near Vercelli, there to await the day of his return to office.

At that villa he chiefly resided for the next six months, and to one of a less nervous and irritable temperament, that repose from official toil might have been of service; but the same man, who, when minister, would escape to Leri for a few hours, there to enjoy himself with all the zest of a school-boy, discussing with his steward the state of his herds and rice-grounds, or providing for the well-being of his peasantry, seemingly oblivious that politics even existed, now found no rest amid his once loved rural pursuits, fretted himself almost into fever at his inability to do more than advise where he longed to act, and while the populations were daily forwarding his views by their wonderful intelligence and abnegation, could ill brook to see that progress jeopardized by the moral cowardice and impolicy of the Piedmontese ministry, composed of men he himself had raised into reputation, who now implored his counsel in each difficulty, to despise it the moment the crisis was past, and by their abuse of the full powers voted by the Parliament in his own favor, tampered with that inviolable sanctity of law, respect for which was with him almost a superstition.

So false a situation could not endure longer than the circumstances which had created it. In stormy weather

the most experienced mariner holds the helm; and scarcely had the peace of Zurich rendered his resumption of power possible, than the Italians became eager to see it restored to Count de Cavour. In January, 1860, the Rattazzi government fell under the weight of its own errors, and the desire of the nation was instantly fulfilled. Few paused to inquire who formed the Cabinet, it was enough that the trusted minister presided over it; and all looked forward to great events. The first care of Count de Cavour was to return to a legal position by dissolving the old and convoking a new parliament, to include the representatives of Lombardy; his next, to provide for the prompt annexation of Tuscany and the Emilia. Himself convinced that hesitations of the late ministry as to the votes of the assemblies rendered necessary a fresh manifestation on the part of those provinces, and privately warned that France would recognize no decision but that of universal suffrage, he provoked a secret conference with Baron Ricasoli and Signor Farini, at which was decided that appeal to the people, the brilliant result of which is so well known.

It was a triumphant day for Count de Cavour when he could advise his sovereign to accept those votes, and summon the deputies of half Italy to meet in a single parliament; but, coincident with the victory, storms and clouds arose on other points of the horizon. We have already stated that the transfer of Savoy and Nice to France was to have been the price of the total expulsion of Austria; at Villafranca the claim was naturally abandoned, but it was revived on the fusion of Northern and Central Italy. Did Count de Cavour unmixedly regret the pressure to which he could but yield? We are not prepared to assert it, for though no minister can ever willingly sign a treaty of cession,—and in this case especially, he knew he must overcome the natural repugnance and grief of the King, and a strenuous parliamentary opposition,—he was too profound and subtle a statesman not to be aware that he was

fortunate in being able to discharge the debt of material obligation at so cheap a rate, and not to foresee that by claiming her own disjoined provinces at the hands of Italy, and annexing them in virtue of universal suffrage, France implicitly acknowledged the principle of Italian unity, and precluded herself from objecting to any fusion henceforward carried out by the same means. We believe him to have been far more disturbed by the rising at Palermo, brought on by accident, against his most earnest wishes, since he thereby lost the direct control of events in the southern provinces, and the chances of insurrection were substituted for that coördination of well-organized forces to which he loved to owe the victory of his ideas.

The formation of his army under General de Lamoricière had made the Pope think himself able to dispense with a French garrison at Rome; and Count de Cavour was aware not only that the latter was about to be withdrawn, and that their departure would be followed by a joint attack on Romagna by the Papal and Neapolitan forces, but he also knew the latter to be so deeply imbued with Italianism, that the very chiefs could not be counted upon to oppose the Piedmontese soldiers, whose victory and advance southward would raise the populations, sweeping away the Bourbon despotism as mists disperse before the morning sun. That this plan was feasible we cannot doubt after the autumn campaign in the Marches; but the outbreak of the Sicilians, and the expedition of Garibaldi, in consequence of which the French remained at Rome, forced Count de Cavour to renounce all thoughts of its execution. He could only bide his time, certain that the advent of anarchy must sooner or later exhaust the forces of tumultuous revolution, and restore the control of events to his own hand. But his course was nearly run, and we turn to his last appearances on the parliamentary stage of his earliest public triumphs.

The elections had taken place on the twenty-seventh of

January, 1861, everywhere proving singularly favorable to government, and the parliament was formally opened on the eighteenth of February; but, owing to the delay necessary for the verification of powers, business did not begin till the middle of March. The first bill presented was one constituting the new monarchy, which passed the representative chamber unanimously, the senate with but a single dissentient vote, given at the dictate of religious bigotry; and thus was the youthful dream of Cavour fulfilled after the lapse of twenty-nine years. He was first minister of the kingdom of Italy, and to himself was the great result mainly due. The sovereign had assumed his new title, the State was proclaimed; but it was yet incomplete, for Rome the capital, and Venice the bulwark, were unrepresented in the Italian Parliament, and on the former and most vital of these questions Count de Cavour hastened to explain his views. In answer to interrogations he had himself instigated, he expounded at length his favorite theory of a free Church in a free State. Considering Rome to be the necessary metropolis of Italy, he desired to offer the Pontiff, in exchange for his precarious temporal power, sovereign honors, and the renunciation by the State of all right of interference in spiritual affairs, with the hope that such ample terms, backed by the guarantee of the Italian government for the safety and respect due to the supreme head of the Church, would induce the concurrence of the Catholic Powers, and persuade France especially to withdraw her garrison, concluding in favor of an order of the day to the same effect, which was voted by an immense majority. These explanations were renewed in the upper Chamber a fortnight later; for Count de Cavour held the thorough ventilation of a question to be the essential preliminary to its solution.

The discussion of the eighteenth of April must long remain memorable in the parliamentary annals of Italy. In reply to the questions of Baron Ricasoli, the minister of

war made a long statement of the forces of the country, and explained the position assigned to the volunteers by the royal decrees on their organization; after which Garibaldi, who had taken his seat that same day, started up, and reading from a paper, (previously prepared, alas! for had the cruel words been *spoken* in the heat of debate, not *written*, the sting had been less deep.) accused Cavour of being the enemy of Italy, the would-be fosterer of civil war. The Chamber was indignant, his own lieutenants shocked, and the most fiery of them, General Bixio, earnest for conciliation, implored the accuser to retract, the accused to pardon, the unjust taunt; nor was Count de Cavour, though wounded to the quick, slow to accept the proffered mediation, and for the weal of Italy he offered not merely forgiveness but oblivion, and joint labor in the cause both equally loved, and holding out his hand, he called upon Garibaldi to come and grasp it as that of a patriot, who, if trained in a different school, was no less ardent than himself. Had Garibaldi only done so, what evil might have been averted! But irresolute, and dependent on the opinion of those immediately about him, he half rose to comply, then yielding to the whispered remonstrance of Zuppetta, who was next him, again sat down. Cavour sank back, struggling with fearful and visible agony; insulted as knight, as gentleman, as patriot, his nature was one to feel to the very core such a blow, coming from such a quarter; yet Italy was so dear to him, that for her sake he mastered his passion, retained his wonted urbanity throughout the debate, and when the large majority in favor of government, and the adherence of his military lieutenants to its proposals, had persuaded Garibaldi of the necessity of reconciliation, and he sought it through the intervention of his sovereign, Cavour, too high-souled for rancor, cheerfully assented. But from that hour he was not the same. The poisoned shaft had reached his heart, the wound closed outwardly, but did not heal, and affection noted

with sinister prevision, that his once bright eye was now dim, and that while he acknowledged fatigue, he complained of his inability to rest. As if actuated by a foreboding wish to give utterance to his thoughts on every subject nearest to his heart, he repeatedly addressed the Chamber, with even more than his wonted power and earnestness, on the fundamental principles of free trade, (his last great speech,) Venice, Rome, and the interests of the exiles from those cities; bequeathing his words, as it were, a legacy to his successors and his country.

The hour was at hand, the knell was about to ring. The morning of Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of May, was spent as usual, amid the cares of office. In the afternoon Count de Cavour appeared in the Chamber, sustaining his part in the debate with all his wonted animation, replying to every objector in his usual lively, half-jesting, conversational tone; but in the evening he was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy. It was not the first, and this seemed to yield, like its predecessors, after two bleedings, so much so that on the thirty-first, in spite of all entreaty, he insisted on transacting business with his colleagues, and giving his usual audiences; the result was an excitement which brought on a fresh attack, with new and more dangerous symptoms, conflicting with each other, and indicative of various maladies, for all of which the pharmacy of Turin knew but one remedy—the lancet. Whether greater prudence on the part of the sufferer, or more skilled physicians, would have preserved so precious a life, can be only a matter of conjecture; but we may state our own belief that though the method of treatment was probably the very worst that could have been selected, no other would have been more successful. Years of toil and intense anxiety had strained to the utmost nerves of the most exquisite sensibility; while a most unhealthy mode of life, long fasts, alternated with abundant meals, and scarcely any physical exercise, had gradually undermined health, and

left both body and mind without power of reaction from any sudden or violent blow. That blow was given by the hand of Garibaldi, and the effort to conceal its immediate effect was probably more fatal than even the shock itself, so that those who knew him best considered him doomed from the hour of the second attack, and in the alternate phases of his malady only saw the last struggles of an exhausted nature. The multitude was naturally less clear-sighted, and the second of June, the day set apart in honor of Italian unity, was celebrated with all the ordained pomp, as Cavour had bidden. Yet amidst their rejoicings the people did not forget their Papa Camillo; and as days went by, and the well-known face and figure did not reappear under the porticos, anxiety grew deep, and vast crowds day and night blocked up all the streets leading to his palace, standing for hours in their silent, serried ranks, to learn the contents of the bulletins constantly issued. Within lay the sick man, on his bed of death, grandly, calmly awaiting the fate he knew to be impending. In his occasional hours of delirium he spoke of his country, of her generals and statesmen, of her hopes and her difficulties, for, dying as a shepherd in defence of his flock, his thoughts were ever with his people, but not one word of rancor or enmity fell from his lips, for there was no hatred in his heart. When he was lucid, he conversed gayly, and even jested with the relatives and friends around him, discoursing of agriculture, the crops, silkworms, but above all of Italy, and as the end drew nigh, that theme more exclusively occupied his mind. On the morning of the fifth, he sent for his parish priest, Father Giacomo, of the Franciscan order of monks, for years his friend, and one of the dispensers of his numerous charities to the poor of Turin, confessed, and toward night received the sacraments. His will was already signed, and having thus fulfilled his duties toward God and man, he dedicated his last hours on earth to the thought of his country.

Late in the evening he was visited by his sovereign, who affectionately embraced and took leave of him,—a visit which deeply touched the dying minister. To the last his commanding intellect remained bright and clear; he looked steadily forward through the mists which to inferior minds yet seemed to hang over the future of Italy, and though not blind to her dangers, expressed his unshakable faith in her future and success. “Non temete, l’Italia e fatta,” (fear not, Italy is made,) he said to his colleague, Minghetti, but an hour before the end; and his last faint words were, “Tutto e salvo,” (all is safe,) and with these yet upon his lips, the glorious spirit passed away in the early dawn of Thursday, the sixth of June, 1861, leaving those who had the privilege of watching that last vigil, bewildered in the excess of their mingled admiration and grief.

Who shall describe the wail of all Italy at this great loss? The shops and theatres were everywhere closed; in every church arose the solemn chant for the dead; and the population, all classes, high and low, mingled together, and alike clad in the deepest mourning, crowded to the celebration of the sacred rite. Never did Turin, nor perhaps any other city, present a spectacle like that on the day of the funeral. After lying in state in the great hall of the Cavour palace, where it received the last homage of the constituted bodies, and indeed of the whole people, who crowded to gaze for the last time on those beloved features, the corpse was borne on a royal car, which had served at the obsequies of Charles Albert, through the principal streets, to the church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, where mass was to be celebrated, attended by both Chambers, the Knights of the Annunciata, the judges, the ecclesiastical, municipal, and commercial corporations. The whole garrison was under arms, the cannon thundered from the heights, no pomp that majesty itself might claim was wanting, nor could the pouring and incessant rain deter noble, citizen, or humble artisan, from walking bareheaded

in the train; while the women, with no better protection than their mourning veils, stood for hours on the balconies to catch one glimpse of the procession as it passed. Turin, his native city, and Florence, the Pantheon of Italy, vied for the honor of enshrining the dead, to whom the King offered a resting-place in the royal sepulchre of Superga, that his own bones might one day be laid beside those of his great minister; but all rivalry gave way before the simple reply of the Marquis de Cavour, to whom these proffers were made, that years before his lost brother had expressed a wish to be buried in the family vault at Santèna, near a beloved nephew who had fallen at the battle of Custoza. To that wish all yielded: Cavour was laid in the spot he himself had selected; and in the little chapel of Santèna, a simple stone, inscribed but with a name and a date, points out to the pilgrim of genius the last home of him who "made Italy."

Thus lived, thus died, Camillo Benso de Cavour.

The portrait of the minister is engraved for all time on the tablets of history; but the memory of the man, though it holds a dearer place in the minds of those who knew him, would pass away with them; and, as if to retain its evanescent image, many a page has already been penned to record personal peculiarities, or characteristic anecdotes. Yet who shall paint worthily the easy and brilliant conversation, the gay, genial laugh, the charm of manner, which seemed so thoroughly to belong to the world of idleness, that only some chance remark, no one inferior could have uttered, reminded the auditor that he who spoke was Count de Cavour. His memory was prodigious; he never forgot a fact or a date, a name or a face, though seen but once, and after the lapse of years; and to his friends his heart was ever true, though the necessities of his political position at times seemed to sever him from them.

Kindly and tolerant, good no less than great, Count de Cavour passed away in charity with all men, after a life

spent in striving to promote their weal. Dying in the prime of life, but worn out in their service, the mourning of his countrymen over him was passionate, and all but unanimous.

Either Chamber decreed an image of the departed to be placed in the hall of its assembly, to keep alive his memory among them; and his speeches were ordered to be collected and printed at the expense of the State. Every great town determined to raise a monument to him; Santa Croce, at Florence, the squares of Turin, Milan, Genoa, Naples, and many others of inferior note, will be adorned with his statue, while his picture will be seen in many a public hall. But whatever the skill of the limner, or the art of the sculptor, not even in the Campidoglio itself, can a monument to Camillo Benso, Count de Cavour, be erected so grand and noble as that afforded him by his own great work — the unity of Italy herself.

THE COURT OF AUSTRIA.

AN ancient castle of Switzerland, long since in ruins, has given its name to the Imperial House of Austria. The old castle of Hapsburg was built in the eleventh century. The first Count of Hapsburg was Werner II., who was a descendant of Ethico I., a Duke of Alemannia in the seventh century. The descendants of Count Werner augmented the possessions of their house, until their acquisitions were divided by the brothers Albert IV. and Rudolph III., in 1233. The line of Albert IV. became flourishing through his son Rudolph, who, in 1273, was elected Emperor of Germany, and who afterwards gave Austria, Styria, etc., to his son Albert. From that period until now, the House of Hapsburg has occupied the Imperial throne of Austria. The Court of Austria received a considerable accession of power and grandeur in 1477. It was on the sixteenth of August, 1477, the ancient city of Ghent presented an unusually gay appearance. Its streets were thronged with grave burghers and bold weavers in their holiday apparel; the quaint old houses were hung with variegated drapery, and festooned with the fairest flowers; while the windows were filled with the smiling faces of richly-attired dames and damsels, whose curiosity was this day strained to its highest pitch by the knowledge that all the stir was occasioned by the preparations for a wedding. And that was to be no common wedding, to which they were now expecting the advent of the bridegroom elect. The beautiful Mary of Burgundy, the wealthiest heiress in Christendom, had, with a will of her own,—which she doubtless derived

from her wilful father, Charles the Bold,—chosen the handsome Maximilian of Austria as her future husband; and now this bridegroom of nineteen summers was about to enter Ghent, dressed bravely by means of 100,000 guilders which Mary's step-mother, Margaret of York, had sent him as provisional pocket-money.

At length he comes proudly along, a goodly target for those many curious eyes. Clad in silver-gilt armor, and riding on a noble horse, he wears no helmet, but a peerless garland of pearls and precious stones, which sets off to the best advantage his golden locks. His long retinue consists of electors, princes, bishops, and six hundred nobles. As he rides along the streets by torchlight, his fair bride comes to meet him; and, both falling on their knees in the road, they embrace each other; Mary exclaiming, with tears of delight, "Welcome to me, thou scion of the noble German stock, whom I have so long wished to see, and whom I now am so rejoiced to meet!" On the third day after this entry, the handsomest youth of the time was united to the beautiful Burgundian heiress; and thus was secured to the House of Hapsburg the splendid dower of the Netherlands, with their brisk trade and flourishing manufactures, which served first to make Austria really considerable as a European power.

The next emperor was Charles V., who gave a vast increase of power and influence to the Court of Austria. A long line of monarchs have occupied the Austrian throne since those days, whose names and history are well known to the intelligent reader. The House of Hapsburg still wears the crown, which rests on the head of Francis Joseph, the present emperor, whose fine portrait accompanies this sketch.





FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, the present Emperor of Austria, was born August 18, 1830. He is the son of the Archduke Francis Charles Joseph, brother of the Emperor Ferdinand, and of Sophia, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria. In March, 1848, after the expulsion of Louis Philippe from France, a revolution followed in Vienna; Prince Metternich fled, a free Constitution was prepared, and accepted by Ferdinand, who soon afterwards withdrew from Vienna to Innsbruck. Insurrections against the Austrian power broke out in Hungary and Italy, and a Diet for the formation of a united German Empire was assembled at Frankfort. Though Vienna had been taken possession of by the Imperial troops, and though Radetzky had obtained advantages in Italy, it was felt that a firmer hand than Ferdinand's was required to secure the Hapsburg dynasty from falling. Accordingly Ferdinand abdicated on December 2, 1848, in favor of his nephew, who, though little more than eighteen, was declared of age. Assisted by able counsellors, the military aid of Russia, and a course of policy toward Hungary that can hardly be styled less than treacherous, the revolutionary movement was staid, and what was called peace,—a peace maintained only by large military establishments,—secured. In the dispute between England and France with Russia in 1854, the aim of the Emperor of Austria was to trim between the contending powers, and he succeeded. Calling himself an ally of the Western allies, he protected, as far as he was able, the interests of Russia. He thus gained permission to occupy the principalities of

Moldavia and Wallachia as protector, and made himself one of the contracting parties in the peace signed at Paris in 1856. The other chief events of his reign have been the intrigues to maintain the superiority of Austria over Prussia in the Germanic Diet, in which he has been on the whole successful; and the signing of a Concordat with the Pope, in the early part of 1856, by which the influence of the Roman Catholic Church is made all-powerful throughout the Austrian dominions, and which, it is asserted, is the source of much discontent.

In April, 1854, Francis Joseph was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, Duke of Bavaria, by whom he has several children. In October, 1857, Francis Joseph received a visit at Vienna from Alexander II. of Russia, which quieted the apprehensions caused by a preceding interview of the same monarch with Napoleon III. at Stuttgart. While Austrian diplomacy was successful in its various operations, it was most successfully active in Italy. On New Year's Day, 1859, the Emperor Napoleon declared to the diplomatic corps in Paris his dissatisfaction with the Italian policy of Francis Joseph, and his few words were understood by Austria as a threat, if not as a declaration of war. On both sides the most active preparations for a great struggle began. Napoleon demanded from Austria the surrender of her private treaties with the Italian States, and the evacuation of all non-Austrian territories in Italy. Austria demanded from Sardinia a disarmament and the expulsion of the refugees. None of these demands were agreed to. War and a bloody conflict followed between Austria on one side, and Napoleon III. with an immense French army and Victor Emmanuel with the Sardinian army on the other, which terminated in the great battle of Solferino, June twenty-fourth, and the Peace of Villafranca, July eleventh.—A more particular account of these scenes is given in the sketch of Victor Emmanuel on a previous page.—More recent events in Austria and

Italy are familiar to the public mind. But the political elements with which the Emperor of Austria has to contend scarcely slumber, and are liable to burst forth in Italy like volcanic fires at any time and involve the Continent in the calamities of war.



MISS ELIZABETH B. BROWN

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

THIS imperial personage belongs to the royal family of Bavaria. Her uncle is the present King of Bavaria, Louis I., who is a most munificent patron of the arts, upon which he has bestowed immense expenditures of money to beautify and adorn his capital, the city of Munich, with galleries of paintings and statuary, to attract the admiration of all visitors. Her cousin is King Otho of Greece. Her grandfather, Maximilian Joseph, was the first King of Bavaria when Napoleon I. erected it into a kingdom in 1806. This King gave his daughter in marriage to Prince Eugene Beauharnais, the son of the Empress Josephine, of imperial renown. Hence the name of the present Empress of Austria is Elizabeth Amelia Eugenie, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, and a descendant of the Empress Josephine. She was born in Munich, and educated in all the accomplishments of royalty as one of the King's daughters. She was married to the Emperor Francis Joseph, April 24, 1854. She is the mother of three children,—Sophia, a daughter, born in 1855; Gisela, in 1856; and a son, Rudolph, in 1858. Sophia died at Buda, in 1857, during an imperial journey. The portrait forms a match-print to that of the Emperor, both taken at Vienna.



THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA.

MARIA THERESA was born at Vienna in 1717. She was the eldest daughter of Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, who died in 1740. The succession of Maria Theresa to the hereditary dominion of the House of Hapsburg had been guaranteed by the principal states of Europe; but, on her father's death, she found herself assailed by the kings of Prussia, France, Spain, and Sardinia, and the electors of Bavaria and Saxony. Each of these princes laid claim to some part of the Austrian territory; and Maria Theresa, at the age of twenty-three, was called on to make head against the armies of all her neighbors, except the Turkish Sultan, who alone acted towards her with fairness and good faith. Maria Theresa had been married in 1737, to Francis of Louvain, Grand Duke of Tuscany, but he was a prince of little intellect or energy; and it was to the spirit of Maria Theresa herself, and the loyalty of her Hungarian subjects, that Austria owed its rescue from destruction. When driven from her capital by her enemies, Maria Theresa repaired to Presburg, and summoned the Hungarian Diet. She appeared in the midst of the martial assembly with her infant son in her arms. She addressed them earnestly and eloquently in Latin, (a language long currently used in Hungary;) and when she came to the words, "The kingdom of Hungary, our persons, our children, our crown, are at stake,—forsaken by all, we seek shelter only in the fidelity, the arms, the hereditary valor of the renowned Hungarian nobility," the Hungarian nobles, and all present, with one unanimous burst of chival-

rous loyalty, drew their swords, and shouted, "Let us die for our king Maria Theresa," [*Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa.*] This was no transient demonstration of zeal. The whole military force of Hungary was soon in the field: the current of invasion was checked, and by degrees the foes of Maria Theresa made peace with her, and ceased to reckon on their shares in the dismemberment of Austria. She was obliged to cede Silesia to Frederic of Prussia; but with this exception she was left in full possession of her dominions, when the war of the Austrian Succession was closed by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1758. The loss of Silesia was a deep mortification to Maria Theresa, and the hope of recovering that province made her take an active part in the Seven Years' War against Frederic of Prussia. That contest, however, closed in 1763, leaving Prussia in possession of Silesia, and with no gain on either side to Maria Theresa or Frederic. Maria Theresa's husband had been elected Emperor of Germany in 1745, and on his death in 1765, their son Joseph was chosen to succeed him. But Maria Theresa retained in her own hands, throughout her life, the administration of her vast dominions, which were generally governed by her in a wise and enlightened spirit. Her private character was irreproachable, and the morals and manners of her court formed a bright exception to the gross profligacy by which the courts of nearly all the other sovereigns of the age were disgraced. She was sincerely pious; and Botta, the Italian historian, passes on her the high eulogy, that "during a forty years' reign she always showed a love of justice and truth." Her share in the first partition of Poland is the great stain on the character of Maria Theresa. But she came unwillingly into this plot, which was urged on her by the sovereigns of Prussia and Russia, and by her son, the Emperor Joseph. She is said to have left a written record that she consented to this measure out of deference to the opinions of others, and

that she foreboded evil consequences to Europe from this act of injustice to one of its States. Maria Theresa died in 1780.

Her remains repose in a superb sarcophagus, or metal coffin, among about seventy other coffins of the imperial family of Austria. Some of them are of costly workmanship. In the composition of one of them, for the Emperor Joseph I., sixteen hundred pounds of pure silver was used, as the Capuchin friar who has charge of the mausoleum stated to us a few summers ago on the spot, while admiring the imperial grandeur of this silent and sad family gathering under the dome of the Capuchin Church in Vienna. Every Friday for thirteen years after the death of her husband, did Maria Theresa descend into this mausoleum to pray and weep by the side of his remains. Among this confined imperial family are the second Empress, and the only son of the Emperor Napoleon I., the young Duke of Reichstadt, whose sarcophagus is of copper.

PRINCE KAUNITZ.

THIS personage, who appears in the print, pen in hand, at the council-table, with Maria Theresa, as her Prime Minister, was an Austrian statesman. He was born in 1711, at Vienna, and educated for the Church. In 1744 he was appointed Minister of State for the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary, and afterwards was sent as ambassador to Paris. On his return to Vienna in 1753, he was appointed Chancellor of State, and made a Prince of the Empire in 1764. He died in 1794.

To Prince Kaunitz Austria was indebted for two great alterations in her policy: the one was the entering into alliance with her traditional enemy, France; and the other, the expulsion of the Jesuits. This sharp-witted beau soon pushed aside the bungling Bartenstein and the other corrupt officials of the old school, and established himself in that high reputation for the successful management of affairs which caused him long to be styled "the driver of the European coach." While ambassador at Paris he plunged eagerly into all its gayeties and excesses, and was so thoroughly imbued with admiration for all that was French that he never rested till he had effected that alliance, which, cemented by the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette, lasted till the Revolution, which deprived them both of life. Little could the astute Austrian perceive of the deluge which was coming to sweep away that rotten old state-

fabric. Mixing but with courtiers like himself, he knew and cared nothing about the new ideas which were already fermenting amongst the French philosophers and commonalty, and which at last burst forth in such a dire ebullition.



THE COURT OF PERSIA.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

THIS Oriental monarch appears, as represented in the engraving, on a state occasion, at his court, wearing his triple crown, radiant and sparkling with precious gems and innumerable diamonds of the purest water, and of immense value, which blaze around his neck, shoulders, and arms; thus exhibiting and illustrating the splendor of Oriental magnificence. As an Oriental monarch over the Empire of Persia, and recently at war with England, whose ambassador was received, a few months since, with great consideration at the Imperial Court of France, his portrait in the splendor of Eastern costume is an object of interest and curiosity, with which we trust our readers will be pleased. We only add a brief biographical sketch of this illustrious personage.

The present sovereign, Mohammed Nassr-ed-din-Shah, ascended the throne in April, 1849. He was then sixteen years of age, and lived away from the court with one of his uncles, the governor of Tabriz. He succeeded to the throne in virtue of his being the nearest of kin in the collateral line of the celebrated Feth ali-Shah, or Babakhan. Nassr-ed-din-Shah is the fourth sovereign of the Turcoman dynasty of the Kadjars, the origin of whom is curious. The dynasty which preceded that of the Kadjars was founded in the following manner: Under the reign of the Sophis there lived a camel-driver whose bravery pro-

cured for him the obedience of a number of his companions, who formed themselves into a band, and under his direction, crowned several most successful expeditions with the conquest of the province of Khorasan. Their leader, Nadir, usurped the throne of Persia on the death of Abas III., and caused himself to be proclaimed Shah, or Sovereign of Persia. Nadir Shah brought under subjection Candahar, Cabul, and several provinces of the Mogul Empire. He was killed, in 1747, by his first lieutenant, whose eyes he had the intention of putting out. His successor, Thamasp-Kouli Khan II., reigned only a few years. Fearful disorders broke out at his death in Persia, and several pretenders to the throne arose. Amongst these was a member of the tribe of Kadjars, which signifies fugitives, named Mohammed Macan-Khan, who conquered Mazandaran and other provinces, and captured Ispahan; he was on the point of conquering all Persia when he fell into the hands of a rival, who beheaded him in 1758. His son, Aga Mohammed Khan, succeeded in proclaiming himself Shah of Persia, in 1794, and he founded the present dynasty. Since 1705, the Court of Persia resides at Teheran; formerly Ispahan had been the capital of the kingdom. In summer the court is driven away from Teheran by the heat, and encamps from June first to September thirtieth at the foot of the Elboorz mountains, in the valley of Goolahék. The ambassadors and great authorities, with the richest inhabitants of the town, accompany the court, and form a magnificent canvas town. The present Shah is of a very mild disposition, and is deeply attached to his mother, who governs his private household. She is only about forty years of age, and is still very beautiful. She has for a secretary a French woman, who married, in Paris, a Persian nobleman, and accompanied her husband to his native home, after having embraced his religion. The Shah has five children, to whom he is greatly attached.

Feroukh Khan, the Persian ambassador to Paris, on his

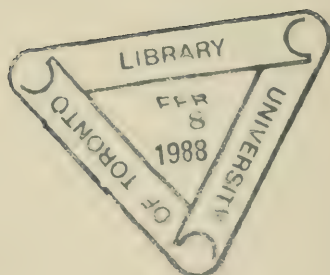
arrival some time since handed to the Emperor, in the name and on the part of his sovereign, the Royal Order of Persia, and presents for the Empress and the Imperial Prince.

The ambassador wore a magnificent cashmere gown, trimmed with fur, and ornamented with diamond clasps, white kerseymere pantaloons with gold stripes, and the Astrakan cap. Two of his suite wore the same costume. He wears a beard, black and rich, such as few diplomatic chins could grow. His eyes are black, piercing, and his figure graceful. Among those who accompany him are said to be two cousins of the Sovereign of Persia; and they wear a white scarf over their rich uniforms, no doubt as a sign of their being "born in the purple chamber."

THE END.

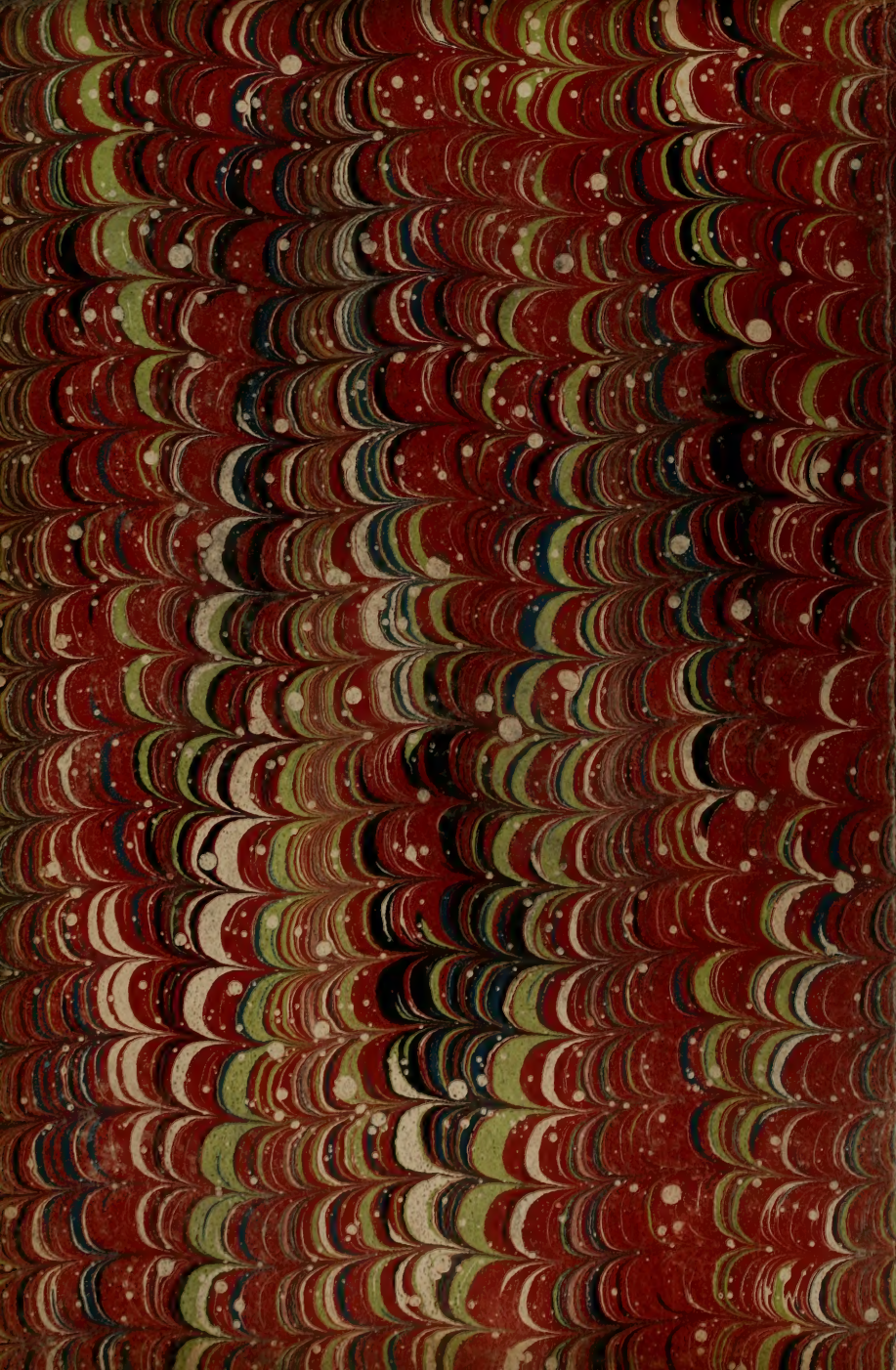






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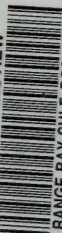
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